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The best protection against the minor annoyances *of* travel, chief among which are wind, dust *and* extremely hard water, is—a half cake of Ivory Soap in your toilet case.

For a long trip, by rail, it is almost indispensable. Used frequently *and* liberally, it will go far toward mitigating the discomforts of the journey.

Lathers freely; rinses quickly; leaves the skin cool and sweet and clean.

IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1905

Santo Domingo It is now definitely known that the criticism of the Administration by Senator Teller, Senator Bacon, and others, on the ground that an attempt was being made to establish a sort of protectorate over Santo Domingo without making a treaty and submitting it to the Senate, was baseless. The protocol, for such it really is, will be submitted to the Senate as soon as the documents reach this country, and this, says Mr. Loomis, speaking for the State Department, has always been the intention. In a communication to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs Mr. Loomis said that a protocol had been signed by the United States and Santo Domingo providing for American control of the fiscal affairs of the West Indian Republic, including the administration of its customs department, but he explained that the protocol was merely a basis for a treaty to be negotiated subsequently, providing for the carrying out of the terms of the agreement, and that not only the treaty, but the protocol as well, would be transmitted to the Senate for its advice and consent as soon as the documents were ready. Thereupon Senator Bacon withdrew his resolution calling for information and admitted that he had been misinformed. Rumors of revolutionary movements in Santo Domingo and the presence of American war vessels there have seemed to some to complicate the situation, but as we write the danger of serious disturbance seems slight. At all events, and whatever may occur, our Government will firmly maintain its position of upholding American rights and property. It will act in other respects for the benefit of Santo Domingo itself and of its debtors, and solely with regard for the future independence as well as prosperity of the country. As explained last week, the financial conditions insistently require clearing up, and the assistance offered by the United States is cordially welcomed by Santo Domingo and all concerned. The international aspects of the affair and its relations to the purport of the Monroe Doctrine The Outlook will discuss at a later date.

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In Congress The Senate on Friday of last week organized itself as a high court for the trial of the impeachment charges against Judge Swayne. The traditional formalities and ceremonies were observed, although the infrequency and consequent uncertainty of these formalities was illustrated by the fact that a technical error in the summons might have made a postponement necessary, had Judge Swayne wished to take advantage of it. The actual trial will probably not begin before the end of next week. Arguments were heard in the investigation of Senator Smoot by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections last week; they did not add greatly to the force of the testimony, and on both sides were largely concerned with the question whether the alleged disqualifications of Senator Smoot would apply equally to any members of the Mormon Church, and whether the evidence showed that the single fact that Senator Smoot was an apostle in the Mormon Church, and had expressed a belief in his duty to obey divine revelation, did, as a matter of fact, make him disqualified to act impartially as a Senator. The Senate last week passed the army appropriation bill, after making increases in the pay of line officers and in many other items, and inserting a provision that military posts cannot hereafter be established without the recommendation of the Secretary of War as well as the act of Congress. The House Committee on Naval Affairs has completed the naval appropriation bill, and it will be reported at once to the House. It carries approximately $100,000,000, and provides for two new battle-ships of 16,000 tons, each representing the largest type of war-ship, and carrying the heaviest armament and armor. Secretary Morton had asked for three such battle-ships, and argued that this was necessary to maintain the even and gradual increase of the navy which had been recommended by the General Board of which Admiral Dewey is President. The result is to be a compromise between this view and that of those who hold that the competition between the nations of the world in increasing their navies makes it impossible for this country to tell what its future action must be if it is to keep pace with the general increase. The River and Harbor Bill just reported to the House carries a total appropriation of nearly $15,000,000, and, in addition, authorizes special contracts amounting to over $16,000,000. This is a smaller amount than has recently been named in this appropriation. The bill as reported is also of special interest because it includes a plan for compelling States and cities to share in the cost of improvement wherever it serves a local purpose rather than one for the general welfare. An amusing colloquy took place in the House when the District of Columbia appropriation bill was up. It was pointed out that the provision for education in the District is quite inadequate, and Mr. Clark, of Missouri, declared that "more money was being paid Washington policemen to crack the skulls of the people than was paid to school-teachers to improve what was in the skulls."

⁂

The Succession to the Presidency A bill which is now before Congress calls attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the law providing for the succession to the Presidency in case both the President and Vice-President are prevented by any cause from performing the duties of that office. The Constitution gave Congress power to provide for the succession in case of the "removal, death, resignation, or inability" of both the President and the Vice-President, and, by a law passed in 1791, the succession was fixed upon the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. After continuing in force for many years it became evident that this law was not a proper solution of the problem, for two reasons: First, if the President or Vice-President were to be prevented from performing the duties of the office at a time when the Houses of Congress had not yet been organized, there would be no one to succeed to the office. Secondly, if, as is often the case, the majority of either House of Congress should belong to a different political party from that of the President, and the presiding officer of that House should succeed to the Presidency, the Executive Department of the Government would be lost to the party that predominated in the Presidential election. To remedy this condition, a law was passed in 1885 which provided that the succession should descend upon the members of the Cabinet in the order of the establishment of their departments. The present bill, which has been reported favorably to the House of Representatives from committee, adds to the succession the two new Cabinet officers, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Representative Gaines, of West Virginia, in reporting the bill as Chairman of the Committee on Election of President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress, made some very pertinent comments on the omissions of the law as it now stands and urged that Congress should give early attention to the subject. The present law provides "that in case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Secretary of State . . . shall act as President until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or a President shall be elected." Who is to determine the question of "inability," and when such "inability" ceases? If the President-elect were to die before his inauguration, would the Vice-President-elect be President for the term? If both the President-elect and the Vice-President-elect were to die before taking office, on whom would the succession fall? Would the Cabinet officers appointed by the outgoing President succeed in the regular order when the new term began? If the newly elected officers were of a different party from that of the outgoing President, it would be a manifest defeat of the will of the people as expressed at the polls that the Cabinet officers appointed by the latter should succeed to the office to which the former had been elected. If a Cabinet officer should succeed to the Presidency in case of the death of the President and Vice-President, would he continue in office for the remainder of the Presidential term, or would an election be held to fill the office at once? If an election were held, would it be for the unexpired term or for a full term of four years? The probability of any of these contingencies arising is doubtless remote, but no law governing the succession to the highest office in our Government is good enough which allows the possibility, even the remote possibility, of a defeat of the will of the voters as expressed at a Presidential election.

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Governor La Follette and His Successor

Last week Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, was elected United States Senator to succeed Senator Quarles. The Wisconsin Senatorial delegation will now be composed of two of the most interesting men in the upper House of Congress. It is generally admitted that no one in that body commands greater respect for marked forensic ability than Senator Spooner. His name is honorably and permanently associated with certain measures, now law, which stand for the best constructive elements of latter-day expansion. His political faction in the Republican party in Wisconsin, however, has been opposed to that controlled by Governor La Follette. The latter is a born leader of men. He was educated in the Wisconsin public schools, graduated at the Wisconsin State University, admitted to the bar, served three times in Congress with distinction to himself and his State, and has been three times elected Governor. His gubernatorial service is chiefly notable because of his opposition to the railway interests which Mr. Spooner so ably and honestly represented when counsel for one of the largest transportation systems before his election to Congress. Governor La Follette was among the first who declared himself against the policy of rate discrimination by the roads, and for equal taxation and Government control of corporations. James O. Davidson, the Lieutenant-Governor, who now succeeds to the executive office, is of Norwegian birth. He is fifty years old. The only education he received was from religious school teachers who traveled from farm-house to farm-house in Norway. At eighteen years of age he came to America, friendless and more than penniless, for he had a steamer passage debt staring him in the face. During his first summer here he worked on a farm; later he learned the tailor's trade, which he followed for a few years. Next he became a clerk in a store, and, five years after landing, was able to open a general store of his own. He early became a political leader, and, when elected to the Legislature, made his impress by introducing and, after many defeats, finally carrying through bills increasing the taxation on telephone, express, sleeping-car, and other corporations. His espousal of this cause, as much as anything else, led to his election twice as Lieutenant-Governor.

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The Danger of Muncipal Socialism—to Extortioners

The erection of a municipal lighting plant in New York City is now seriously contemplated. Indeed, the Mayor has advertised for bids, after having obtained from the city's legal adviser the opinion that the erection and operation of such a plant are within the city's power. This is the result of an experience with the lighting companies of New York which was first publicly revealed by the last city administration under Mr. Low, and which has become a scandal under the administration of Mr. McClellan. Colonel Monroe, who was Mr. Low's Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, ascertained and made public the extortionate prices which the city was paying for the light in its streets, parks, and public buildings, and advocated the election of a municipal lighting plant, as the only means of escaping the grasp of a monopoly. The plan was killed with the help of Tammany Hall and Brooklyn Democratic organization men in the Legislature. Mr. Oakley, the Tammany successor to Colonel Monroe, last summer quietly made contracts with the lighting companies of great advantage to the companies and of scandalous disadvantage to the city. Public opinion, which had been educated by the attitude of the Low administration, fastened on these contracts with warm resentment. Conditions had passed endurance. Confusion and dissension in the Tammany administration followed. Mr. Grout, the Comptroller, first defended and then attacked the granting of these contracts. Mayor McClellan, who a few months ago signed the notorious Remsen Gas Bill, has now taken the position of defender of the people; and a Tammany administration is apparently now about to undertake the cure of conditions which its own representatives have aggravated. The cry of Socialism has ceased to frighten people in this matter. The dog that once was given a bad name is now called in to drive away the burglars.

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The Russian Revolt All Russia has been in a ferment since the massacre in St. Petersburg. In a dozen places there have been demonstrations, processions of strikers, public protest, and open threats. In the capital itself, it is true, there have been no open outbreaks; the further sacrifice of lives of unarmed men, to be mowed down ruthlessly by volleys from trained soldiers, was not needed to arouse the people. But in Moscow, in Riga, in Reval, in Libau, in Kieff, in Warsaw, at Mitau, at Lodz, at Kovno, and in towns of Poland and Finland, there have been general strikes and political agitation, and in some of these places there have been collisions between the workmen and their sympathizers on the one hand and the police and soldiers on the other. The number of people killed in these affairs is small as compared with the hundreds of deaths at the capital (no one believes the official figures as to the latter), but the distances between these places and their spontaneous action almost simultaneously is ominous of the growth and spread of disaffection. The calm at St. Petersburg is due to stern repression on the part of General Trepoff, who is in supreme command there as Governor-General. He has made hundreds of arrests, and though he avows an intention of dealing gently with industrial leaders and sternly with revolutionists only, it is impossible to separate the two elements. The Czar also has intimated his desire to see that industrial conditions are improved and the demands of the striking workers duly considered, but these promises are couched in such general terms as to mean little or nothing. Father Gapon (or Gopon) is reported to be a prisoner in St. Petersburg, and seriously wounded. Maxim Gorky, the novelist and leader of the Reform party, has been arrested for expressing sympathy with the revolutionists. The strikes, extensive as they are, threaten to be short-lived because of the lack of funds to support the strikers, and it is alleged that in many factories work has been resumed. Associations of lawyers, scientists, and doctors at their meetings in St. Petersburg have passed resolutions protesting against the cruelty of the Government in slaughtering peaceful petitioners, and in some cases have even voiced a demand for constitutional government. Abroad as well as in Russia the protest against tyranny and barbarism has been heard. To say nothing of the press of Europe and America, which has been almost universal in its expression of horror, there have been public meetings in London and other cities to denounce the acts of the Czar; while even in France, Russia's ally, the Chamber of Deputies has heard cries of "Down with the Czar!" "Death to the Assassin!" in reply to the new Premier's announcement that France would remain faithful to her alliance. The rumors current from the Far East at the end of the week that General Kuropatkin had opened negotiations for a truce or for peace with Field-Marshal Oyama may also be based on a belief that Russia cannot withstand at once war abroad and revolt at home, and is therefore ready to end the conflict.

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The Reply of the Chinese Government

Last week the Chinese Government replied to the American Government's communication calling attention to the Russian Government's charges of violation of neutrality by the Chinese. The accusation that Chinese bandits were enlisted in the Japanese army the Peking Government meets by calling attention to the fact that the so-called bandits were enlisted first by the Russians as frontier guards and fought against the Japanese. If others are now enlisted in the Japanese army, that is a matter for the belligerents to settle. The subjects of a neutral power certainly have the right as private citizens to enlist in a foreign army. The Chinese Government adds that whenever these bandits entered the neutral zone efforts were made for their arrest and punishment, and in most cases these efforts were successful. Regarding the iron ore said to have been furnished to the Japanese army, the Peking Government says that this ore was from certain mines owned by Chinese merchants, that the iron sold has not gone through the furnace process, that the transaction is entirely between Japanese and Chinese merchants, in fulfillment of a contract made in 1900, long before the outbreak of the war; and, finally, that international law does not include iron ore under the head of contraband of war. Concerning the use of Maotao Island by the Japanese as a base for their navy, the Chinese Government declares that a Chinese cruiser has been watching this island during the past year, and that no sign of any landing of Japanese has been reported to the Chinese Government and no permission to land has been given by that Government to Japan. With regard to the articles of contraband alleged to have been sent to Dalny, the answer says that no clearance papers for that port have been issued by the Chinese customs officials; if ships have run the blockade, that is the belligerents' lookout. In the matter of the Ryeshitelni incident, it is stated that the seizure of that refugee torpedo-boat at Chefoo was as unexpected by the Chinese as by the Russians. The Chinese Government did everything possible against such a seizure, and later requested Japan to return the vessel. In its turn the Chinese Government charges Russia with the violation of neutrality. The Liao River divides Chinese neutral territory and the war zone, but bridges have been built by the Russians over that river, and Russian troops have encamped on the west side. Secondly, in many places in the neutral zone the Russians forced the sale of provisions. Lastly, the Chinese have made many arrests of Russians smugglers of ammunition, arms, and other contraband articles.

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The Integrity of China

In his rejoinder to the Chinese note the Russian representative at Washington declared that Chinese denials and counter-charges were, of course, only to be expected, and refused to have the responsibility placed on Russia for the maintenance of a one-sided neutrality, and, referring particularly to the Ryeshitelni incident at Chefoo, affirmed that the United States and Europe saw fit to close their eyes to that flagrant breach of neutrality as well as to the deplorable attitude which China assumed on that occasion. Secretary Hay replied that it did not seem incumbent upon him to take up the question touching any asserted inaction of the United States and Europe. So far as our course is concerned, the correspondence exchanged at the time shows that the seizure of the Ryeshitelni at Chefoo, the port of a neutral, by one of the belligerents, found no encouragement, however. On the other hand, our attitude when the Russian vessel Askold and her companion ships subsequently took refuge at Shanghai was in full encouragement of the efforts and eventual success of China in enforcing neutrality. As Mr. Hay says, the interest of many Powers is deeply affected by the continuance and observance of Chinese neutrality. Their keen solicitude for the maintenance of that neutrality and its observance by both belligerents has been conspicuously manifested on many occasions. Hence, the American Government does not now feel called upon to express an isolated judgment, or even to consider the adoption of an individual course of action looking to the preservation of that neutral status which all desire. As The Outlook said last week, commenting upon Mr. Hay's previous note, Russia may wisely assume that neither she nor Japan will be permitted to determine whether China has violated neutrality; such a question can be decided only by the Powers not involved in the present war. Mr. Hay's latest answer to the Russian Government shows this surmise to have been correct. He says that the general solicitude of all the interested States makes it expedient and proper that matters concerning which the Russian Government raises an international issue should be considered in a conference of the Powers; those matters and this international issue certainly cannot be settled *ex parte*. It seems to us only right that, pending such collective decision, Russia should not attack China; Mr. Hay's latest note also indicates that, before such collective decision is made, the charge against China ought not to be used by Russia as as a basis of assuming a hostile attitude toward that country.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Position at the Opening of Parliament It is reasonable to conclude that the session which opens this week at Westminster will be the last session of the British Parliament which was elected in 1900. Practically everything went against the Tories and Mr. Chamberlain during the recess. The by-elections were adverse both to Balfour and Chamberlain; and when Parliament met, the Government majority was below a hundred, though after the general election it stood at 134. Not all these losses are due to adverse by-elections. Part of the loss of strength in the House of Commons arises from the fact that six or seven members—among whom are Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Ivor Guest—who were elected as Tories or Unionists are now acting with the Opposition; and if they are returned again at the general election, it will be as supporters of the Liberal party. In the unusually active platform campaign that marked the recess the Government and Mr. Chamberlain have also obviously suffered. The great advance in the price of sugar, largely due to recent legislation, told against the Government in the by-elections; and it has created for it some disturbing complications in the present session of Parliament. It is not easy to differentiate the fiscal reform policy of Mr. Chamberlain from that of Mr. Balfour. Most of the arguments against any change have, however, been directed against Mr. Chamberlain, and it is beyond question that the Chamberlain cause is in a much worse position than it was at the end of the Parliamentary session of 1904. It has now been officially proved by Colonial Office Blue Books that the colonies have never made any definite offers to Great Britain for preferential treatment of British goods. All ambiguity on this point has been cleared away by these official documents and by the speeches of the recess. It is, moreover, at last understood in England that Canada is not now, and is never likely to be, in a position to reduce her present protective tariff so as to give any advantage to British manufacturers. Mr. Chamberlain's assertion in his Preston speech that he does not propose to levy duties on raw materials practically puts Australia and South Africa out of sympathy with his movement; for wool is the only export which these colonies send in any large quantities to Great Britain. Early in March the new Parliament at the Cape will begin its second session with Dr. Jameson as Premier. In Cape Colony, as the election showed, and as has been made more abundantly clear since the election, there is a strong and growing feeling in favor of increased protection for the advantage of manufacturers who are already established in the Colony and for others who can be induced to go there. Thus in three of Great Britain's largest colonies something like an *impasse* has been reached in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's scheme; while in England the wide and acute industrial distress is constituting a most telling argument against any fiscal policy which would increase the price of foodstuffs to the great mass of the

English people. Members of the Tory party are evincing signs of weariness with the Government; and if Parliament should be prolonged beyond the present session, which is not likely, it will be due to the intensity with which a Ministry largely made up of titled mediocrities and fourth-rate placemen hang on to office, long after the country has ceased to trust them and has found out their weakness and inefficiency.

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Humanizing the English Poor Law

The English country newspapers—those of towns with populations from fifteen to sixty thousand, not large enough to carry morning or afternoon papers—are much more inspiring reading these days than the London, Manchester, or Liverpool dailies. From the country weekly newspapers it is apparent that, notwithstanding reaction in the main lines of English politics, much good work is going forward in the broader phases of English municipal and local life. This is especially noteworthy in connection with the poor law. The forces which have been so long at work humanizing the poor law are not being retarded by the sweeping reaction in national politics. In many places progress can be reported in eliminating the "pauper taint" from the economy and administration of the poor law. In the eighteenth century, before workhouses as homes for the destitute poor were general, men and women who received help from the poor law were compelled to wear a letter P embroidered on their sleeve whenever they went abroad; and there were severe penalties for discarding this official mark of the pauper class. In the thirties, when the poor laws were remodeled, workhouses became general for indigents and tramps. Workhouses were so unpopular then and for twenty years after that they were stigmatized as "bastiles;" and even today the word survives with the tramp fraternity. For a long time "bastile" was a not inappropriate name for the English poorhouse. But the humanizing of the poor law began in the early eighties. Then the first efforts were made to clear workhouse children of the pauper taint; and to this end the boarding-out system and schools in the country were introduced to take the place of the old schools which formed part of the workhouse buildings. In the middle nineties better conditions were provided in the workhouses for the old and deserving poor. They were separated from the criminal and vicious inmates; they were allowed to go abroad to visit their friends without the stigma attaching to wearing the workhouse uniform; and in some places it became the rule to provide rooms for aged married people. Little changes like these have been going on ever since—none of them involving much extra expense or trouble; only requiring a little more care and consideration for their charges on the part of the poor-law officials. A change which has marked poor-law administration in 1904 concerns the registration of births and deaths. Formerly when a child was born in the workhouse its birth certificate carried an intimation of that fact. It was the same when a man or woman died there. The certificate and the entry at Somerset House in London recorded the fact that death occurred in the workhouse. Recently street numbers have been given to many workhouses; and when a birth or death certificate is made out, there is no mention in it of the workhouse. For a quarter of a century progressive and humane boards of guardians have been working to eliminate the pauper taint; and in scores of unions (in England the "union" is properly the combination of two or more parishes to carry out the poor law, and only by extension the workhouse used by the "union") this is now being effectually done by such changes as these. Another noteworthy movement in poor-law administration is the increased care and protection which are now being given to epileptics and to the feeble-minded. For this much-needed work many unions now desire to go beyond the existing statutory powers; and a Royal Commission is at the present time inquiring into the changes in this direction which should be recommended to Parliament. There is no politics in poor-law administration—a fact which perhaps accounts for this welcome record of progress and plan of further advance.

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The Hungarian Elections At the end of last week the result of the several polling days comprised in the Hungarian elections looked like defeat to the present Government. So far as known, the Opposition has secured over 170 seats out of the 318 decided elections. The number of seats in the Hungarian Parliament is 448. If the gain of the Opposition continues, Premier Tisza will of course resign. It is expected by some that the Emperor-King will then send for Count Albert Apponyi to form a Cabinet. Count Albert, however, is but one of the leaders of the Opposition, albeit the most conservative one. The Radical leader is Francis Kossuth, son of the great dictator of the war of independence of 1848. In any event, the new Government will have an important bearing on the relations of Hungary and Austria as partners in the Dual Empire, more especially on the questions of an independent Hungarian army and commercial relations between the two countries. The Governments of the two are certainly united by a bond of sympathy as never before. The difficulty which the Austrian Premier has had with the babel of tongues in the Vienna Reichsrath and the consequent obstructionism to the ruling German element offered by the representatives of the Czech, Italian, and other Austrian provinces has now been matched by the babel of tongues in the Reichstag in Budapest and by the obstructionism offered to the ruling Magyar elements there by the representatives of the Rumanian, Croatian, Servian, Slovak, and German provinces. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is an *omnium gatherum* of ethnical elements. Unfortunately, as in Vienna the Germans have shown a tendency to treat the other races as politically inferior, so in Budapest the Magyars have carried affairs with a high hand. In Hungary, however, the difficulty is ethnical only on the surface. Beneath lies a political question of far greater import—namely, the enlargement of the franchise. At present the franchise in Hungary is limited; only one-fourth of the population of adult males is allowed to exercise it. It is expected that some kind of constitutional reconstruction must take place soon, which shall grant to the Slav and Rumanian elements that share of political power to which their numbers entitle them. The Magyars fear the Slavs because the latter now form half the total population. In any scheme of reconstruction, however, it is hardly to be supposed that the present coalition of Clericals, Particularists, Nationalists, and Independents will hold together. Defeated temporarily, the Government party, which, in spite of faults, has in the main deserved well of the people, would presumably ultimately triumph by the right of quality over quantity.

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Uganda "O that some pious practical missionary would come here! Such a one would be a savior of Africa. Nowhere in all the pagan world is there a more promising field for a mission than Uganda. Here is your opportunity. Embrace it." So wrote the late Sir Henry Stanley from Uganda in 1875. His challenge was quickly accepted. Within three days a generous donor sent twenty-five thousand dollars for the initial expense of the proposed mission, and in a very short time over a hundred thousand dollars was in hand for the planting of what has proved to be a wonderfully dramatic and successful undertaking. Sir Henry Stanley wrote emphatically because he had been deeply impressed by the willingness of the natives of Uganda to be taught by white men. The first mission attempts proved this, but the converts embraced a new faith only to be burned to death by the King's order. Though that monarch afterwards showed friendliness to the mission, his son and successor endeavored to stamp it out. His efforts led to Bishop Hannington's murder. The brave prelate's message to the King, that the blood of martyrdom would be gladly shed if thereby a road to Uganda might be purchased, was prophetic of the road since opened. Other missionaries pressed in to fill the gap. The mission actually prospered. By 1891 the baptized

Christians numbered three hundred. To-day they number a hundred times as many. Then there was only one church; now there are more than seven hundred places of worship; then there were only twenty native evangelists at work; at present about two thousand men and women give Christian teaching there. More than this, Uganda has now become a center from which some of the surrounding native kingdoms have been evangelized. The "Spirit of Missions," from which we take these facts, also records the recent consecration of the cathedral in Mengo, the capital of Uganda. The original church was constructed in native fashion, the trunks of great trees hewn from the surrounding forests serving as columns on which to support the roof of thatch. The cathedral, constructed of brick, was built by the natives, under the lead of a missionary engineer, who had taught them brick making and laying, carpentry, and other handicraft. The cathedral is large enough to accommodate the usual Sunday congregation of three thousand black Christians. The offering on the day of consecration was notable. Besides the regular coinage introduced by the British rule, men pressed forward laden with strings of cowrie shells and bringing such other offerings in kind as over a hundred and fifty eggs, thirty fowls, twenty goats, and about forty bullocks and cows. Truly, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

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Herculaneum A concerted effort is being made in Europe and America to provide funds for the excavation of Herculaneum. Professor Charles Waldstein, now Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge in England, has incited this movement and hopes to secure the approval of the Italian Government, while King Edward VII., Emperor William, President Loubet, and President Roosevelt have heartily indorsed the plan, and the two latter have consented to act as honorary chairmen of their national committees. Professor Waldstein is recognized by all classical scholars and archæologists as eminently qualified to direct such an undertaking. Many people will be surprised to know that Herculaneum has hardly been touched, one may say, by the slight excavation, while Pompeii has been very extensively uncovered. The difficulty with Herculaneum is very great because it was covered to the depth of eighty feet with fluid mud, while Pompeii was covered with ashes; but while the ashes could be removed easily, says Professor Waldstein, they were destructive, whereas the mud has acted as an excellent preservative of wood, papyri, statuary, and other objects. Moreover, the possibilities of discovery at Herculaneum are such as to excite the imagination of every lover of art and antiquities, and even of literature. That statues equal in value to the Venus of Milo or the Belvedere Apollo may be found is quite within the bounds of reason. For Pompeii was but a provincial town. while Herculaneum contained the villas of many of the greatest Romans. Herculaneum, too, was a Greek town, and up to the time of its destruction retained its Hellenic character and attracted Greek artists and writers. "Here we will find life arrested at its highest point," says Professor Waldstein. "In one house alone sixty-five copies of one work on Epicurean philosophy were discovered. Compared with Herculaneum, Pompeii was an illiterate town. May we not find in Herculaneum the lost books of Livy, the great lost dramatists, and new light on the early history of Christianity?"

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Religious Awakenings in America In Schenectady, New York, there has been an unusual, though apparently not abnormal, religious awakening that has affected that whole community. During the first week of the year, in that city as elsewhere, union services were held nightly. Without any apparent cause, popular interest in these services seemed to grow until it became evident that they would have to be continued. No special appeal had been made; no emotional stimulus had been supplied. Indeed, the minister in charge was known for his poise, his intellectual alertness, his appreciation of material as well as spiritual good things, and his interest in critical writings on the Bible; the church of which he is pastor has been, in its methods of church activity, quietly conservative. There was nothing, therefore, to create an insincere emotionalism. The sermons which the minister in charge has been delivering have been simple reiterations of the familiar message couched in terms that accord with the knowledge which the well-informed man of to-day may be supposed to have. The result has stirred practically all the Protestant churches of the city. How far it has reached the people who never go to church it is not easy to say; how far it is molding the moral and social life of the city it is too soon to tell; but that it is a common and very real experience among rich and poor, children and adults, men as well as women, is indubitable. A similar awakening, lacking the unrestraint but not the feeling usually associated with a "revival," has been in evidence in a neighboring city. In the West, in Colorado and California, an "evangelistic campaign," somewhat more "prearranged," has been in progress. These simultaneous movements are not mere coincidences. They are significant of a widespread spirit. The fear and morbid introspection which in many such movements have resulted in physical, moral, and spiritual waste seem to be wholesomely absent in these present-day American movements, as in the Welsh revival. This one fact is enough to prove that the present age is not one of religious decadence.

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Union Churches for the Far East

At the twelfth annual Conference of Foreign Missionary Secretaries of various missionary boards in New York recently there was discussed a plan proposed by the Rev. E. A. Wicher, recently of Kobé, Japan, for the maintenance in Far Eastern communities of union chaplains for European and American residents. Whenever a man goes from a home which is surrounded and protected by moral conventionalities and proprieties to a community where he is unknown and where there is little respect for conventionality and propriety as such, he becomes subjected to a new kind of moral test. Thereafter if he lives a straight and wholesome life it is because he has already established for himself definite moral principles. This is the more true when a man goes from a land where all the standards of life are consciously or unconsciously Christian to a land where the standards are different at the very best, and at the worst are vicious. It does not imply that every one in a community is degraded to say of that community that it does not revolt against conditions of degradation; neither does it imply that most men abandon moral restraints in such a community to say that many men who do abandon such restraints maintain in that community, nevertheless, their high social position. This constitutes the special moral condition under which Europeans and Americans live in the East. There is, therefore, need, not that Western conventionality be established among the foreign residents of these Oriental communities, but that the high moral principles of these residents should be given reinforcement that comes to every kind of force, moral or otherwise, through organization. The same reasons that lie behind home missions lie behind this movement for the establishment of churches in these foreign cities, for it means moral and spiritual strength to people who are of our own blood and sinew. At the same time it is a movement on behalf of foreign missions, for, as Mr. Wicher has said in an article in the "Missionary Review of the World," every European and American in the Far East is a missionary himself for good or ill, and, whether he will or not, stands before the native peoples as a representative of Christianity. It is estimated that $10,000 annually would maintain ministers in all the union churches from Yokohama to Singapore. If the various Protestant missionary boards could unite in establishing and maintaining such churches, they would not only prevent much of the undoing of the work which their own missionaries are doing, but would besides give, especially to young men who are in these Far Eastern places, moral power under conditions in which they both need it and, we believe, desire it.

Sir Purdon Clarke The appointment of Sir Purdon Clarke, Director of the South Kensington Museum of London, as Director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, is an appointment of National importance. The question arises, "Why was not an American selected?" But no American would answer the purpose so well as will Sir Purdon. His selection is wholly due to the efforts and resources of the new President of the Metropolitan Museum trustees, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. In this matter Mr. Morgan has acted in accordance with his well-known ideas in the business world. He chose a man who has been tried and who has shown his capacity, just as he has chosen as his managers of railway and other corporations the men who have shown their ability in these directions elsewhere. The question of choice once decided, the price to be paid has never been an obstacle. During the time in which Mr. Morgan has been collecting objects of art throughout the world and, by reason of our absurd tariff, has allowed some of his collections to remain in Europe, he has come to know Sir Purdon Clarke at first hand, for the South Kensington Museum has been specially hospitable toward Mr. Morgan's collections. It is to be hoped that Sir Purdon will continue to be a curator for these collections, and that they will before long be housed in New York, for the day should be near when the art of all the world will be freely welcomed at American ports without the levy of a prohibitive and ridiculous duty. It is also to be hoped that the selection of so distinguished a director means that the Metropolitan Museum of Art is to become the equal of South Kensington as an all-round institution, and that it is to rid itself of the stigma now resting upon it of harboring misnamed pictures and other works; for Sir Purdon has an international reputation as a keen discriminator as to authorship, and a merciless judge when it comes to a decision between real and sham works of art. Beyond question, Sir Purdon Clarke is the ablest available man in the world who could have been chosen for the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum. The fact that he is an Englishman should further his success, for the world of art knows no country.

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The Russian Revolution

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the disturbances in Russia, it grows more clear that that country has entered upon a new stage in its development. For many years the progress of the Russian people has been arbitrarily arrested, the natural flow of its energies artificially dammed, the normal expression of its spirit tyrannically suppressed. It has been silent as its rivers are motionless for six months of the year; but, to recall M. de Vogüé's illustration, "under the solid ice is running water and the phenomena of ever-increasing life." An iron hand has held the whole Russian people, almost without audible sound, under an iron rule; and within this generation there have been great Russians of passionate patriotism, like Turgenieff, who have despaired of Russia. But a people cannot be killed, though their liberties may be suppressed; nor can the development of a race be permanently arrested. The Romanoff dynasty attempted the impossible and has failed. If Czars had read Russian books or looked at Russian pictures with open eyes, or heard Russian music with open ears, they would have heard the deep, passionate murmurings of the soul of a race denied natural speech. When Gogol published "Dead Souls," he reports that he read the first chapters aloud to Pushkin, and the Russian poet, who began by laughing, ended by crying, with a choking voice, "O God! Poor Russia!" That cry has been heard in pathetic, passionate, and tragic tones for the last fifty years; it has been the burden of the deepest melancholy expressed in modern prose and verse. In it the soul of a great people has spoken. It is heard in Gogol's "Dead Souls" and "The Revizor," in Dostoyevski's "Crime and Punishment" and "Poor Folk," in Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil" and in all his novels, which are penetrated with the spirit of melancholy. It has been heard in our own time in "Anna Karénina," in

"War and Peace," and in a score of those short stories, like "Master and Man," in which the genius of Tolstoy has revealed itself. It is heard in the most heartbreaking of modern compositions, Tschaïkowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," which, although the voice of a single Russian, may be taken as the outcry of all Russia.

Nothing in history has been more pathetic than this blighting of the life of a gifted people, and nothing was more certain to bring an inevitable retribution. Twenty years ago there was in Russia a small group of very gifted and ardent young men of genius passionately devoted to their country and passionately hating the autocracy, who gave promise of adding another chapter to the story of Russian literature; but the Iron Hand fell on them. Some of them are buried in Siberia; some have gone mad; others, returned from exile, white-haired and broken-hearted in middle life, are mere ghosts of the men they ought to have been. The Russian autocracy has fostered science, and has so graciously entertained men of science who have visited that country that some of them have come back persuaded that the story of Russian oppression is a fairy tale. Scholars and thinkers have been allowed to teach with freedom any subject which did not concern the welfare of humanity; but religion, politics, society, education, every avenue of thought or research that went to the heart of life, has been barred and bolted.

Matthew Arnold said years ago that one of the greatest defects of an aristocracy is its inaccessibility to ideas. The men and women of the old régime in France were for the most part utterly blind to omens and presages which every intelligent person who visited the country saw with clear vision. They were deaf to sounds which the world recognized as menace of coming change. Nothing in the history of that great movement in human affairs is so astonishing and so pathetic as the blindness and deafness of the French court. No one could open its eyes. Neckar tried in vain, and so, later, did Mirabeau, who at one moment might possibly have saved the old order, but who was as impotent to make the court understand what was happening in France as was Cassandra to open the eyes of the men and women of her generation to the coming of fate. The clouds gathered until the whole horizon was covered; there were ominous sounds of the tempest in the distance, but the poor little court danced and flirted and spent money which it did not possess to the very day when the deluge came.

The autocracy in Russia has shown the same blindness, and the Czar showed it on Sunday morning of last week when the great opportunity of his life came, and neither he nor apparently any one around him saw it. On that day the tragedy of the Romanoff dynasty began; for then and there the Czar threw away the enormous capital of affection and trust which had slowly gathered around the throne for many generations and had become a possession unalienable save by its own folly. No one can suspect the Czar of physical cowardice; for, as Matthew Arnold also pointed out, courage is one of the great qualities of an aristocracy; but he has shown himself utterly unable to understand his own people, and when the great critical moment, big with fate, came, he closed the door in its face, met the cry of his people out of their hearts by a volley of rifle shot, and destroyed in an hour an affection which would have kept the throne inviolate though the autocracy was destroyed root and branch. There has been no more dramatic moment in modern history. The Russians have loved their Czar, but they have felt helpless in their endeavor to make him understand their misery and need. They asked simply to see him, to be assured that he knew and understood; and he hid himself and sent his Cossacks to meet them. In that terrible moment the people saw that there was no "little father," only an autocrat; and for the first time was heard in Russia the ominous cry, "Down with the Czar!" "A river of blood," says Gorky, the novelist, now flows between the Czar and the people.

The Czar may not discover for several years to come the significance of his tragic failure, but it is clear that he made what Browning would have called "the great denial," and that whatever he does now in the way of concession will come too late. The soul of his people has found a voice; all Russia is stirring; things have been spoken and written in the last few weeks that have never been spoken or written in Russia before; the country is penetrated with rivulets of information; centers for the diffusion of political knowledge and discussion exist in all parts of the Empire; committees for agitation form a complete chain across the country; all classes are affected; a revolution has begun.

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Unfair Indian Fighting

Scalping, the use of poisoned arrows, mutilation, pretending to smoke the pipe of peace while plotting an ambuscade, have been always considered by the decent white man as among the meanest practices of the savage Indian. We think there are equally contemptible methods used by the white man in his legislative treatment of the Indian, and we here propose to tell a story of such methods and leave the moral to be applied by our readers.

In its issue of January 21 The Outlook called attention to the fact that in the estimates of the Indian Office for expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, there were items amounting to $102,780 to be disbursed among sectarian religious schools; $4,000 of this money was to go to a Lutheran school and the balance to Roman Catholic schools. We pointed out the fact that there is an overwhelming sentiment in this country against any official connection between Church and State; that the question whether sectarian schools shall be aided or supported by public moneys has been so thoroughly threshed out and so completely settled in the negative that the Government had practically pledged itself that it would undertake only the non-sectarian education of the Indians, as the State undertakes only the non-sectarian education of white children. In stating these facts we called upon our readers to write to Mr. James S. Sherman, one of the Congressmen of New York State, who is Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, protesting against what we called a "Congressional appropriation" for the fiscal year. To call it a Congressional appropriation was a mistake, but a purely technical one, and we promptly corrected it in the following issue of The Outlook, bearing date of January 28. The moneys are not Congressional, but are disbursed or appropriated by the Indian Department out of interest upon trust funds belonging to the Indians and remaining under the guardianship of the United States Treasury. Many of our readers apparently wrote to Mr. Sherman; we wrote ourselves. We have in hand several of his replies to protests from Outlook subscribers. We print one of those replies:

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your favor of the 22d inst., wherein you enter your protest against the proposed appropriation of $102,000 for denominational schools on Indian reservations. In reply thereto I beg to advise you that there never has been a proposal to appropriate that sum or any other sum in the Indian Appropriation Bill for the purpose, and the Indian Appropriation Bill as it passed the House on Saturday contains no item whatever in any amount for such purposes.

Very respectfully yours,
J. S. SHERMAN.

Committee on Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

What shall we call this?—scalping, a poisoned arrow, or a pipe of peace while an ambuscade is being laid outside the tepee? Of course The Outlook reader who received this letter writes to us a protest against our ignorance and misstatement. He is of the perfectly reasonable impression, derived from Mr. Sherman's letter, that there are no Catholic schools or Lutheran schools receiving Indian money from the Government, and no $102,000 to be spent on them by the Government. Mr. Sherman made the mistake of not sticking, however, to one statement. To another of our subscribers he writes in this way:

My Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of January 20 with reference to sectarian school appropriations and Indian trust funds. So far as the appropriation is concerned, it has never been attempted to change the declared policy of Congress of some years ago. So far as the Indians' disposition of their own funds is concerned, it seems to me that we ought not to say that they cannot expend their own money for the education of their own children in schools of their own selection.

Very truly yours,
J. S. SHERMAN.

Committee on Indian Affairs,
Washington, D. C.

Here it will be seen that he takes the highly ethical ground that it seems to him that we ought to allow the Indians "to spend their own money for the education of their own children in schools of their own selection." By all means a most just judge, a most excellent judge! But let us see how this judge's privately expressed opinions in correspondence fit in with his public action as a Congressman and committeeman.

On Saturday, January 21, this item of $102,000 to be disbursed to sectarian schools escaped from the convenient confines of the committee-room and was led into the House by Mr. Stephens, of Texas. Those who are interested in reading the ensuing debate in full will find it in the account of the third reading and passage of the Indian Appropriation Bill printed in the "Congressional Record" for January 21. We only need say here that there was a courteous and in our opinion able attempt on the part of Mr. Stephens to get the House to take action against such expenditure of the Indians' trust money for sectarian purposes. In this debate he was constantly and successfully thwarted by Mr. Sherman on points of order. Mr. Stephens, for example, offered this amendment:

> In the administration and disbursement of funds held in trust for the Indian tribes by the United States, that portion of the Act approved June 7, 1897 (30 Stat. p. 79), which provides, "And it is hereby declared to be the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school," shall apply; and from such trust funds or interest thereon held for the benefit of Indian tribes by the United States, no fund shall be appropriated or used for the purposes of education in any sectarian or denominational school.

Mr. Sherman, the Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs, objected to this amendment on the ground that it was new legislation and could not at that time be introduced into the Indian Appropriation Bill; whereupon Mr. Stephens showed that Mr. Sherman had prevented his introducing this amendment into the bill before it became new legislation, and while the bill was still in committee for consideration and framing. Said Mr. Stephens:

> Mr. Chairman, I presented to the Committee on Indian Affairs the same amendment, and it was objected to there by the Chairman for the reason that he said no trust funds had been used in that way and that therefore the amendment would not be necessary. . . . Since that time I have a statement from Mr. Leupp, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to the effect that over $100,000 had been so used, and $2,000, I believe, of it had been used by some branch of the Methodist Church and the rest by the Catholic Church.

The exact figures will be found in The Outlook for January 21. But the presentation of these figures did not shake Mr. Sherman's apparent determination to have them carried through. When Mr. Stephens found that Chairman Sherman was bound and had the power to prevent the prohibition of the expenditure of trust funds for sectarian purposes, he proposed another amendment as follows:

> That no portion of Indian trust funds nor the interest thereon shall be expended for contract schools without the consent, in writing, of the Indians entitled to the same being first obtained.

Here is the very thing which Mr. Sherman, in his letter to an Outlook subscriber quoted above, pleads for in defense of the action of his Committee. But what does he do on the floor of the House? He raises the point of order against the amendment that it is "new legislation" and defeats it. So much for Mr. Sherman's enthusiasm for Indian consent in theory and in practice.

These, then, are the main facts concerning this Indian fight. The sum of $102,000 has been, or is to be, disbursed by the Indian Office to Catholic and Lutheran schools for the sectarian education of Indian children; the money comes from a trust fund belonging to the Indians; the Indians have not given their consent to the expenditure, because, so far as we can learn, as many Indians have petitioned against this disbursement as have petitioned for it; the Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs opposes the obtaining of this consent on the floor of the House, throws obstacles in the way of those who are earnestly, and we think wisely, working in Congress for nonsectarian Indian education, and dust in the eyes of Outlook readers who in the exercise of their perfectly proper rights as voters and citizens are trying to see into the somewhat dusky and unilluminating atmosphere of the Indian Committee Room. We hear a good deal nowadays of the expression a "square deal," and a first-rate expression it is when it is put into practice. We should like to ask Mr. Sherman whether he thinks his correspondence, his debates, and his official action in this matter have been a "square deal" to the Indians, to the public, and to The Outlook?

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Love's Second Sight

Among the maxims which have their roots in confusion of thought none is more misleading than the ancient and well-worn aphorism that love is blind. The fable of Psyche has been traditionally interpreted as a pathetic instance of that curiosity which opened Pandora's box and let a swarm of evils fly over the world, and which drove Elsa to put the fateful question to Lohengrin at the very moment when her joy was at its consummation. The beautiful story, so weighted with the deeper meaning of things, bears another and higher interpretation; for the soul cannot surrender until it understands, nor drain the cup of the deepest experience until it sees clearly the figure in whose hands it is held.

If love were blind, life would sink into chaos; for love is the force that creates, the power that sustains, the principle that governs. It is the love of his art which draws the artist, unwearied by heroic apprenticeship, into the very heart of his art and makes his passion one with insight, skill, the final mastery of the line. If love were blind, those forms in which the visions and ideals that bear with them the fortunes of the race, because they are the symbols of its spiritual insights and achievements, would never have been set in temples and on highways by those who counted no toil too heavy, no sacrifice too great, that celebrated the marriage of love and art. To him only who loves with a consuming passion the final veil is lifted and the ultimate skill conveyed; for knowledge and love are one at the heart of things, and art, which is the record of the creative spirit working with and through men, touches perfection only when passion and intelligence are so blended that out of this commingling another word is spoken in the revelation of the divine to the human.

Love is never blind; those who love are often blind, and to their passion is charged that which belongs to lack of faculty. Love does not open new senses or convey new faculties; it vivifies, clarifies, intensifies the senses and faculties which already exist. In its first daybreak the world lies half concealed in a mist which poetizes rather than distorts or falsifies proportions, relations, qualities; when the light grows clear, perspectives are corrected, outlines become distinct, hidden lovelinesses come into view, hidden defects disclose themselves; not because the light and warmth are less, but because they are greater. To measure the depth of love by its blindness would be to appraise the splendor and fertilizing power of the sun by the rays which shine level from the horizon rather than by those which fall upon the soil and search its secret places for every potency of life.

The blindness of love is a measure of its inadequacy, an evidence that it has yet to work its miracle of knowledge as well as of surrender. The mother who sees no fault in her child is blinded, not by her love, but by her dullness of perception; the wife who finds no defect in her husband may make him comfortable but cannot make him great; the friend who finds only content in his love for his friend is denied the highest service of friendship; for, as Emerson said, "our friends are those who make us do what we can." The faithful mothers, wives, and friends who accept us as we are as often harm as help us; they live with us only on the lower levels of being; they neither climb nor stir us to climb. Love that is content robs us of the best it has to bestow, and is satisfied with gifts of bread and wine when it might bestow upon us vision, inspiration, character. They love noblest who see clearest, and they bind us with bands of steel who so awaken the best in us that when at last we put forth our hands to grasp the highest things, behold! our hands are clasped in theirs.

The beginning of love is often a brief madness; the end of love is perfect sanity; between the dawn and the full day lies the long, gradual illumination. Irony, satire, and cheap cynicism must not make us blind to the beauty of the illusion in which love begins—the illusion of perfection. For love seeks perfection because in perfection alone its possibilities are perfectly realized. There is an hour of prophecy in all noble beginnings. The artist dreams the dream of beauty before he enters on the long path of toil and anguish of spirit which must be traveled to the bitter end before that dream becomes his possession. First in every great career comes an hour of vision; then years of toil and discipline when the vision seems to have vanished utterly; then its gradual disclosure in the work of a lifetime as the work nears its completion and its lines come into view. Ideals are idle dreams unless they are wrought into character by the routine, drudgery, and toil which seem at times to remove them to an inaccessible distance.

Love begins with a vision: it passes through the travail of the years; the disillusions which are part of the waking day; the monotony of daily duty; the wearing away of the flush of the morning, the fading of the earliest bloom; and then, at the end, behold! the vision is there again, no longer lying like a bloom diffused from the sky, but like a loveliness rising from the depths of life. Between the vision and its realization lies the training in clear sight, the education in full knowledge, which the blind call disillusion but which the clear-sighted call the divine opportunity of love; and the realization of the vision depends, not on the early glow, but on the high, clear, later light. Not to the blind, the indulgent, the slothful lovers come the great realizations of the final growth, but to those whom love has made wise in severity, resolute in demand, heroic in loyalty to the highest in the beloved. Perfection of character, entire harmony of nature, instant adjustment of mood with mood, if they were possible at the beginning, would defeat the highest service and joy of love, which is to see in the imperfect the promise of the perfect as the deep-sighted see in man the image and nature of the divine.

It is the second sight of love which makes it the joy of life as well as its inspiration; behind the present imperfection, which it clearly sees, rises always the image of that beauty which is to be when all the ends of mortal life have been fulfilled. It is to the blind that clear sight seems disillusion; to the open-eyed it is the beginning of the realization of the vision; it is the first sight which prepares for the second sight. Love can neither offer nor demand perfection; for perfection in this mortal life would be as abnormal, unwelcome, and repellent as a child with the knowledge and experience of a man. It is in the search for perfection that love finds its highest opportunity and its deepening joy; in its vision that the sky above it kindles with a glory which does not fade when the sun sinks to the west, but glows as if an immortal morning were breaking.

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The Pope and the Bible

There is certainly an assumption in the minds of most people that the Roman Catholic Church has always been opposed to the use of the Bible by the common people. The present Pope, however, seems to have taken a different position.

But he is not the first Pontiff to favor the popular use of the Bible. More than a century ago, in a letter to the Archbishop of Florence, Pius VI. so declared himself. Pius X., however, has made a far more emphatic and impressive declaration, if we may believe the German "Nachrichten über die Ausbreitung des Evangeliums in Italien," as translated by a writer in the "Literary Digest." A new translation of the Gospels in Italian had been made by Professor Cleventi, and a new commentary by Father

Genochi. Pius X. recently received these scholars at the Vatican, and when they begged him to bestow his blessing on their work, answered:

> Gladly do I give my blessing, and that with both hands and a full heart, for I do not doubt that this work will produce the richest fruit and is already blessed by God. The more we read the Gospel, the stronger our faith becomes. The Gospels are writings valuable for everybody and under all circumstances.
>
> I have lived among the common people, and know what they want and what pleases them. Tell them the simplest Bible stories and you will have attentive listeners and effect blessed results. Some people think that the peasants, with their plain, every-day way of thinking, would not profit by the reading of the Scriptures. This is incorrect. The average peasant is a shrewder thinker than we may suspect, and knows how to draw correct lessons from the Scriptures often even better than many of the preachers. But it is not only the common people and the lower classes who will profit by the reading of the Scriptures. No matter how many prayer-books and books of devotion there may be for the priests, none is better than the Gospel. This is an unsurpassed book of devotion, the true bread of life.

These words reveal at once a deeply interesting character and a point of departure which augurs well for the future spiritual history of the Roman Communion. The present Pope knows the common people as few of his predecessors have known them. He also appreciates the lack of distinctly Biblical sustenance and strength in the training of the so-called higher classes and of the priesthood.

If Leo XIII. was a wonderful statesman and diplomat, Pius X. is a man of great spiritual experience and vision, the true head of a spiritual communion. Leo XIII. was perhaps the last distinctively temporal head of the Church, a man who recognized the present limitations to that Church's temporal authority. Beyond any of his co-workers he saw the necessity of bringing the Church into line with the democratic purposes and accomplishments of our own day. In our opinion, his work in this direction was incalculable in the strengthening of temporal as well as spiritual law and order everywhere.

Pius X., on the other hand, is before everything a spiritual leader. His face reminds one of that of Phillips Brooks. The modesty of his bearing when Patriarch of Venice won for him the love and loyalty of the Venetians, who are at heart, as they have always been, republican and not monarchical Italians. They recognized in the simple, unaffected, but rugged spirituality of their head their own ideal. These characteristics have accompanied Pius X. in the exercise of the supreme office to which he has been called. In the conclave of Cardinals which elected him he broke down and wept, as being unworthy to receive so great a dignity. After his election he forbade public applause in the cathedral, and the old cry, "Viva il Papa-Re," which had so long resounded through the arches of St. Peter's, was sensibly diminished until, a few weeks ago, when he appeared to solemnize the canonization of two saints, the silence of the kneeling multitude was more impressive than their previous shouts had been. The Pontiff has also instituted a reform in deprecating any use of the insignia of office which may be avoided. For the first time in history the tiara is no longer worn by the Pope, but carried before him. Finally, Pius X. does not believe in seclusion. Whether he ultimately breaks over the stubborn prejudice of the Roman Curia and appears outside the bounds of the Vatican, no longer "a prisoner," is for the future to determine; meanwhile he has made himself as accessible as possible to all sorts and conditions of men, peasants as well as princes, Protestants as well as Catholics. Indeed, whenever possible, he emphasizes the fact that he is the friend of the peasant, and never forgets his own peasant origin. Some nobles from Lucca recently called upon him and asked him to nominate the new Archbishop of their diocese from those belonging to their own social rank. The Pope replied: "My children, if I do this it will be as much as to say that if you had had your way I should never have become Pope."

To such a man, then, loyal to his own people, spiritually and yet very practically minded, who has in preeminent degree the faculty of "doing things" and of doing them happily, has come the opportunity to put himself and his Church on record as favoring, not opposing, the spread of the Bible. He recognizes that there has long been a pronounced movement in Italy towards popular use of the Scriptures, the Gospels particularly, and he recognizes, as do our most broad-minded American priests, that this movement will do untold good. A new influence is at work in the Roman Catholic Church, and we are glad to think that it coincides with the new personality chosen as the head of that great Communion.

Who is Father Gapon?

By Catherine Breshkovsky

The author of this article, Madame Catherine Breshkovsky (the name has been spelled variously in this country, but that which we have just given is the spelling used by the author herself), was vividly and succinctly described in the recent article upon her life history and work by Ernest Poole, published in the issue of The Outlook for January 7, as follows: "Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist, hard-labor convict, and exile for twenty-three years in Siberia; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom." We are sure that our readers will be strongly interested in her views of the revolt now going on in Russia, and of the character of leadership represented by Father Gapon. With regard to the personality of Father Gapon (or Gopon) very little is positively known. There has been an attempt to identify him with a Father Vasselieff, who was present at the International Jubilee Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston in June, 1901, as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Petersburg, which was founded mainly through the efforts of Mr. James Stokes. The identity of the two men seems, however, to The Outlook, after a somewhat careful investigation of the facts, to be incomplete, to say the least. Recent cable despatches from Russia state that Father Gapon is wounded and a prisoner.—The Editors.

WHO is Father Gapon? He is not a Revolutionary Socialist. He is not a Social Democrat. He is not a Liberal. What is he, then—this Father Gapon? Father Gapon is a type known for centuries in Russian history. The Czar-made laws had done all that was possible to divide the Russian people into classes privileged and not privileged; they had done all that was possible to construct institutions which should form a race of nobles entirely different from that of the peasants; but the immense mass of the Slav race remains always forged from the same metal, in spite of the amalgam of nationalities which on all sides surrounds the indestructible mass. Yes, the Russian people present a compact whole, all of the same fiber, having for their representatives Father Gapon if peasants, Count Tolstoy if nobles. Both are perfectly typical of the classes to which they belong, and both, in spite of the difference in position, carry in themselves the characteristic traits of their people. Both have faith, and are true optimists; both regard the sacrifice of life for a noble ideal as the highest end of human existence.

Father Gapon, like Count Tolstoy, has an indestructible faith in the moral force of man—in the absolute power of his soul. God and man, man and God—they stand on heights almost equal in the eyes of the Russian peasant, and this is why nothing is impossible to the Russian idealist. So it is, more or less, with all of our idealists, but this pantheistic psychology is most strongly expressed in our two heroes of to-day. However, these two natures, similar as they are, seem to act differently under the same circumstances. Both are devoted to the interests of the people. Both are against government by Czar; but, while Count Tolstoy preaches inaction and supreme self-abnegation, Father Gapon calls men to action, in the name of God certainly, but always to action, even through force of arms.

Whence come these different points of view? How is it that these two persons, so alike in all their moral and intellectual traits, take two different directions when they reach the decisive question? The enigma is not difficult to solve. Father Gapon is the son of a peasant; the life of misery and degradation of the people is known to him not only by hearsay but by his own experience; his soul revolts to think of allowing the continuance of a régime the existence of which causes sorrow to the whole country and atrocious torment to a population of more than a hundred million. Having himself known all these sufferings, he dares not ask his people to suffer on and on. The normal sense, the instinct of a true altruist, makes him hasten to the relief of his fellow-men; he cannot remain quiet seeing their despair.

Count Tolstoy, noble idealist that he is, could never penetrate the depth of the sufferings of his people, or the intensity of the evils which they endure morally and physically. He has a horror of evil as of sin, of suffering as of a fact unworthy of man; he revolts against injustice like a being who is above all that which is untrue and unjust, understanding how humiliating it is for man to prostrate himself beneath the insults of gross selfishness, of ignoble and degrading desires. But he has not experienced all the sufferings which accompany the lives of Russian peasants and workmen. He approached them only as a gray-haired philosopher when his life had already spent its heat of sentiment, had worn out the enthusiasm of a warm heart, had dulled the edge of vivid impression. For a long time his habit of mind has been to contemplate without emotion, to comprehend, and to explain. It is because of this that this truly great man, who feels himself so near to God, can no longer enter into the real suffering of men; that, in a tone calm and reasonable, he preaches patience and moral perfection; that he forbids men to raise a hand against the evil which threatens to crush them and their descendants.

Here, at the point where they touch real life, the two great men separate. One remains in the skies, surrounded by beautiful ideas and righteous thoughts; the other descends to earth, places himself at the side of his unhappy *confrères*, and puts in action all his force, all his sentiment, all his energy, to end the sufferings, to end the cries, the tears, the maledictions. He is no longer patient, nor does he wish to be patient, for he sees clearly that it would be a crime on his part to witness the agony of his people without making an effort to withdraw them from the precipice over which their blind patience had precipitated them. He cries, "To arms! Take what is your own!" while Tolstoy advises, "Suffer, and ignore the wicked, solely." Here it is that they differ.

Better to understand what are the forces which produce types such as these two great men, we must understand the mental side of the Russian people—their every-day psychology, so to speak. We must know what they think about the destiny of the world, what are their beliefs about God and the duties that he imposes upon each human being. It may very probably astonish you to learn that this same Russian people, who have covered all their immense country with rich churches in every form of architecture; who, in order to be baptized, betrothed, married, buried, support hundreds of thousands of ignorant and lazy priests; who visit, in innumerable multitudes, monasteries that contain miraculous ikons—that these same people, I say, are by no means attached to these things. They do not satisfy the heart that yearns for justice. For the Russian people God is justice, sacred justice; and all that is justice is divine. And it is not because the churches are God's houses, and the priests the servants of God's houses, and because the monasteries contain the relics of men whom God loved; it is not on account of all this that the entire framework and equipment of religious organization is accepted by the Russian people. For a long time they have been so engaged in seeking for the truth in this direction that they have failed in all their economic and political relations—everywhere and always. And if the world knew how much effort, sincere, touching, and heroic, these good people have put forth to find this justice which had somehow evaded them and was lost to them, the world would then never see in this people, gentle and generous by nature, beings stupid, wild, and foreign to civilization. How many poems, capital stories, true narrations, depict for us the ardor and earnestness with which the best representatives of our peasants, encouraged by their comrades, set out on foot and traverse thousands of versts, from one country to another, seeking always the truth, seeking "sacred justice," whether in the form of a holy man, a saint, an inspired writing, or even in the person of the Czar.

But what is truth; what is justice? Oh, the Russian peasants know what constitutes this important thing, the answer to this question so difficult to solve. The Russian peasants say that justice (or God) demands that all human beings should be happy, that they shall have means of enjoying life without doing evil to others and without being oppressed by them. This is the justice so greatly longed for. But, beyond this, Russian peasants are bold enough to believe that they know not only what constitutes truth, but also the means of putting it in practice here on earth. They say, for instance, that a good God has created man, that he gave man with life the right to enjoy all that is created by him for the benefit of mankind. So the land, with all its riches, forests and streams, all this belongs to all of us, because it is the work of God. It follows that all that is produced by the hands of man belongs to him whose hands have wrought out the individual product.

This is the economic aspect of truth to the Russian peasants; as to the moral side, it consists in never doing evil to one's neighbor and in aiding him in his toil. Daily toil does not frighten the Russian laborer; he loves the land and values his work, which makes his life pleasanter and more intelligent. He loves to contemplate the beauties of nature, to seek out the solutions of serious questions, to enjoy a tranquil conscience. This is the real Russian peasant; but up the present time he is misunderstood by all the world, for he has not as yet had the opportunity to make himself seen and heard.

Nevertheless, Russian history shows us more than one Father Gapon working for the happiness of his people, applying his great strength to the benefit of his neighbor, so living that he may create better surroundings for those weaker than himself, those more oppressed by life. For instance, four centuries ago the mujik Stéphan left his family in a northern province, turned hermit, and dedicated himself to God; and he, like other Russian peasants who have become monks, passed his whole life in converting the heathen, in teaching them to build houses, cultivate the soil, and erect defenses to protect their villages against the wild tribes. Because he first among Russians penetrated into the immense district of the Ural Mountains known by the name of Perme, he was named Stéphan Permsky, and to this day in the north he is regarded as a heavenly being, whose presence in these arid and cold countries gives life and prosperity to all about.

Again, it was a Russian mujik, Stenka Razine, who will always remain the hero most beloved by all the Russian people. It was he who, in order to deliver the common people from all the persecution and terrible taxes by which they were borne down through the decrees of the Czar Alexis Mikchaylovich, effected a rising of the population on the banks of the Volga, and led his forces against Moscow in order to force the Czar to yield to the demands of the people. This was in the middle of the seventeenth century, and now at the beginning of the twentieth it is again a mujik who is at the head of a band of workingmen marching toward the Winter Palace. Again, there was the famous Lomonosoff, the very first student of science among the Russians, who, through his passionate love for science, came on foot and during the winter over the enormous distance from Archangel to Moscow in order to enter himself as a student in a college, and was sent on account of his remarkable abilities by the Empress Elizabeth into Germany, whence he returned to establish the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg—was he not also a peasant? And before him the famous Nicon, that mujik who became Patriarch and the reformer of the religious service of the Greco-Russian Church, dared to dispute as to his rights with the Czar Alexis that he might secure for his country a religion which he believed to be pure.

How many Father Gapons have perished in Russia without being known to any one except their comrades, the members of their villages, whose rights they defended at the cost of their liberty and often of their lives! How many of our Father Gapons have perished under the knout of the Czar, under the torture of the Russian nobles, in dungeons, or in Siberia! These are those valiant citizens of the Russian people who by their energy and audacity forced the most obstinate of the landowners to consent to the emancipation of the serfs. The war that they made against their masters though the reign of Nicholas I. forced his son Alexander II. to admit the necessity of emancipation. And now we must expect other Father Gapons to restore to the common people their heritage, one may say their nurse—the land. The mujik can never remain satisfied without having regained it, unless he is willing to see his descendants degenerate into bands of beggars and vagabonds, wandering from one end of the country to the other.

It is absolutely impossible for foreigners to bring before themselves the actual condition of the peasant in Russia. There are eighty million people, not only poor, not only deprived of all practical education, but also devoid of all hope. All the factories and shops in Russia cannot employ more than three million hands, and thus the rest of the population has no other means of living but by supporting itself through the land, which the Russian peasant regards as the kind of life which is most suitable to him. But how may he find that land when it is divided up in the hands of the Royal family, including the Czar himself, the nobles, the monasteries, and the capitalists, who all think it profitable to acquire forests and pasture lands, with the hope of drawing great revenues from them. There remains Siberia. The peasants have tried to betake themselves thither in order to seek for open land, that they may thus gain the support of their families. But the watchful eye of the bureaucracy quickly took note of this; and forthwith there appeared, in 1900 (ten years after the beginning of an active emigration from Europe into Asia), a new law declaring that by the will of the Czar all the unoccupied land of Siberia belonging to the Crown (elsewhere one would say to the State) could be distributed only in the following way: the nobles had the right to acquire three thousand désiatines each (every désiatine equals two-thirds of an acre) at the rate of two rubles; as to the peasants, they could not receive more than fifteen désiatines apiece, but should pay at the same rate. The wish of the Czar was to manufacture landlords even in Asia. As these conditions made it impossible for the peasants to occupy the new land, it remained uncultivated—and our peasants continue to perish of famine and misery. We may well believe that the instinct of self-preservation caused forceful men like Father Gapon to spring up of themselves from the mass of the population—men of intelligence who not only recognized the necessity of allowing the farming communities to acquire the full control of land, but who also had the courage to pour forth their own blood in order to bring about this act of justice. Such men alone are capable of restoring the now deplorable economical condition of the country to what it should be.

We must further believe that all the Father Gapons who are to come in the future will attach themselves still more closely to the Socialist organizations which in Russia serve as a means to approach all that is most noble and intelligent in political agitation. By thus attaching themselves these men will gain clearness of method and direct their efforts to a more exact object. The political teachings of Father Gapon, which are strong and clear in matters of principle and modest as to practical questions, show us that this man has already reached the threshold of conscious Socialism, but that, as it were, the incense descending from Heaven prevents him from clearly seeing the reality before him. But as the intelligent people of Russia desire to enter into the life of the poorer classes only in order to give that life the benefit of knowledge and experience, there is nothing easier than for them to enlist in their ranks men of energy and intelligence of all classes. This assimilation is all the more possible because the representatives of all the Socialist organizations are in fact scattered throughout Russia and throughout the lands belonging to the Empire. And as the restrictions of the police do not allow them to remain long in the same place, they must continually move from one place to another, and this gives them the opportunity of coming in contact with a great number of people of all classes and all positions. Moreover, the business of the Socialists' secret organization is so complicated that it requires a great number of persons for the work itself, and also for the planning of that work. For this reason their committees always consist of many members, and the committees in the large cities have as many sub-committees established in their provinces as they can possibly organize.

It must be admitted that the somewhat too contemplative character of the Slav race prevents it from profiting in the best possible way from all opportunities presented to it. It is true that often the smaller nationalities which surround the Slavs take the initiative, so to speak, and become impatient to see the Russian people at last arouse themselves and give the word for a decisive advance; but we must take account of the fact that the entire mass of the Slav population, the so-called Russia, is placed near Asia and touches Europe only along a narrow strip bordering upon foreign peoples. Again, one may well be surprised that, despite its Asiatic limits, despite its own Government, which is despotic and hostile to the education of the country, the Russian people have offered to our view such names as those of Tchernychevsky, the famous economist; Fouchencka, the famous critic; such writers as Turgenieff, Chtedrine, the celebrated satirist, whose work cannot be translated into another tongue, so original and individual was his genius; such painters as Repine, Verestchagin, and many others; musicians like Tschaïkowsky, Rochmaninoff, Glinka, and the like; so many men remarkable in one way or another as are to be found among the great Russian revolutionary leaders—men and women also. And besides there is Tolstoy!

And the common people, the peasants —how many Father Gapons have they given us? How many will they still give us!

Batuschka

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

[Reprinted from "Complete Poems" by Mr. Aldrich, by permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime,
"God save the Czar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the white citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Czar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Czar!"

In his red palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Czar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batuschka!—How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourgèd men
Rise in their awful might, and then
God save the Czar!

THE SKIPPER

The Sailor of the Great Lakes

By William Davenport Hulbert

With Photographs by the Author

THE Kid was leaning on the taffrail of the Sir Humphrey Davy, looking down Conneaut Harbor, past the snowy wharves, the waiting steamers, the giant unloading machines, and the small mountains of iron ore, toward Lake Erie, where a heavy gale was howling and raging across the water.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I wisht it would quit blowing, so's't we could go. I want to see what it's like."

I, too, had wanted to see what it was like, and one November afternoon I had boarded the Sir Humphrey at Sault Ste. Marie, bound first for the Lower Lakes, and thence for Duluth or Two Harbors. During the next three or four days we had run St. Mary's River, bucked into a head sea on Lake Huron, blown a salute to the captain's wife as we passed his home on the banks of the St. Clair River, lost our tow on Lake St. Clair and picked it up again, spent Thanksgiving Day and part of Friday at Detroit in company with a fleet of other vessels, all waiting, like ourselves, for the water to rise on the Limekiln Crossing, and soon after daybreak Saturday morning arrived off Conneaut. A tug came out in answer to our whistle, jumping and dancing and floundering in the heavy sea kicked up by a strong westerly wind, swung round in a wide half-circle, and came up under our starboard bow. The mate threw the heaving-line, and, with our small leader pulling us by the nose, we passed in through the narrow harbor-entrance and up to the wharves.

By half-past seven that evening the last of our six-thousand-ton cargo was out of the hold, and an hour later our fuel was aboard and the Sir Humphrey was ready to sail. It was then that the Kid joined us. At any other time of the year we would hardly have shipped him, for he was only seventeen, according to his own story, and he looked considerably younger. But deck-hands are not easy to find for the last trip of the season. Several of our crew had left us and had to be replaced in some way, the Kid wanted very much to go, and, altogether, the mate decided to take him—much to his delight. But even now, with an empty cargo-hold, crowded bunkers, and a full crew, the Sir Humphrey lingered. The wind had been rising steadily all day. Sheltered by the low hills that lined the harbor, we had not felt it much; but when, late in the evening, the captain went out to the lighthouse for a look at the weather, it nearly lifted him off his feet and tossed him into the lake. Even if he had been minded to take his vessel out in the teeth of that November gale, there was probably not a tug in the harbor that would have helped him; and to attempt the narrow entrance without a tug, and with the wind blowing square across our course, would have been a very dangerous experiment. And so we waited, and the Kid grew more and more impatient.

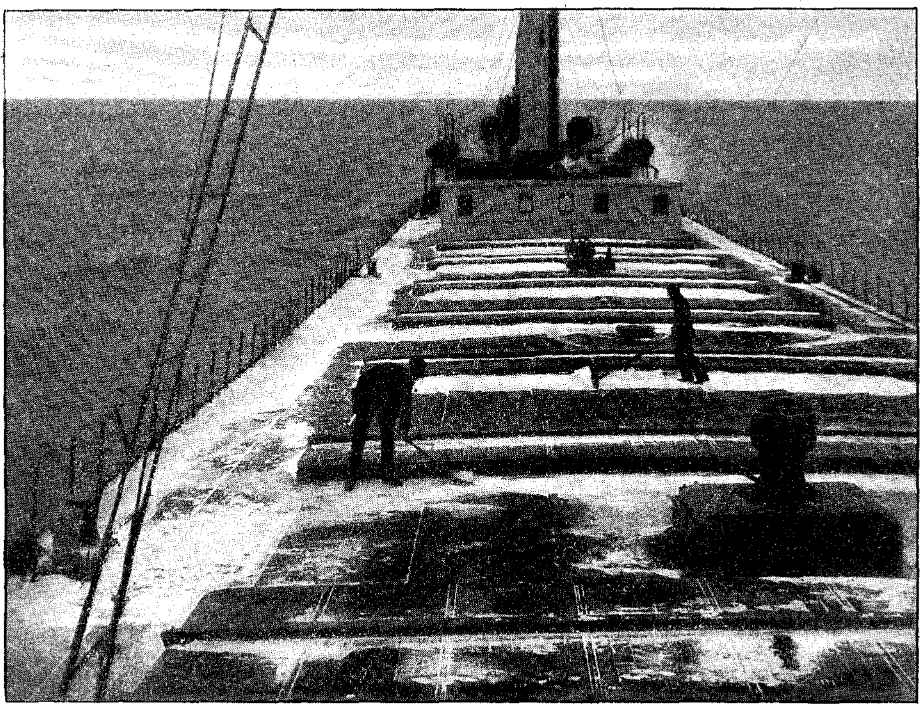
Sunday was a quiet day, with little doing either on or off the Sir Humphrey. Outside the harbor two or three vessels lay at anchor in the open lake, pitching and rolling in the heavy sea, waiting for the wind to go down before they tried to get inside the breakwater. It was growing cold, very cold; and on the silent wharves fires were burning around the great hydraulic unloaders, to keep the water from freezing in their pipes.

That evening the Kid had a scare. I was sitting alone in the captain's office when he came to the door, inquiring anxiously for the mate. Some one had told him, probably as a joke, that he was not to go up the lakes after all, but would be discharged before the boat left Conneaut. The mate was the only man who could speak with authority, and the Kid was seeking him in much distress of mind. He must have been reassured, for the next morning I saw him flying about the deck, so happy and excited that he could not keep still. Now he went up to the ship's bell, where it hung from the foremast, lifted the clapper, and touched it gently to its metal wall; now he picked up a scupper-plug and examined it curiously; now he danced a double-shuffle on the steel deck-plates; and two or three times I saw him wave his hands toward a house that stood a little way back from the wharf. Perhaps—I do not know, but perhaps—some woman was watching him from its windows, and wondering what fate had in store for her boy, just starting out on his first voyage. And at last we cast off our mooring-lines and made our way down the harbor and out upon Lake Erie, where the wind had fallen to a fresh breeze. Off Ashtabula, thirteen miles away, we picked up our tow-barge, and stood for the upper lakes, and the Kid had really gone for a sailor.

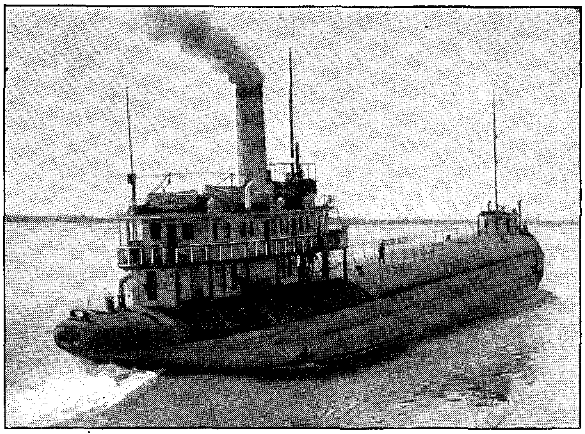
As I watched him I could not help thinking of the contrast between the life which probably lay before him and that of another acquaintance of mine—a captain, now seventy-odd years of age, who began his career when he was only thirteen or fourteen years old, by running away from home and shipping as forecastle boy on a small sailing-vessel carrying lumber from Lake Huron to Lake Erie. One of the duties of that ship's boy half a century ago was to carry a huge pannikin filled with coarse food, three times a day, from the galley to the forecastle, where he set it down in the middle of the room, and the men gathered around it and helped themselves. Aboard the Sir Humphrey Davy the Kid sat with the other deck-hands and the firemen at a table exactly like the captain's, and ate exactly the same food, prepared at the same time and in the same pots and pans, and served on the same sort of dishes. If there had been any difference at all between the two messes, a wise steward would have seen that it was in favor of the men. It happened one day, a year or two ago, that the steward of an ore-carrier plying between Lake Superior and Lake Erie found that he had on hand enough young onions for one mess, but not enough for both; and he very ill-advisedly put them on the cabin table. One of the firemen, passing the door or looking in at the window, caught sight of them, and immediately made for the fire-hole and told his mates. There was a firemen's strike, right then and there, and the boat lay helpless in mid-lake till they had received full assurance that thereafter they should have young onions whenever the cabin did. As for the rest of the Sir Humphrey's crew, aside from the steward and his assistants, they all ate with the captain—the "old man" at one end of the table and the mate at the other, the engine-room force down one side, and the second mate, the wheelsmen, and the watchmen opposite.

On the old-time lumber-carrier the forecastle was small, dark, dirty, and ill ventilated. On the Sir Humphrey the quarters of the crew were all above deck, where there was plenty of light and air to be had, and where it was the men's own fault if their rooms and beds were not always as clean as they might have been, while every man aboard had the use of a bath-room whenever he wanted it. In the former days captains and mates were often brutal men who ruled by dint of profanity, hard language, and sometimes physical force. To-day few officers have any desire to govern by such means, and all of them know very well that they could not do it long if they wanted to. The forecastle boy and his shipmates were obliged, not only to sail the vessel, but to load and unload her; the crew of a modern freighter never touches a finger to the cargo, unless some of it shifts in heavy weather and has to be replaced in order to keep the vessel on an even keel. The forecastle boy worked under the old system of four-hour watches; for the Kid it is six hours on and six hours off. And the change from sails to steam has greatly lessened the labor of handling the vessel. The Sir Humphrey Davy has not a yard of canvas, and though she carries two masts there is no running rigging whatever. A vast deal of work is thus done away with, and of that which remains the heaviest is all done by steam-power. She is steered by steam, the anchors are weighed by steam, the capstans revolve by steam, and another year she will probably have steam winches to handle her mooring-lines. There are not even any lamps to clean and fill and trim, for she is lighted throughout by electricity.

What wages the forecastle boy received I do not know, but sailors in his day were paid only ten or twelve dollars a month and "found." The deck-hands of the Sir Humphrey Davy were paid twenty-five dollars a month through the summer, and thirty-seven dollars and a half after the first of October, while lookouts, watchmen, and wheelsmen received forty-five dollars a month up to the first of October, and sixty-five thereafter—all, of course, with "found."

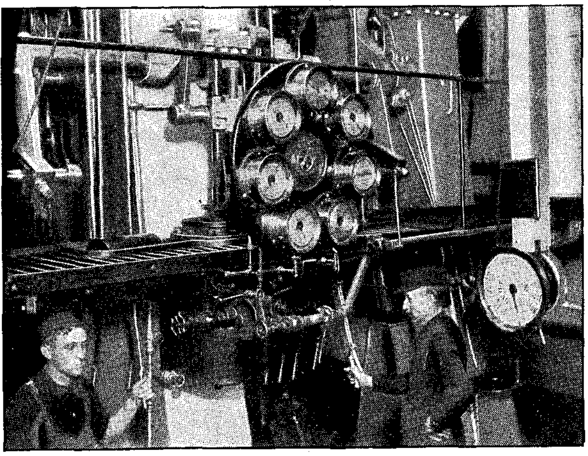

CLEARING THE DECKS OF SNOW

And all these bright features of the Kid's prospects are in contrast, not only with the old times on the lakes, but with the present day on the ocean, for the sailors of the Great Lakes are the best paid, best fed, and most comfortably



A WHALEBACK

housed seamen in the world. The watchman of the first watch on the Sir Humphrey was a Norwegian who had formerly been second mate of a sailing-vessel on the salt water. When he first shipped on a lake steamer, however, he was obliged to do so as a deck-hand, for the rules of the seamen's union forbid any man to watch or wheel till he has spent at least three months in "decking," and the closed shop was very strictly enforced on the lakes during the season of 1904. And yet Chris earned as much money as a deck-hand on the Sir Humphrey Davy—even at summer wages—as he had ever earned as an officer on the ocean; and when he became a watchman, in the fall of the year, his earnings were more than two and a half times his salt-water pay. As to his living aboard the Sir Humphrey, the difference, as compared with that on the ocean, is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the supply department of the line estimates that it costs thirty-five cents a day to feed each of the two thousand two hundred men who sail their hundred and twelve ships, whereas many ocean lines feed their crews for less than half that sum. The Thanksgiving dinner which was provided for the fleet—and of which I ate my full share as the Sir Humphrey lay at the coal dock at Detroit—cost the company a thousand dollars, and its bill of fare included a ton and a half of prime young turkey hens from the Saginaw Valley and a hundred and seventy-five gallons of oysters.



"STANDING BY"

Undoubtedly the explanation of the lake sailor's fortunate lot lies mainly in the fact that he has shared in the prosperity of the surrounding region. When wages are high in the lake States, they must be as high or higher on the lakes themselves—else the lake vessels could get no crews. But I think there is no doubt that the difference between the sailors of fresh and salt water extends to the character of the men as well as to their pay and the conditions of their lives. A few years ago a steamer built at South Chicago and manned by lake seamen made a voyage to Liverpool by way of the St. Lawrence River and the North Atlantic; and both in Canada and in Great Britain those seamen attracted attention and drew forth comment by their orderly behavior and gentlemanly appearance, and by their failure to observe the riotous traditions established in most ports by visiting sailors. As the boat lay at Montreal she was boarded by the skipper of a large British freighter, who looked her over and then expressed his astonishment at the luxuries provided

THROWING OUT THE HEAVING-LINE

for her crew, and, among other things, at the fact that the firemen and deck-hands had pillows and blankets in their bunks.

"We would not dare give such things to our men," he said. "They would steal them at the first port, to sell them for liquor, and would sleep on the bare boards after that."

Now, any one who attempts to inquire into the way of life of the lake sailors is told over and over again that there are two classes of men on the boats—one composed of the deck-hands and firemen, and the other of everybody else. The men of the first class, he is told, usually leave their vessels at the end of each trip, spend their wages in a few hours of drink and debauchery, and then look for new boats—or are put aboard by the police. But it would seem that, at least, they are not in the habit of stealing the blankets out of their bunks to sell them for liquor. And I know men who are, or have been, deck-hands, and who are steady, hard-working, industrious citizens bent on rising in the world. The same can be said of many firemen, who look on the fire-hole as a step toward the engine-room.

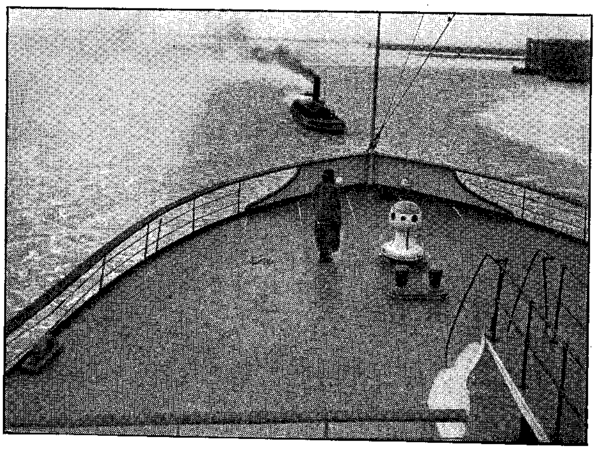
The men of the second class—lookouts, watchmen, wheelsmen, water-tenders, oilers, etc.—are not infrequently married men who would prefer to live ashore, but who are tempted to go sailing from the middle of April till the middle of December for the sake of the high wages which are offered them on the boats, and which enable them to provide for their families more comfortably than they could if they stayed at home the year round. I shall not soon forget Walter, the wheelsman of the first watch on the Sir Humphrey, nor the long, quiet, pleasant talks that we had while he steered the boat up the lakes. He had a wife and two children who lived not far from the captain's home—just out of reach of the whistle—and he told me one day that it made him homesick to go up and down the St. Clair River, and that, for that reason alone, he would rather be on the Chicago run. One snapping cold morning on Lake Superior the captain came into the pilot-house and said he hoped it was not so frosty "down below"—that is, in lower Michigan.

"So do I," said Walter.

"It takes the fuel," said the captain.

"Yes," said Walter, "and it'll make a lot of chores for Mary to do. That's what I'm thinking about."

And there was Andy, of the second watch, who had the wheel from midnight till six in the morning, and from noon



LEAVING THE HARBOR

till supper-time. One afternoon Andy got to singing, and his song was not of the "Nancy Brig" nor of the "Midshipmite," but of the trials of a bridegroom who has bought his furniture on the installment plan and is having difficulty in keeping up his payments:

"I got a piano, and curtains and things;
I got some rick-a-rack;
Now I've got three dollars a week to pay
If I don't want them taken back.
Chorus:—What kind of a show has any one got
With the furniture man?

If you've got no dough, then you'll stand no show;
To the door he will back his van.
He'll take away all of your earthly goods,
From a bed to a frying-pan.
If the devil was born without any horns,
He'd make a good furniture man."

The rhyme and the rhythm may halt a little, perhaps, but that is probably the fault of the phonograph from which, Andy says, he learned the words.

When all is said and done, however, there is one thing in which the lot of a boy on his first voyage is always the same—yesterday, to-day, or to-morrow—on the Great Lakes, the South Seas, or the Western Ocean. On the afternoon of the second day out of Conneaut we crossed Saginaw Bay, with the wind blowing fresh and strong from the southwest. We were in the trough of the sea, and the Sir Humphrey was rolling rather heavily, when the mate came into the pilot-house and Andy asked him how the Kid was getting along. The Kid was supposed to be down in the hold, helping the watchman with some painting.

"He dropped down behind a timber-head half an hour ago," said the mate "and he's there yet."

THE HOT-WATER HOSE

"Why!" exclaimed Andy, in mock incredulity, "he ain't sick, is he?"

"Well," replied the mate, rather soberly, as if, perhaps, he were thinking of certain painful experiences in his own dim past—"well, he don't feel very good."

But the Kid got over it, as we all do, and the next time I saw him he looked as happy as ever.

At four o'clock on the morning of the third day I saw, from the windows of my stateroom, the lights of Detour

Village, at the mouth of St. Mary's River, twinkling over the starboard quarter; and I dressed and went up to the pilot-house, where, during the next few hours, I watched our skipper do things with his boat that would have made a sea captain's hair turn gray. "Running the river" in the dark—poking a four- or five-hundred-foot ship through passages some of which are only three hundred feet wide—is never the simplest and easiest sort of a proposition, even when all the aids to navigation are there to show you the way; but when the gas buoys have been taken up for the winter it is still more difficult, and in snowy weather it is worst of all. But it is what the Kid will have to do, now and then, if ever he comes to be a skipper. Fortunately, there were four or five lighthouses still doing business, and the lower part of the river is the broadest and easiest.

The captain was up on top of the house and was giving his orders to Andy through a little trap-door in the roof—"Port some!" "Starboard!" "Starboard some more!" "Steady!" "Nothing to port!"—and the wheel whirled almost ceaselessly, while from below came the heavy rattling of the steam steering-gear. Past Pipe Island, and Sweet's Point, and Lime Island, and Round Island, and Point aux Frenes, we made our cautious way, shifting our course every little while to follow the windings of the river; and when the morning broke, dim and gray, we were crossing the broad expanse of Mud Lake, steaming through a fleet of twenty-five or thirty large vessels, all lying at anchor, waiting for daylight before attempting the difficult passage of the Sailor's Encampment. If we could pass them before they got under way, and be first at the locks of the ship-canal at Sault Ste. Marie, we might avoid a delay of several hours; so we pushed on as rapidly as possible, and when we reached the Encampment there was only one boat ahead of us. By that time it was quite light, and we threaded the narrow, crooked channel at greatly reduced speed but without very much difficulty. Half an hour later we passed the Middle Neebish, one of the worst places on the river, without any bad luck; but within the next mile a snow-storm struck us, and for an hour and a half thereafter we saw little but its thick, gray-white curtain. Sometimes the low shores of the river were dimly visible, or a tall range-tower loomed up to right or left, and sometimes there was nothing at all in sight but the whirling flakes. Once in a while it would break away entirely for a moment, and there would be a gleam of sunshine on the water; then down it would come again thicker than ever. Suddenly, when we were within two or three miles of Sault Ste. Marie, the order "Starboard!" came quick and sharp from overhead, and Walter, who had come on duty some time before, threw the wheel hard over. A small Canadian freighter lost in the snow, and fearing to go any farther lest she should run aground, had dropped anchor in the fairway, and we had almost run into her before the captain saw her.

But a few minutes later, as we were entering the canal, there came a quick transformation scene. The snow ceased, the clouds broke away, the sun came out, and the wind, which had been light from the northeast, swung around to the west and blew much harder. As long as it snowed it had not been very cold, but now the air grew keen and sharp as needles. They had been having zero weather at the Soo, they told us.

All the rest of the day we drove up Lake Superior, while the wind rose and the sea grew more and more violent. At mid-afternoon we passed Whitefish Point, and saw ten or a dozen vessels lying at anchor under its lee, waiting for quieter weather. We debated whether or not we should join then, and for a few minutes we even headed in toward the land. Then the captain decided to go on, and we struck out past the lighthouse and laid our course for Keweenaw. Presently the wind lulled, and the next time the skipper came into the pilot-house Andy greeted him with, "What are them fellows waiting for, anyhow?"

"We may find out before we've gone much farther," said the captain.

And we did, for by nightfall it was blowing a heavy gale. The boat did not roll much, for the wind was nearly ahead; but she pitched more or less, the spray came like shot against the windows of the pilot-house, and now and then there was a sudden shock that made her tremble from stem to stern, as if Thor's hammer had struck her square on the prow. At six I left the pilot-house for the captain's office, and had to make part of the distance across the hurricane deck on my hands and knees, and then fairly to drag myself down to the main deck by the hand-rails, so fiercely did the wind blow up the icy stairway. The captain came in a few minutes later, and said he did not see how I could ever get back along the three hundred and fifty feet of open deck to the dining-room.

"I guess I won't try it," said I. And I didn't.

The captain went out, and a few minutes later the ship rolled violently several times, and then settled down again to a more even keel. It was growing colder in the office, in spite of all that the steam radiator could do, and it seemed to me that I felt more draught, and that the wind had a different sound as it whistled around the corner of the cabin. By and by the captain came in again for some heavier clothing, and I asked him if the wind had shifted, or if we had changed our course.

"We've changed our course," he replied; "we're going back." And then he added, rather soberly, "If we can find the way."

"It's clear, isn't it?" I asked. It had been starlight when I left the pilot-house.

"It snows every once in a while," he answered, and went out again into the storm.

But an hour or two later, when I laid my book down and looked out of the window, Whitefish Point Light was flashing right abeam, the stars were shining, and not far away were the signal lights of another steamer, also running for shelter. A little later the boat rolled heavily again as she rounded the point in the trough of the sea and headed in toward the land. Then she quieted down once more, and we were evidently in still water. Another half-hour, or less, and there came the thunder of the anchor-chains.

"Well, captain," I said, as the skipper came in, red-faced, cold, and tired, "it doesn't take long to come back, with the wind behind us."

"It takes long enough," said he. "I guess you'd think so if you'd been up on top;" and he wearily pulled off his big, handsome fur overcoat and sat down in his easy chair with his feet to the radiator. There is a story about that big fur coat, I believe, though the captain didn't tell me so. It was given to him several years ago by the owners of the line—so I am told—in recognition of his part in the rescue of two men, the only survivors of a crew of nineteen, who were found clinging to the topmast of a sunken steamer out in the middle of Lake Erie.

The next morning the wind had fallen considerably and had shifted to the north, and the fleet started out again, most of the boats, including the Sir Humphrey Davy, keeping well up toward Michipicoten Island, so as to be under the lee of the north shore. The Sir Humphrey is faster than the average lake steamer, and in the course of the day we passed several other vessels, and by nightfall were well in the lead, with only one or two ahead of us. By daybreak we were alone. Some of our companions had taken different routes, and in one way and another we had drawn apart so that there was nothing to be seen of any of them save one or two small smoke-clouds on the horizon.

"Where are we, captain?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he replied, "we're *here*. That's about all I can tell you."

One of the most important lessons which the Kid will have to learn if he is ever to become a good, reliable lake skipper is that he must never depend too much on his compass, his patent log, or anything else but a sure sight on a known point of land, to tell him where he is. Aboard a steel ship—and especially on Lake Superior, where portions of the shores are highly magnetic—the compass is seldom quite right and is liable to vary more or less from one trip to another, from day to day, and even from hour to hour. Many a good boat, trying to find her way through the dark, or through a fog or a snow-storm, has bumped up on a rock, a shoal, an island, or the mainland, when her skipper had every reason to think that there was clear water for a day's run ahead of him.

"Oh, of course," the captain added, "I know somewhere near where we are."

"Is that Isle Royale?" I asked, pointing to something ahead that might have been land and that might have been merely one of the dark, low-lying clouds.

It was not yet light enough to see very clearly, and the captain admitted that he was not sure.

"That may be a bunch of land," said Walter, later on, pointing to another dark-gray apparition on the horizon.

"It *may* be a bunch of onions," retorted the captain with gentle irony, and he went up on top to get his glasses.

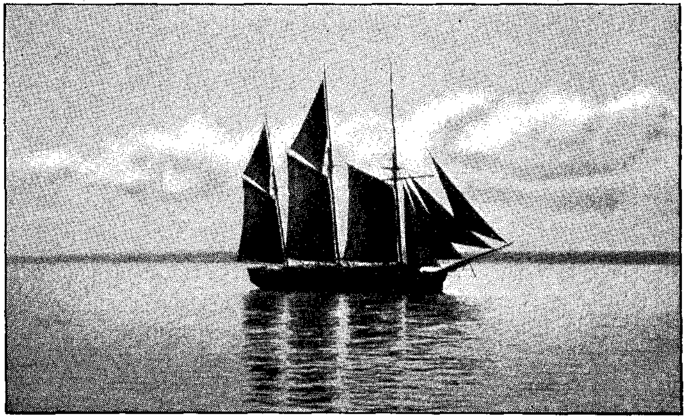
But it proved to be Isle Royale, without any doubt, and for several hours we coasted its desolate, sparsely wooded southern shore. The wind was light, it was warmer than it had been since we left the Soo, and occasionally there was a fleeting gleam of sunshine on the gray water. Altogether it was very favorable weather—for the last trip of the season—and we made a good day's run. During the forenoon the second mate and the Kid shoveled most of the snow off the deck, and the watchman followed them up with the hot-water hose. It was a long job, but when it was done we were clean and dry again.

That night I had not been long asleep when I was wakened by the watchman of the second watch.

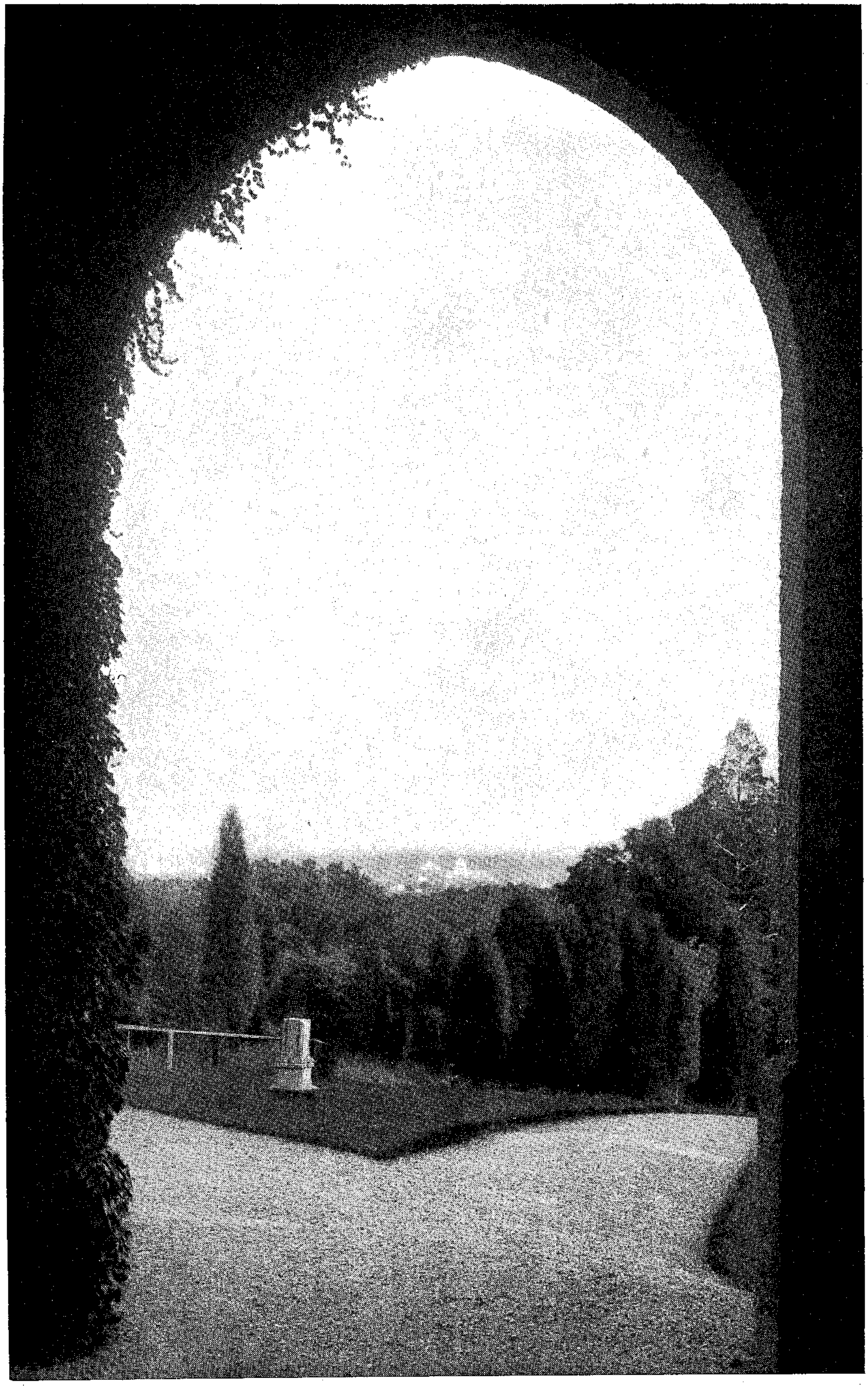
"We won't get in for a few minutes," he said, "but I thought maybe you'd like to take a picture of the lights."

Shades of Daguerre! Photograph the lights of a city from the deck of a moving steamer at three o'clock in the morning! But I wished with all my heart that I could have done it, for I have seen few finer pictures of its kind than that of the twinkling, shimmering arc lamps of Duluth, rising row upon row, tier above tier, against their black background of hills and clouds. The wind had died away, and the water was still as glass. Two steamers, outward bound, met us at the harbor entrance—dim, shadowy shapes that flitted past us and vanished down the lake. Then a tug came out, and took charge of our tow-barge, for the Sir Humphrey Davy and consort were about to part company—the Sir Humphrey to take on another cargo and sail again for the lower lakes, and the tow-barge to lay up for the winter. Through the darkness I caught sight of something big and black which I thought at first was the end of a breakwater, but which proved to be a whaleback, also bound for winter quarters. As she and our consort moved away up the harbor, the mate looked after them and said, half-wistfully, "Them fellows' troubles is over."

But, as it turned out, his own troubles were also at an end—for that season—for before we could take on our cargo the rivers were locked with ice.



A REMINDER OF OLDEN DAYS



LOOKING THROUGH THE ARCHWAY IN THE TOWER OF THE LITTLE SANCTUARY

An American Cathedral Close

By Elbert F. Baldwin

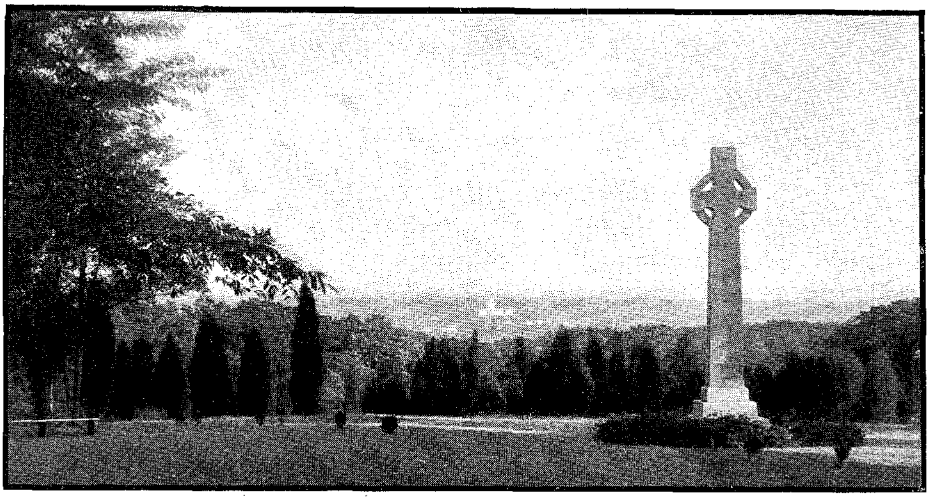
WHEN Pierre de l'Enfant made his plan, a hundred years ago and more, for the laying out of Washington, he provided for the building of a National Christian Church. It was to have been on the site of the Patent Office. Instead, it will stand on Mount St. Alban.

Let us stand on that hill. The snow lies deep on the ground. The sunlight filters through the trees and falls in yellow splashes on the great white sheet underneath. The trees are brown with tenacious oak leaves, or green with the ever-grateful pine. We look far across the low-lying hills, and there, in the distance, shines the white dome of the Capitol, the gilt top of the Library to the left, the Post-Office tower and then the great Washington Monument to the right, with just a suggestion of the National city at their base. Away, further to the right, through the bare branches, one discerns a line of light; it is the Potomac gleaming in the sunshine. Then wheeling away around to the left are the rises which mean the Soldiers' Home and Chevy Chase, justly dear to riders and golfers. Between us and the dim city there is a band of green cedars. Beyond the city the horizon is wavy with the line of the Maryland hills.

The Cathedral Close, or yard, in which we stand, comprises a tract of about forty acres on the brow of the hill called Mount St. Alban, four hundred feet above Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, away in the distance. Were we standing down there in any part of the city and looking up this way, these Cathedral oaks would cut against the western sky. Wooded and a little wild as are our immediate surroundings, many Washingtonians declare that the Cathedral Close marks the center of the population of the District of Columbia years hence. It is now a healthful center; its high location and dry air make it a good summer as well as winter residence. And as the new Cathedral buildings rise they will become also an inspiring center for the District's population.

To reach the Cathedral Close from Washington there is a direct route for foot passengers, namely, Massachusetts Avenue, the longest street in the Capital and leading directly to the Observatory, Dolly Madison's house, and to Mount St. Alban. For those dependent on the street-cars, however, the Connecticut Avenue and Georgetown system, with a transfer, brings one also to the Close, at the intersection of Massachusetts and Wisconsin Avenues.

To commemorate the close of the Spanish War, an Iona cross twenty feet high was dedicated on Mount St. Alban in the presence of President McKinley and the delegates to the General Convention, in 1898, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in Washington. The face of the cross is beautifully worked with arabesques surrounding the letters I.H.S. Underneath one reads the Litany petition "to all Nations," for "Unity, Peace, and Concord," and one deciphers the diocesan coat of arms, a shield on one side of which is the Jerusalem cross —not the Latin cross of Rome nor the Greek cross of Constantinople. The origin of the Anglican communion is not to be sought in Rome or in Constantinople, but before them, in Jerusalem. Those of us who are Anglicans in England and Protestant Episcopalians in America like to think that our Church to-day is a true representative of what the Christian Church was in its first days. The left side of the shield is occupied by the coat of arms of George Washington. A devout Episcopalian, vestryman, and lay reader, he believed with most of his countrymen in the necessity of separating Church and State. His arms were incorporated into those of the diocese of Washington as a witness of the principle that the only connection between Church and State is each individual man, who is, as Bishop Satterlee has said, at once a citizen of the common-



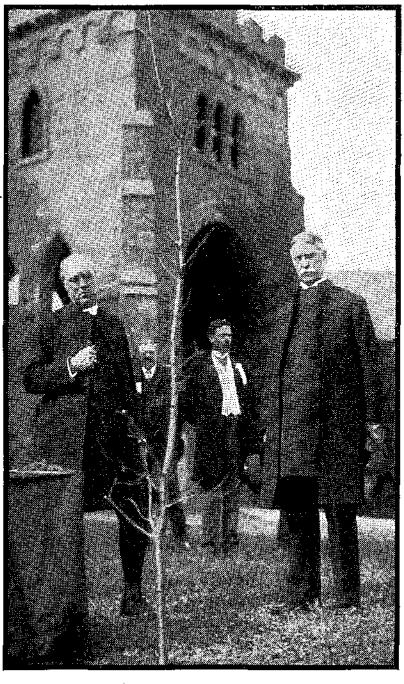
THE PEACE CROSS

wealth and a citizen of the kingdom of heaven. Underneath the shield one reads a Latin motto, " Scriptura, Symbolum, Mysterium, Ordo "—the Bible, the Creed, the Sacraments, and Holy Orders—or the Chicago-Lambeth proposal emanating from the Anglican Communion in America and England as a basis for the reunion of all Christendom.

As we glance about us, standing by the great Cross, we note that a few scattered buildings already crown this eminence. One little structure close by takes us in fancy again to Italy; for when the great Cathedral is built, the Little Sanctuary will stand alongside, like the Portiuncula Chapel at Assisi. The Little Sanctuary is almost a direct copy in size, not of a church in Italy, but of one in England, of the Saxon Church of St. Lawrence, at Bradford-on-Avon, built over thirteen hundred years ago, by Aldhelm, the first Bishop of Sherborne, and friend of the great Boniface, the Apostle to Germany. Inserted in the wall at the entrance of the Little Sanctuary is a stone from the choir of historic old Iona Cathedral itself, with Columba's last words inscribed thereon: "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good." To Columba's propaganda northern Scotland owed its first knowledge of Christianity. It was fitting that for many generations the Scottish kings should be crowned there, and that there, in hallowed soil, the dust of many of those early kings should slumber.

Another memorial stone in the Little Sanctuary comes from Whitby Abbey, founded on the Yorkshire cliffs about a century after Columba's death—the keystone of an arch. The poet Caedmon must have often looked upon this very stone when he, as a boy, was a humble herdsman for the Whitby monks.

But one's glance is now arrested by the



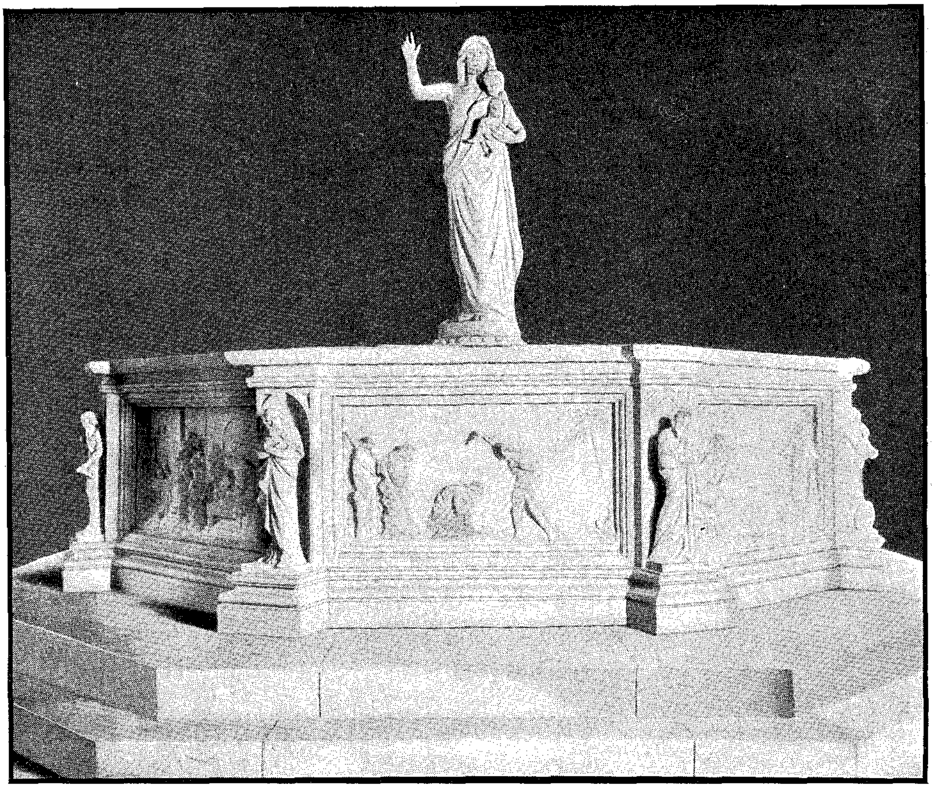
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE BISHOP OF WASHINGTON

Bishop's throne, or cathedra. The seat of the great chair is made from stones taken from Glastonbury Abbey, the foundation of which goes back to the first Christian missionaries in England; tradition says that the real founder was Joseph of Arimathea. These historic stones are indeed a witness to the Church's continuity. More than this, so far as the aptness of the gift from the Glastonbury people is concerned, the patron saints of the ancient British Abbey were Saints Peter and Paul; and the new American foundation is to be known as the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul. Surrounded by characteristic early English carving, the panel forming the back of the chair again sets forth the terms of the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral.

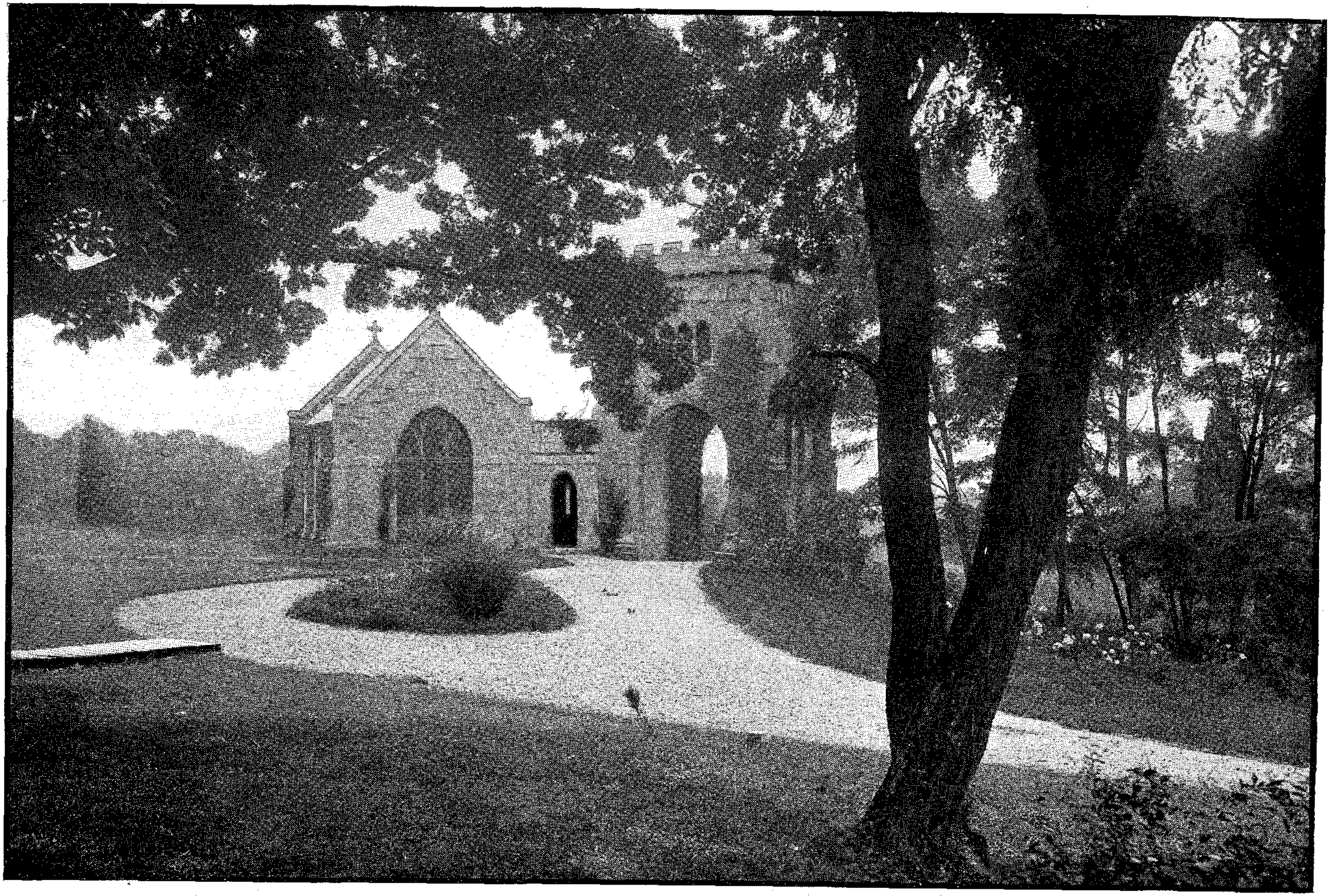
As we turn, we find ourselves in front of the Jerusalem altar, so called because its stones were hewn from the limestone rock of the quarries of Solomon, close to the Damascus gate leading into the Holy City. As is well known, this gate is not far from that "place which is called Calvary . . . without the gate." The altar is severely plain, as it should be. It is a national altar, in that it is the gift of the dioceses of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

Coming out of the Little Sanctuary, we pause for a moment under the great arch which divides it from its tower, and enjoy another view of the city. The view of Washington from a distance grows upon all who see it, until no Florence and no Damascus are able to efface or even lessen its early and lasting charm. Ascending by an outer staircase, we reach the quaint, high study in the tower, a copy of that of the monk who used to care for another such Little Sanctuary centuries ago. This particular room is used by the Canon Precentor, the Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, who is also the rector of Saint Alban's Church a few rods away.

From this viewpoint the most prominent near-by building seems to be the



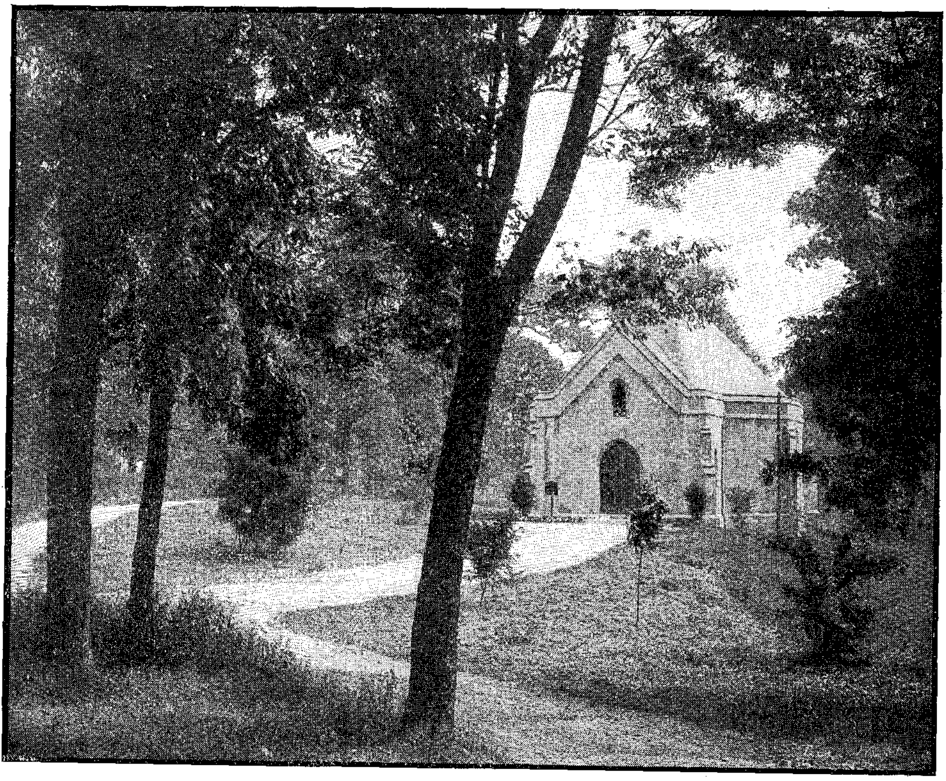
THE FONT



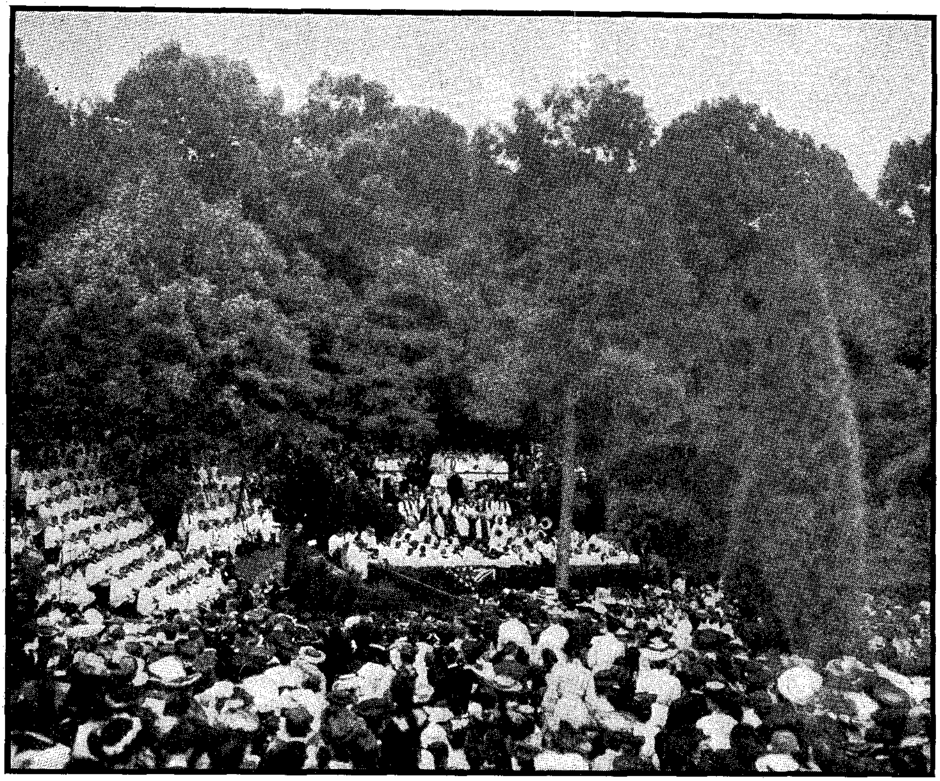
THE LITTLE SANCTUARY

Baptistery. We bend our steps thither. The Baptistery shelters an octagonal font, fifteen feet in diameter. The interior of the font is lined with stones gathered from the river Jordan, stones some of which may have felt the pressure of Christ's feet. It is exquisitely appropriate that those who provided for the removal from Palestine of these stones and who also gave other parts of the font should have been the children whom, as rector of Calvary Church, New York, the present Bishop of Washington had baptized or brought to confirmation. In the center of the font stands the figure of Christ holding a little child in one arm, the other being raised in the act of benediction. From the rock at the statue's base flow the waters of baptism. Thus the great font is also a fountain. It may be used either for immersion or for pouring, providing in this way for the right of every Christian to have baptism administered in either form. The figure of our Lord and the eight superb exterior panels in bas-relief, together with the apostolic figures standing at the corners of the octagon, are the work of Mr. William Ordway Partridge. In painting, Tissot in France and Holman Hunt in England gained their inspiration for the portrayal of Scripture subjects from studying in the Holy Land itself, and the same may be said in sculpture of Mr. Partridge, a fact of which these reliefs and figures give evidence.

Coming out of the Baptistery, we see in front of us St. Alban's Church, its rectory, and, far to the right, in the corner of the Close, the Cathedral School for Girls, an admirable building architecturally—the gift of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst—and, under the excellent direction of Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton, a commendable institution educationally. In another corner of the Close will rise the Cathedral School for Boys, endowed by the late Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnstone. The temporary Deaconess's Home stands just across Wisconsin Avenue.



THE BAPTISTERY



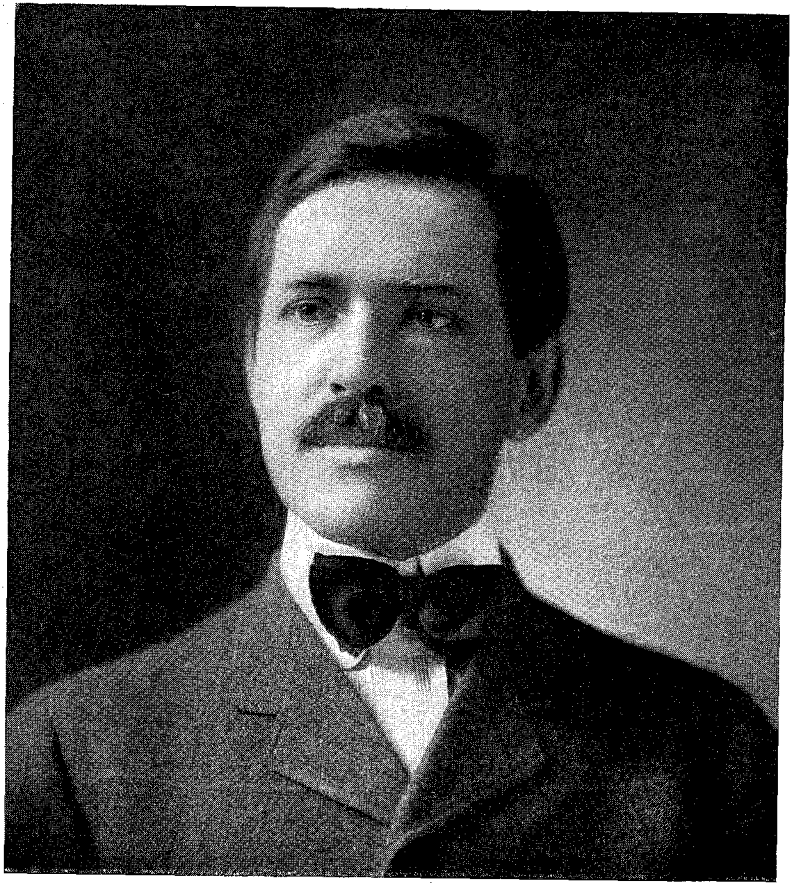
AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE

We are standing near the Cross on the site selected for the new Cathedral—a structure which will be part and parcel of the new Washington. As it is now a peculiarly attractive city socially, we have abundant right to expect Washington to become one of the most beautiful of cities architecturally. With its boulevards and parks, the city will ere long fill the entire District of Columbia. It will then be notable not only because of distinctively splendid edifices, as, for instance, the Capitol, than which no building, religious or secular, seems more impressive, both in site and architecture. It will be notable more especially because of the landscape adjustment now decided upon, which provides for the spacious architectural harmony of a future great municipal aggregation. For example, instead of a Treasury closing Pierre de l'Enfant's well-planned vista from the White House to the Capitol, or of the State, War, and Navy Building, which closes a similar vista, or of a Congressional Library partially concealing the Capitol itself, we shall see the erection of public buildings, first because they are imposing in themselves, as dedicated to some particular National or municipal use, but also because they have fit relation to the original scheme of a man of genius, and to its extension in the streets and drives of the entire District of Columbia. Only thus can Washington truly become a city of magnificent distances, for only thus may fidelity be maintained to the diagonal avenues of direct communication which connect the principal Government buildings, at the same time insuring a "reciprocity of sight." These avenues radiate from two centers, the Capitol and the White House, as provided for by our first Government engineer, who carefully selected sites for the public buildings with reference to every other site, not only of buildings, but also of monuments, fountains, parks, gardens. The long lines of direct view will now receive a restful setting in the lines of curve to surround the city. The long park or mall to occupy the space between the Capitol and the White House, bringing the Washington Monument into axial relation with the two centers, is expected to be followed by a great canal garden continuing from the Washington Monument to the proposed Lincoln Memorial on the banks of the Potomac, and the vista line is then to be continued by a noble memorial bridge across the Potomac to Arlington. From the Lincoln Memorial a parkway will be developed along the Potomac River to Rock Creek and the Zoölogical Garden, touching Rock Creek Park, the Soldiers' Home, Anacostia and Potomac Parks, and so back to the Mall. Standing where we do, we have a bird's-eye view of this encircling park ring, which will accentuate the many building sites along its course, some of those sites having already received architectural treatment. This landscape accentuation will apply in marked degree to the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul. This great monument to Christianity may dominate the entire District of Columbia. If Washington is already impressive by reason of certain noteworthy structures devoted to the service of the State, their classic beauty will be augmented because of the Gothic Cathedral ere long to arise on Mount St. Alban.

We now come to the present distinct and National feature of Mount St. Alban. For a long time a People's Open Air Evensong has been held there on Sunday afternoons. The attendance has been increasingly satisfactory and inspiring. On certain occasions there have been especially notable assemblages, as, for instance, in 1898, when seven thousand people heard President McKinley speak, or two years ago, when seventeen thousand people, besides a choir of four hundred men and boys, nearly fifty bishops, and many of the other clergy, heard President Roosevelt and the Archbishop of the West Indies speak, or last year, when a congregation numbering approximately thirty-five thousand, besides a choir of nearly seven hundred and a majority of the clergy not only of the Episcopal but of other Christian bodies in Washington, heard the Archbishop of Canterbury speak. In what other place could the prayer "For the President of the United States and all in Civil Authority" have sounded more impressively? But these were, one may say, almost spectacular occasions. The real work of the open-air service is seen in the average attendance, which is about a thousand, the majority being non-Episcopalians. Many non-church-goers also come. The service is held most of the year, for the snow does not last long in Washington. Generally there is dry ground. Then it is, of a Sunday afternoon, that the Washingtonian, and the stranger too, instinctively take their walks abroad. What better custom than to stroll out Massachusetts Avenue and across Rock Creek up to Mount St. Alban? There one may find a "wide as all outdoors" idea without losing the historic and especially the spiritual conception which Bishop Satterlee has had in these beginnings of the Washington Cathedral.

The open-air services already appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. They make first for unity among Christians, but they also stand for the spirit of the command to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Permanent provision is to be made for the seating of the people. On the plan of a Greek theater, stone seats are to be built into the side of the ravine just under the hill on which the Cathedral will stand. If a great Latin cruciform edifice in Gothic architecture is to tower aloft with its immortal idea of sacrifice and service as symbolized in the altar and the temple, at its base there will be crystallized none the less the Greek idea of a service in a house not made with hands, of a prayer not offered through prostration but by erect posture, of a philosophy and a religion which shall recall Paul's teaching on Mars Hill.

The scope of the Washington Cathedral plant should appeal to Christians of whatever name. Not a stone of the great church has yet been laid, but already about its Close there is the sense and sway of the historic, the atmospheric, the divine in the human and the human in the divine, the primitive Church of the past and the National Church of the present.



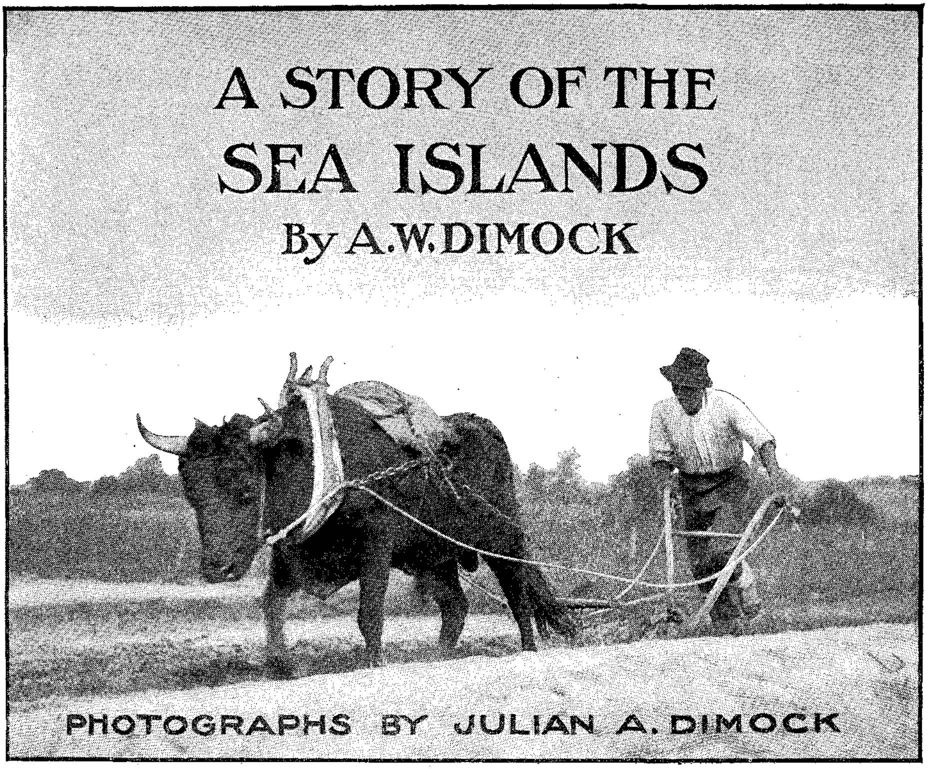
PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON

The Commissioner of Corporations

MR. James Rudolph Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, a young man for such a responsible office, is the second son of the martyred President. He was educated at St. Paul's School, at Williams College (of which he is now a Trustee), and at the Columbia Law School; was admitted to the bar in 1888 and established his practice in Cleveland. As Civil Service Commissioner and now Corporations Commissioner Mr. Garfield has shown conspicuous conscientiousness, energy, independence, and fidelity to duty, and is one of the young men of the present Administration who are to be reckoned with. During recent weeks Mr. Garfield's name has been brought into especial prominence by reason of his report as Commissioner of Corporations, and by his recommendation of Federal license for corporations. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no young public servant has precipitated a more important discussion. However much men may differ as to particular methods of accomplishment, the Roosevelt Administration will stand in history for many things done. In these respects perhaps nothing will have been of more vital and permanent importance, commercially and politically, than the creation of the Bureau of Corporations and the anti-monopoly legislation which it is to be hoped will result from the work already accomplished by that Bureau.

A STORY OF THE SEA ISLANDS

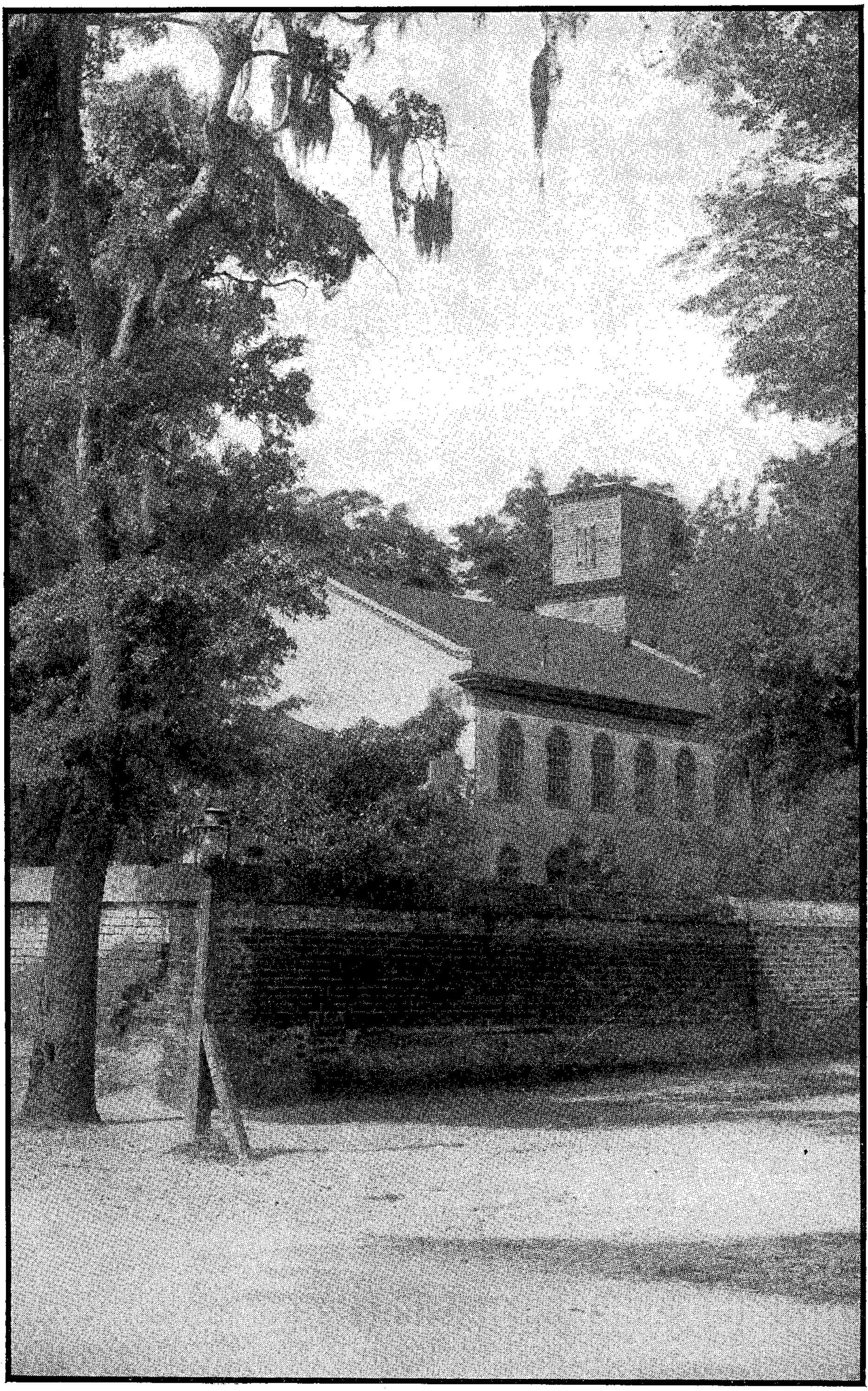
By A. W. DIMOCK



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

FIRST to suffer and last to recover from the storm invoked by South Carolina were the gems of her own possessions, Beaufort and her Sea Islands. A generation and a decade have passed, and recovery is not yet. Cooled by constant breezes from the ocean in summer, these islands were warmed by the Gulf Stream into a delightful winter refuge from the occasional frosts of the interior. The patrician product to which the Sea Islands gave their name passed by plebeian cotton factories to find its affinities among fabrics of silk and lace in Marseilles, Lyons, and Nottingham. The aristocratic proprietors of the Sea Island domain, discovering that it contained "every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food," became thereby easily convinced that they owned the original Garden of Eden. Unhappily, the serpent remained in the garden, and they were driven forth, and "a flaming sword which turned every way" was placed against their return. They have never returned. Their possessions have been scattered and destroyed; permanent climatic changes have wiped out groves of oranges and other fruits that had flourished for generations; recurrent cyclones have devastated the islands, destroying buildings and breaking down or uprooting century-old trees; inefficiency has lowered the reputation of the famous product of the Sea Islands, and the plantations themselves have been broken up forever. The average Sea Island plantation of one thousand acres was cultivated by about one hundred negroes under the eye of a master whose delicate touch distinguished every grade of fineness in the cotton as he walked between the rows and with flags of different colors indicated the plants from which seeds were to be selected for future planting. So highly developed became the skill of some planters that certain of their crops were in demand at twice the price of the normal product. On every plantation was a china-berry tree, for every cotton-planter knew that the almanac might be mistaken, but that when that tree bloomed it was time for cotton seed to be in the ground. The wide-spreading live-oaks, with their flowing garments of somber Spanish moss, stately Southern pine, tall magnolias, fig-trees, palmettos, fragrant and flowering vines, made picturesque the estates outside the fields of cotton and of rice, the gardens and the groves of orange. For the sportsman and the epicure there were deer in the woods, duck and snipe around the islands, quail, rice and other birds, often too plentiful, in the fields, while the waters supplied sea food of many varieties, from shad to drumfish, from oysters and crabs to terrapin and turtle. To the Northern guest, favored by the boundless hospitality of his Southern host, the plantation life seemed idyllic, and as he wandered about the grounds by moonlight listening to the banjo from the cabin and the musical voices of the negroes lifted in plaintive song, he wondered where the whips were kept of which he had read. The "task" of the field hand was a definitely regulated piece of work for each day, and consisted of hoeing one-quarter of an acre, or its equivalent in other labor, which, with earnest work, could be accomplished by two or three o'clock, after which the time of the slave was his own. Before the war there was no hotel either upon the islands or in the town of Beaufort. So self-sustaining were these plantations, and so independent of the world outside, that their owners lost all sense of perspective, and it is related that when news of the edict banishing Napoleon was received, the citizens of St. Helena (the Sea Island of that name) met to rebuke the impertinence and to devise measures to avert the indignity!

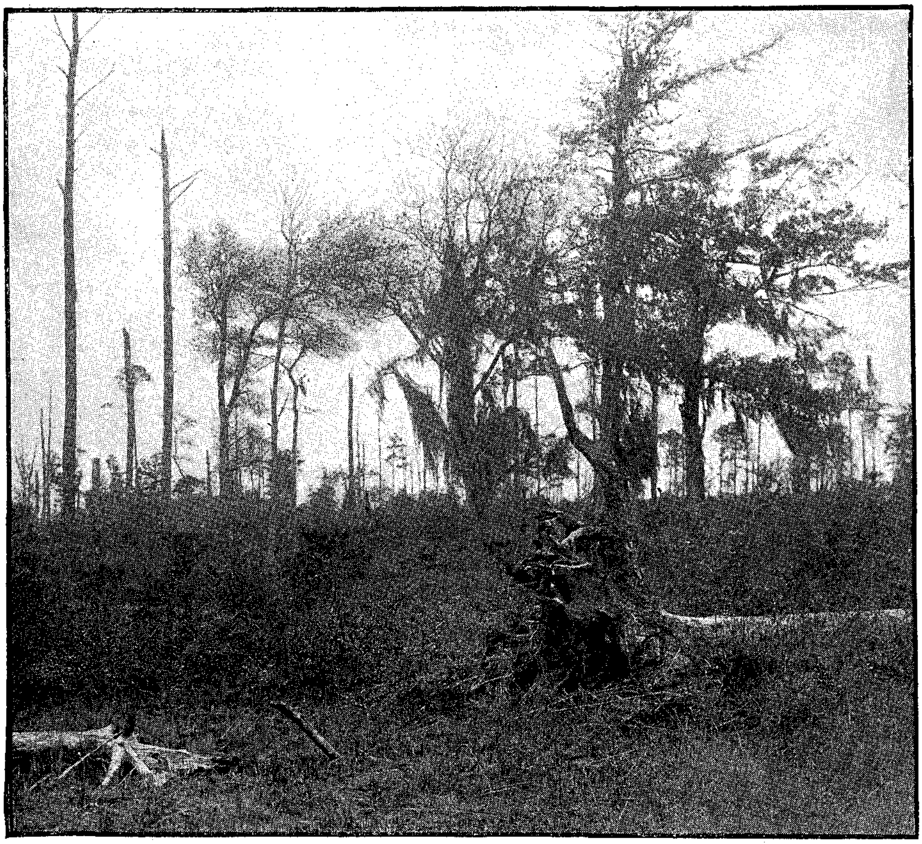
In the fifties a United States man-of-war anchored in Port Royal Sound, but the act was deemed one of presumption, and when the State of South Carolina seceded it was proposed that the Sea Islands refuse to plant another seed of fine cotton, and abandon all intercourse with the Yankees until they were starved into submission! Somewhat later the entire fighting population of St. Helena Island, numbering thirty-two, met in the hall of their Agricultural Society on the occasion of one of their periodical dinners. There were guests and speakers from Beaufort and elsewhere, and with unanimity and great enthusiasm resolutions presented by Dr. T. G. White were passed, severing themselves forever from the Union called the United States, and pledging allegiance to the Confederate States of America. A company was organized entitled the St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen, W. O. P. Fripp elected captain, and T. G. White, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the history of the organization, first lieutenant. A richly embroidered silken flag, inscribed on one side "St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen, organized Jan. 20, 1861," and bearing on the other a palmetto and the motto *Ubi Libertas Ibi Patria*, was made by the ladies of St. Helena Island, and presented to the company with due formality and all the pomp and pageantry of a real tournament. In serious provision for an anticipated campaign, it was required of each warrior that he provide himself with a horse, saber, pair of Colt's revolvers, Maynard rifle, trappings, and uniform. He was to be allowed as much baggage as he could carry in his own wagon, and it was understood that he would keep ready packed for immediate service a small tent, mattress, blankets, and bedding sufficient and suitable for a campaign. The company was divided into messes, between which much rivalry developed in the provision of superior cooking outfits. The number of servants was not limited, but it was expected that only one servant would accompany a member of the company in time of action, to carry extra weapons and reload them when discharged, but under no circumstances was a negro to fire a shot. Obnoxious as the Yankees were, they were to be fought as gentlemen by gentlemen. The company was mustered into the Confederate service at White Hall Ferry by General Drayton, Captain Young, adjutant and inspector-general of the defenses of Beaufort, Hilton Head, and St. Helena Island, and others. Until November 3, 1861, the company drilled with some regularity, practiced tilting at rings, and gayly prepared for the coming conflict, to which they looked eagerly forward as did knights of old to the tournaments where they were to win their spurs.



ST. HELENA CHURCH, BEAUFORT
Erected in 1712

SEA ISLAND OYSTER GATHERERS

On November 1, 1861, news was received of the sailing from Fortress Monroe of the fleet which had been so long preparing for a descent upon the Southern coast. The St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen welcomed the prospect of the coming fray, for, however others might be deceived, they knew that the expedition was intended for their shores. Fort Beauregard, at Bay Point on the St. Helena side of Port Royal Sound, and Fort Walker, on the Hilton Head side, were fully armed with heavy artillery, and prepared for any assault. The Beaufort Artillery, under Stephen Elliot, with Colonel Dunnovant's regiment as a support, was in charge of Fort Beauregard, while Fort Walker was occupied by General Wagener's German Artillery, supported by the regiment of Colonel de Saussure—all under command of Brigadier-General Drayton, who, with his staff, occupied the Pope House on Hilton Head. On Sunday, November 4, the inhabitants of St. Helena Island assembled for the last time at the old church where for generations their people had worshiped. It was a lovely fall day, and although it was remembered afterward that upon that afternoon a crimson sun sank in a sea of blood, no one at the time attached sinister significance to the warlike portent. The quiet of the service was disturbed by the fast galloping of a horse, and a man strode up the aisle bearing a despatch for Captain Fripp, which was handed to the pastor and read from the pulpit. It announced that the Yankee fleet had passed Charleston and was probably bound for Port Royal. The news was received without apprehension or any real appreciation of its significance. Not a doubt existed that any attempt at invasion would be promptly and easily defeated. There is a tradition that



EFFECTS OF THE CYCLONE OF 1898

when, on that day, Brigadier-General Drayton in some haste left Beaufort, where he was attending divine worship, for his headquarters on Hilton Head Island, he invited friends to accompany him to see him blow the Yankees out of the water, but it is possible that his language on that occasion was misquoted. This would seem probable from the fact that Captain Drayton of the Pawnee, one of the invading fleet, was his brother. No valuables were removed or concealed, and not a step taken in contemplation of any possibility of being compelled to abandon the island. A special order was served upon the members of the company of Riflemen:

Headquarters St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen.

Order No. 1.—The United States fleet, which for the past few months has been fitting out at Fort Monroe, is upon us and premeditates probably an incursion on our shores. The St. Helena Mounted Riflemen are hereby requested to appear properly armed and accoutered at Dr. Jenkins' house at Seaside, prepared to meet the dastardly foe.

2d.—Private William Jenkins is hereby ordered to have a good and substantial dinner provided for the Company at three o'clock.

3d.—Lieutenants White, Fripp, and Capers, who live at conveniently different sections of the island, are hereby requested to impress all boats, flats, and means of transportation and congregate them at Dr. Jenkins' place on Station Creek, dividing St. Helena Island from Bay Point, in readiness, in case it may become expedient, to conduct a retreat from the latter place.

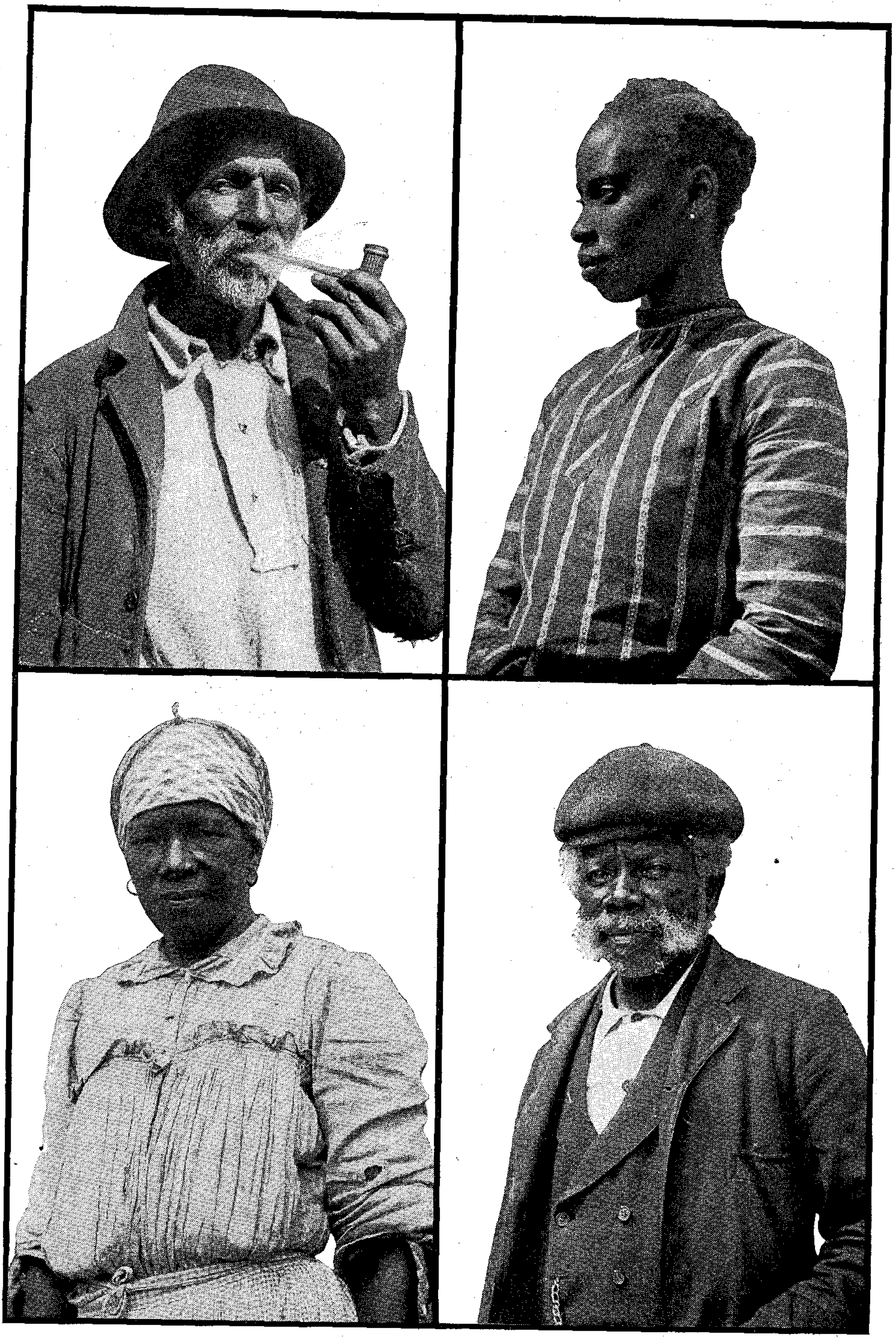
W. O. P. Fripp,
Captain S. H. M. R.

(Signed in haste.)

The indignation excited by the last paragraph was such that the Captain was compelled to exhibit to his company the orders under which he had acted, which were as follows:

Capt. W. O. P. Fripp:

Sir—You are instructed to press into the service of the Confederate States negroes, boats, and flats, and have them at the most convenient point to bring off our soldiers from Bay Point should it be necessary for



TYPES OF SEA ISLAND NEGROES

them to retreat. This order to be carried out forthwith. Mr. Thomas M. Hanckel will carry this.

Jos. Daniel Pope, A. D. C.

It has been suggested that the point off Bay Point opposite Dr. William Jenkins' is the more convenient. J. D. P.

No further preparation was required at the forts, which calmly awaited the assault. Beaufort was undisturbed, awaiting in calm serenity the sinking of every ship of the attacking fleet by the forts, and Commodore Tatnall's "mosquito fleet," made up of a steam tug towing bomb-boats, was awaiting with banked fires the signal to bring in the vanquished fleet of the enemy. Early on Monday morning the members of the St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen assembled at the Jenkins house, coming on horseback, in buggies and carriages, followed by servants, wagons, and baggage. Felicitations were exchanged in billiard and dining rooms. The air was charged with patriotic sentiment. Wives and sweethearts tearfully buckled on sabers, while mothers warned servants to keep near their masters, to bind up their wounds, and to bring back their bodies if— The Yankee fleet was signaled, and from roof and cupola the members of the Company watched the dread procession of battle-ships, and received their first ideas of war. Slowly the significance of these tongues of flame crowned with masses of smoke, and followed by the boom of a quarter of a minute later, sank into their consciousness, and when finally the fleet retired in a discomfiture not quite understood, their rejoicings were somewhat hysterical. Toasts, speeches, and congratulations extended the hilarity of the festival that followed well into the night, until a message from the forts, of fatal import—"The avenues of retreat must be kept open"—changed the banquet into a feast of Belshazzar, and filled the long hours of the night with gloomy forebodings.

A storm on Tuesday held the ships of the enemy at their anchorage and gave temporary relief to those who, with just apprehension, awaited their return; but Wednesday was calm, and again from roof and cupola, with increasing alarm, the riflemen watched the Federal fleet slowly moving in line of battle past the forts, into which never-ending broadsides seem to pour. Before the day had worn away some of the Confederate guns had burst, the forts were in ruins, and their fire silenced. Every boat and other means of transportation that had been provided in obedience to the contemned orders was required as the defenders of Fort Beauregard fled, crossing St. Helena Island to White Hall Ferry, then via Beaufort to Port Royal Ferry. From Fort Walker the retreat was across Hilton Head Island. Commodore Tatnall's mosquito fleet fired a single volley at long range and fled through the nearest creek. The dinner at Jenkins's was never eaten. St. Helena, Hilton Head, and other islands had passed out of the hands of their long-time owners forever, and, with Beaufort, were abandoned by every white citizen of the South, with a single exception. Nothing was removed from the houses on the islands, not even jewelry from bureaus or money from desks. Treasures of plate, paintings, books, and furniture were left unprotected, subject to all the exigencies of negro and military occupation of the islands in the years that followed. Some became souvenirs in distant and alien homes, more were destroyed, none were recovered. Panic reigned in Beaufort when the forts were silenced, and that night its streets were filled with wagons, carts, and even wheelbarrows, while the sidewalks were piled with books, paintings, pianos, and household goods. A Northern army occupied Port Royal and Hilton Head Island during the rest of the war. A Federal tax sequestrated the lands, and estates once worth from $50 to $100 per acre were sold to negroes and soldiers on credit for $1.25 per acre.

After the war, when Sea Island cotton was selling at above a dollar a pound, a Northern company bought lands on Hilton Head Island and expended large sums in its cultivation. For two years the worms gathered the crops and then devoured the company. Of the twenty-three plantation houses on this island when South Carolina passed its ordinance of secession, the William Graham house alone remains. The oldest white

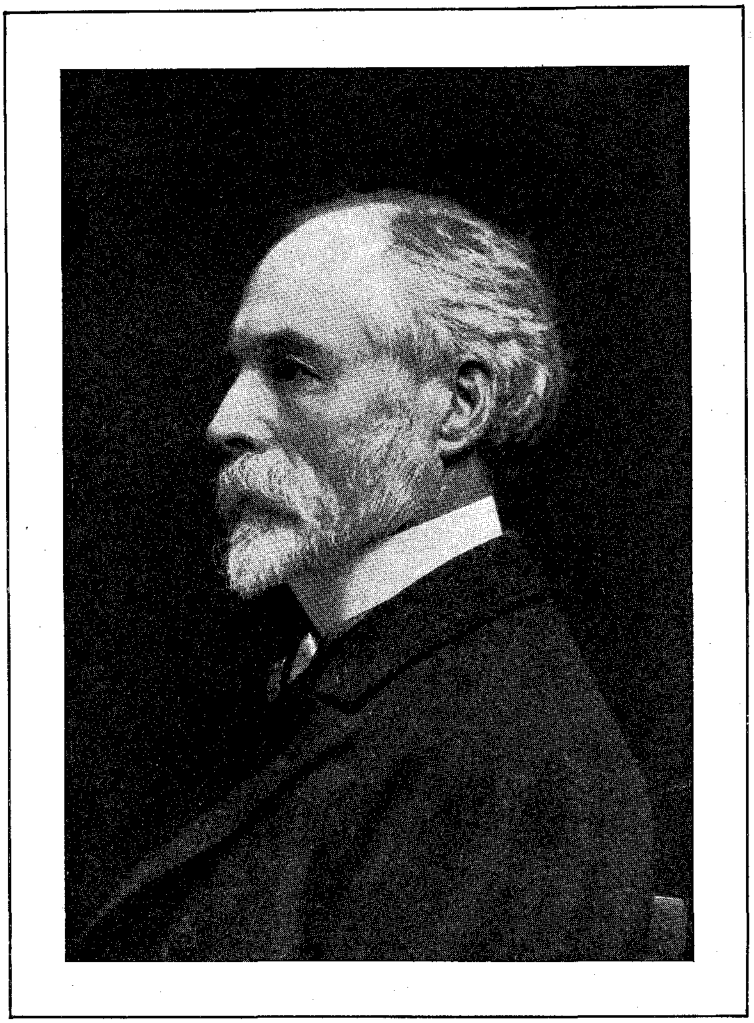
A SEA ISLAND OX-CART

resident of the island is Dr. Wilder, who moved there from Massachusetts in 1864, and whose influence so dominated its numerous black population during and following the dark days of the reconstruction era, and the mutterings of war between the races, that it maintained peace on the island and saved life on more than one occasion. He also appears to hold "dominion over every creeping thing," for rattlesnakes, after a few days' acquaintance, wander around his room as tame and friendly as kittens.

The picturesque plantation life of the Sea Islands has ended. Haphazard methods of planting have taken the place of the painstaking seed selection and scientific cultivation that gave and maintained the fame of the Sea Island plant. The varying prices of the products of different plantations, which range from sixty to eighteen cents a pound, measure to some extent the retrogression in skill and care which characterize the cultivation of Sea Island cotton to-day. Many of the old estates have been cut up into small farms which have been bought and are cultivated by negroes, sometimes by those who once worked upon the land as slaves, often by their descendants. Others have been bought for sporting purposes and the deer and quail protected for the owners and their guests. Upon one a thousand English pheasants were set free, only to fall victims to their own confiding natures, which led them to fraternize with the chickens of the negroes and apparently seek companionship with hawks.

Material prosperity since the war seemed to look upon Beaufort for a day from the phosphate deposits of the islands, but a prohibitive tax levied by the State completed the destruction of the new industry that the competition of Florida had begun.

Sometimes there comes to the island a gray-haired man, who rides silently across it, and departs never to return. Once an aged woman was borne there for her final rest beside the husband of her youth on the soil where her children had been born, but the few feet of ground she had coveted were in alien and hostile hands, and she was taken away. The young men who rode forth so gayly under the banner of the St. Helena Mounted Volunteer Riflemen to meet the Federal fleet in 1861 are nearly all at rest. The names of many are inscribed on the tablet of the old St. Helena Church to the memory of the Confederate dead of St. Helena Parish. But in the National cemetery near by there sleep ten thousand boys in blue.

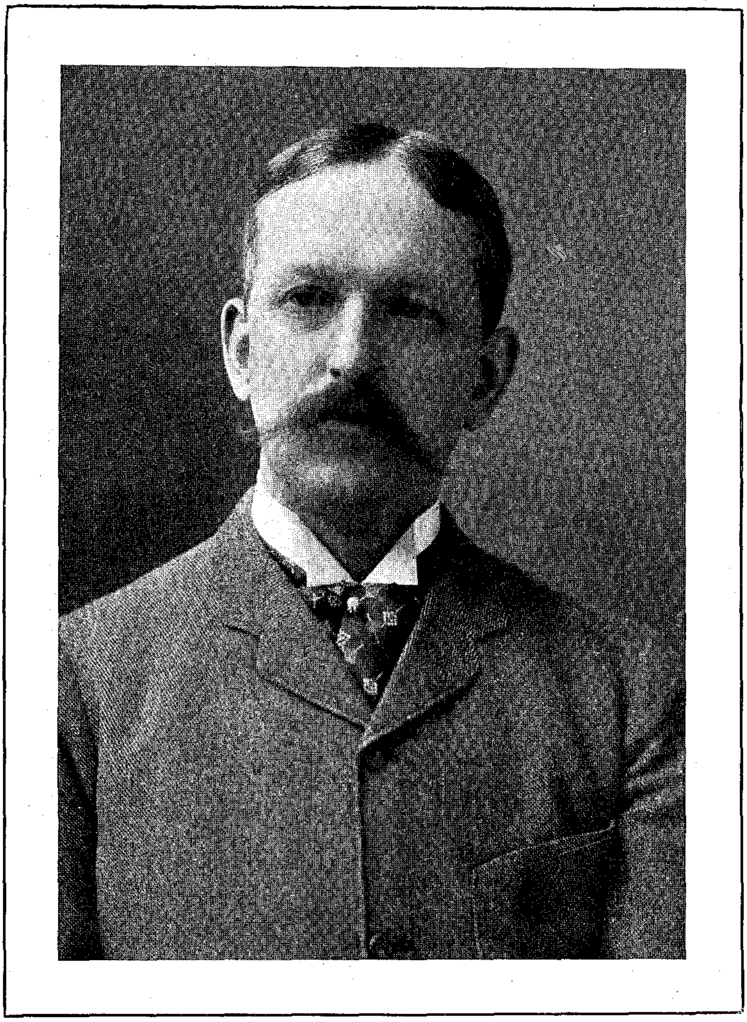


PHOTOGRAPH BY GESSFORD, NEW YORK

WHITELAW REID

Two American Diplomats

WHEN one thinks of some names in the list of American representatives in England — the three Adamses, Edward Everett, Motley, Lowell, Phelps, Bayard, Hay, Choate— one cannot help feeling that we have sent men to the Court of St. James's quite as good as any whom that Court has sent to us. The new American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, will doubtless prove himself worthy to be counted with the accomplished men who have preceded him. Honorably distinguished in the domains of action, of letters, and of diplomacy, he commands, as the London "Spectator" says, the respect and confidence of both America and Europe. "With these credentials he bids fair to maintain the best traditions of an office associated with so many of America's worthiest sons. His hardest task will be to emulate the immense but well-merited popularity of Mr. Choate, whose tenure of office has fairly entitled him to the Latin eulogy, *neminem tristem fecit.*" The London "Times" also pays



WILLIAM W. ROCKHILL

a notable tribute to the tact and dignity with which Mr. Choate has filled his office: "His sympathetic interest in all that is best in English life has won for him a widespread popularity which will hardly fall to the lot of any other foreign representative than the American." Mr. Reid is sixty-seven years old. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, and is a graduate of Miami University. He began his professional career by editing the Xenia "News." He saw active service in the Civil War. In 1868 he joined the editorial staff of the New York "Tribune;" for more than thirty years he has been editor-in-chief and proprietor of that great daily. In 1877, and again in 1881, he declined the appointment of Minister to Germany, but in 1899 he accepted the office of Minister to France, which he held until 1892, when he became the Republican nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with General Harrison, a ticket defeated at the polls. In 1898, with Judges Day and Gray, Senators Davis and Frye, he went to Paris and arranged for the transfer of the Philippines. Mr. Reid is a familiar diplomatic figure not only in Paris but also in London, for he was American Special Ambassador at Queen Victoria's Jubilee and also at King Edward's coronation. His publications have been numerous, his latest and most influential volume being "Problems of Expansion," published four years ago.

There will be no surprise at the announcement that the new American Minister to China is Mr. William Woodville Rockhill, at present Director of the Bureau of American Republics. Twenty years ago Mr. Rockhill was Second Secretary of the Legation in Peking. The following year he became Secretary. The next year he became our Chargé d'Affaires in Korea. Then followed two long journeys of exhaustive exploration in China, Mongolia, and Tibet. From 1888 to 1892 Mr. Rockhill was Chief Clerk of our State Department. In 1894 he became Third Assistant Secretary of State, and in 1896 First Assistant Secretary. The following year he was made American Minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia. In 1900 he became a Commissioner from the United States to China, and the following year Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Peking, signing the final protocol. Mr. Rockhill is the author of various works on Asiatic subjects, and, like Mr. White, is a capital representative of our specially trained and experienced diplomats rather than of those who have not had such advantages. Mr. Rockhill is fifty years of age, but looks at least ten years younger.

The Debtor

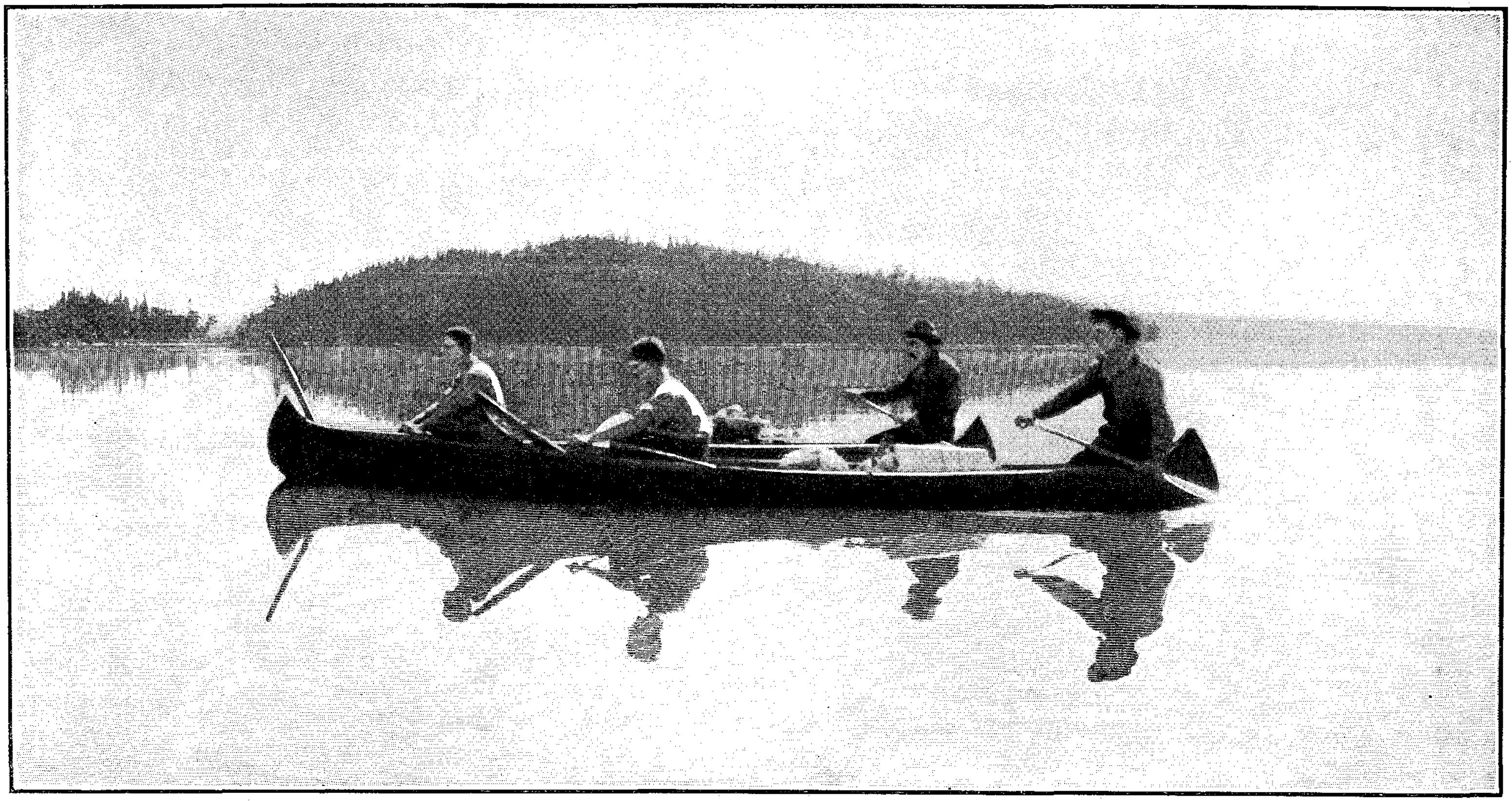
By Annie R. Stillman

The dearest of my friends to-day
Spoke wistfully: "I have a friend,
Who, in more ways than I may tell,
  Hath served me well;
But he doth owe a debt he cannot pay,
  And there is none to lend."

Eager, I cried: "Thy friends are mine!
Speak but his name, ere time is lost.
What is his score? Whom doth he owe?
  My gold shall flow
To ease his care, whose care, O Lord, is Thine;
  Nor will I grudge the cost."

"And is thy love so great?" he sighed,
And turned from me, and, stooping, wrote—
As once of old—with kingly hand
  Upon the sand;
The while I waited, wond'ring, full of pride,
  Impatient to devote.

At last he rose, and looked at me;
His eyes were flames that burned through tears.
"Who cancels this, serves me," he said.
  I knelt and read—
For the last time—thy name, mine enemy,
  And that old wrong of years.



ON CALM WATERS

ENCAMPED FOR THE NOONDAY MEAL

Canoeing in Ottawa Waters

By Norton A. Kent and Albert E. Kent

Illustrated from Photographs by the Authors

A WINDING street between two rows of inharmonious buildings, now and then an intersecting lane, a Catholic church upon a hill-top, a wooden bridge across the Mattawan, a steel structure for the railroad over the Ottawa, and around all closely crowding hills—such is the little frontier town of Mattawa. Here, long ago, when no iron rails paralleled the stream and the region was an untouched wilderness, the Indian warriors, paddling back after their annual visits to Montreal and Quebec, turned aside from the Ottawa River and continued their up-stream course on the Mattawan westward to the country of the Hurons and the shores of Georgian Bay. By this same route Champlain pushed inland, and, closely following him at intervals, the members of that consecrated band of Jesuit missionaries, many of whom never returned, but met martyrs' deaths at the hand of the conquering Iroquois. Then came the pioneers, and among them the representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, a great corporation, probably the oldest in America and undoubtedly the largest of its kind in the world. Through the hands of its factors pass even now the furs from the great North Country, brought in by the Indian hunter; and to the Indian are given in return the things which satisfy his simple needs. The store of the Hudson's Bay Company at Mattawa handles to-day many an article which past generations would have called a luxury, for the Company now caters not only to the Indians, but to the townspeople and to the sportsmen from the Provinces and States.

From this Mattawa post our party of three obtained its supplies, and through its chief factor and his able assistant our Indian guides were engaged—George Crawford, the well-tried friend of a previous summer, active in body and mind, skilled with the paddle, a king among

TOM PIÈRE

men; John Domonique, slender and lithe; and Tom Pière, husky and strong.

At Mattawa we turned north, and, in a jolting car hitched to the tri-weekly freight, were slowly borne along the winding Ottawa. The roadbed changed from bad to worse, and finally in despair the exhausted engine stopped abruptly by the shore of Kippewa Lake and pointed to the expanse of water as our only highway. A further short stage by steamer, and night fell just as we reached Turtle Portage. A seven o'clock plunge in the dark, cold waters of the North, then a hard bed upon mother earth, and we realized that we had cut loose from civilization.

One last glance we took at the handmarks of the lumbermen, a deserted cabin, in former years the dwelling of a sturdy throng of men who daily felled the spruce. The branchless trees still standing upon the hill-top raise high their gaunt trunks, a witness to the past greatness of the forest; the ax and the fire, then silence, and the jungle is let in; innumerable bushes spring up, white birch and poplar replace the spruce, and the land is clothed again.

A day, and the lumberman vanishes and Nature herself greets us, clad in her garb of virgin green; the quiet waters of a small pond full of lily-pads and rushes lie before us. Slow progress it is through the sluggish outlet of the pond, slow progress through small waterways. We little dream of the great country beyond, of the wind-swept lakes and the rushing rivers. Soon, however, the stream widens, the banks steepen, rock replaces sand and clay, then comes a small cascade, a carry round it, and the waters of Lake Winewaoshi glisten in the sunlight. A lunch on an island with white, fluffy clouds soaring over and the gentle swishing of the waves upon the rocky shore—would you not wish to dine with a party of six encamped for the noonday meal? At night weariness brings rest and a profound and dreamless sleep as we lie beneath the white birches in a wild garden of soft and fragrant ferns. With improvised wings we speed on, for the clever Indian paddler does not disdain to make use of a favoring wind. Beach your canoe, cut two saplings, then with four strings and a blanket your sail is complete—good going indeed, six miles an hour, the ordinary paddling rate being but four.

Shooting the rapids—what sport! The sensation must be felt; it cannot be described. No words are quick enough to sketch the sudden leap of the canoe, the dashing of the spray; no sounds chaotic enough to picture the wild roar of the torrent; no phrases mysterious enough to outline the black and treacherous eddy, ringed with surface foam. Seldom did we risk our goods in bad places, but carried them around the swift water, and then shot the rapid in empty canoes.

On the eighth day after leaving Kippewa Station we entered Grand Lake Victoria. A glorious sheet of water,

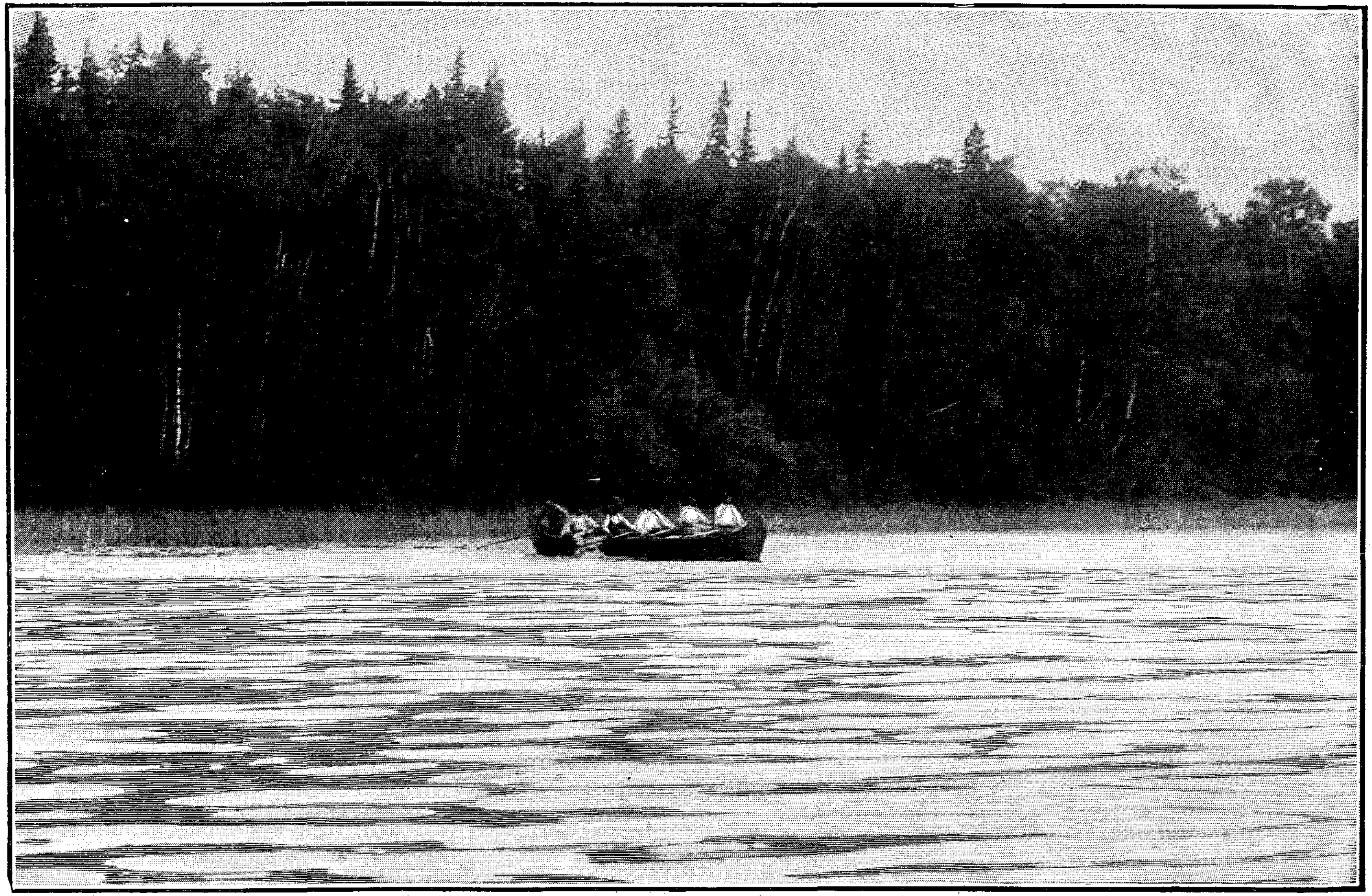
JOHN DOMONIQUE

GEORGE CRAWFORD

this, bay upon bay, headland after headland almost as far as the eye can reach, off into the hazy distance. A colony of starfishes joined arm to arm would well represent the watery maze. Its shore line extends fully five hundred miles, while its width scarcely exceeds three. We camped that night on a sandy beach under the tall pines. The hot sun sank to rest through banks of thunder-clouds; the wind had ceased. It was the lull before the storm, when Nature rests in preparation for the battle of her elements.

An hour's paddling the next morning, when, rising from the surrounding forest on a distant promontory, there appeared a pointed object higher than the loftiest pine. Our glasses disclosed the spire of a church. Coming closer, the scene unfolds before us—six or seven rough, whitewashed houses, back of these the church, and overlooking all, set on a neighboring hill, the guardian arms of a huge and stately cross. We were nearing Grand Lac, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. In honor of the visit of the stranger, up a flag-pole was run the Union Jack, and Indians could be seen flocking to the sand beach where the canoes must land.

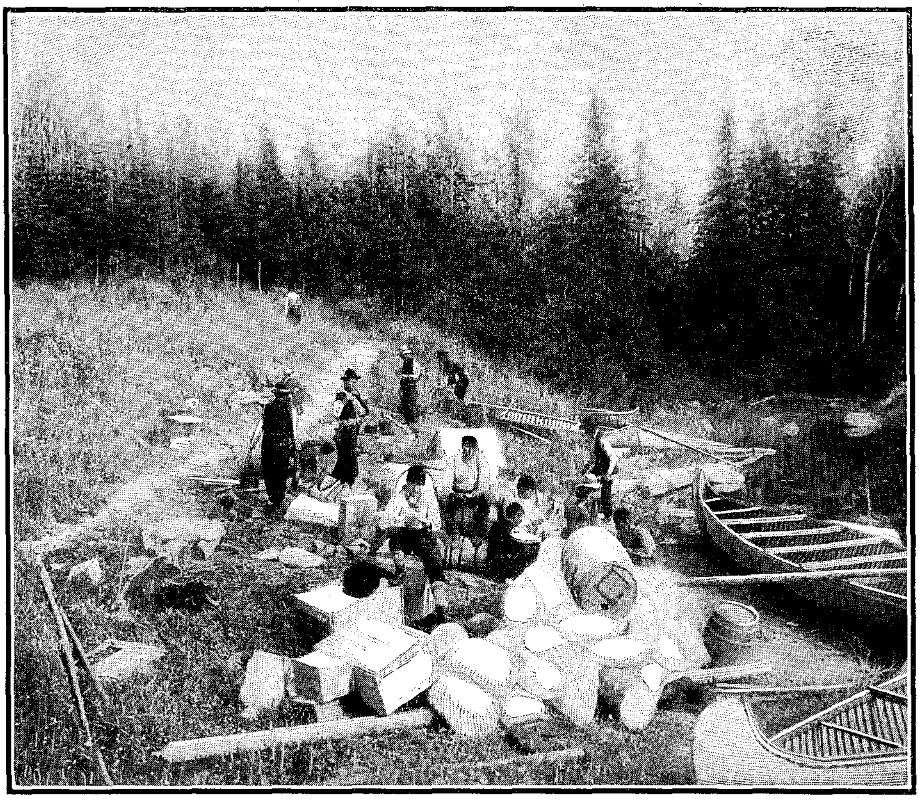
Here were gathered some two hundred and fifty Algonquin Ojibways on their yearly visit to the Post. With stolid and inquisitive gaze they greeted us, for the white man, other than the trader, was to them an object of much curiosity. It was the gala day of the year. The great annual feast was in progress, given by the all-powerful Company to the children of the forest, who were decked in gaudy colors in honor of the occasion. The Indians had come to this common



THE RETURN FROM ABITIBI

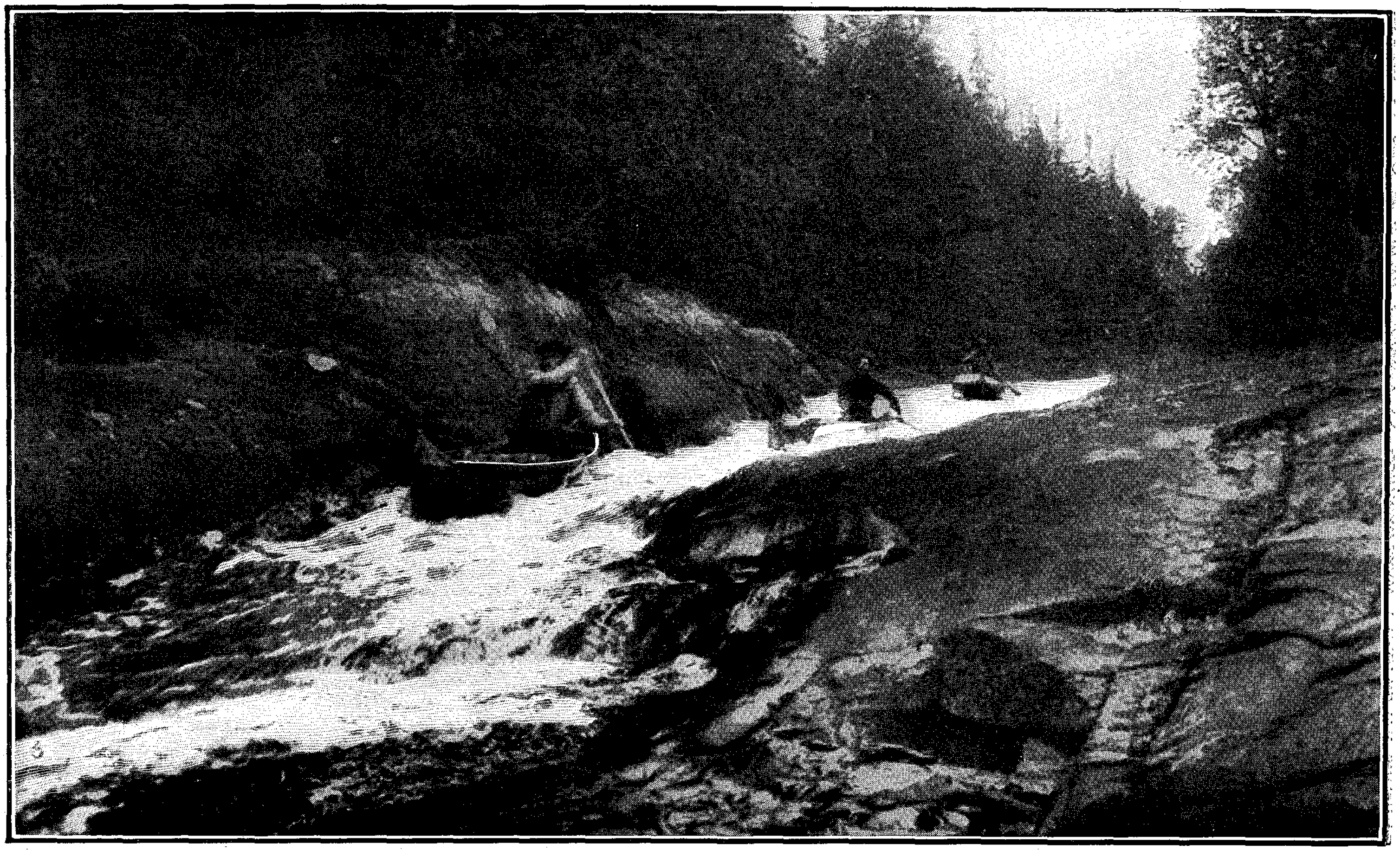
meeting-place from their various hunting-grounds—in some cases a journey of a hundred and fifty miles—from over the Height of Land and beyond, from the sources of the Ottawa River, past the Company's Post at Barrière, or again from the west along the lower stretches of the Ottawa. Here, for a portion of the brief northern summer, they rested from their winter's trapping; here they traded off their catch of furs and laid in provisions for the coming winter; here, too, for a short three weeks, they listened to the exhortations of a devoted priest.

Just outside the rough church Father Laniel greeted us and told us of his work. For twelve successive years he had made this missionary tour, during which he held services twice daily on week-days and three times on the Sabbath. "The Indians are very regular attendants at church," said he; and then added with a smile, "You see it lasts such a little while." Upon his arrival this year he had found them in a state of religious mania. "One of them," said he, "pretended to be Jesus Christ. He said he had been nailed to the cross, and had cured another Indian just by washing him with the water of a lake. He preached to them that they should not hunt any more nor work for their living, but just pray to God. They were obliged, according to his teaching, to bless themselves and kiss their palms before shaking hands with each other. He had invented a prayer before the meal, 'Wenichiching mackiki mach-kawisin,' which means 'Good medicine, be strong.' The other Indians held him in great veneration. Happily," Father Laniel continued, "I persuaded them to abandon their follies and to follow only the teachings of the true religion."



THE ABITIBI FLOUR BRIGADE

In silence we followed him as he led us from the clearing back into the woods, past the quaint Indian graveyard, upward along the winding road where the motley throng of many supplicants had often passed in procession to the cross



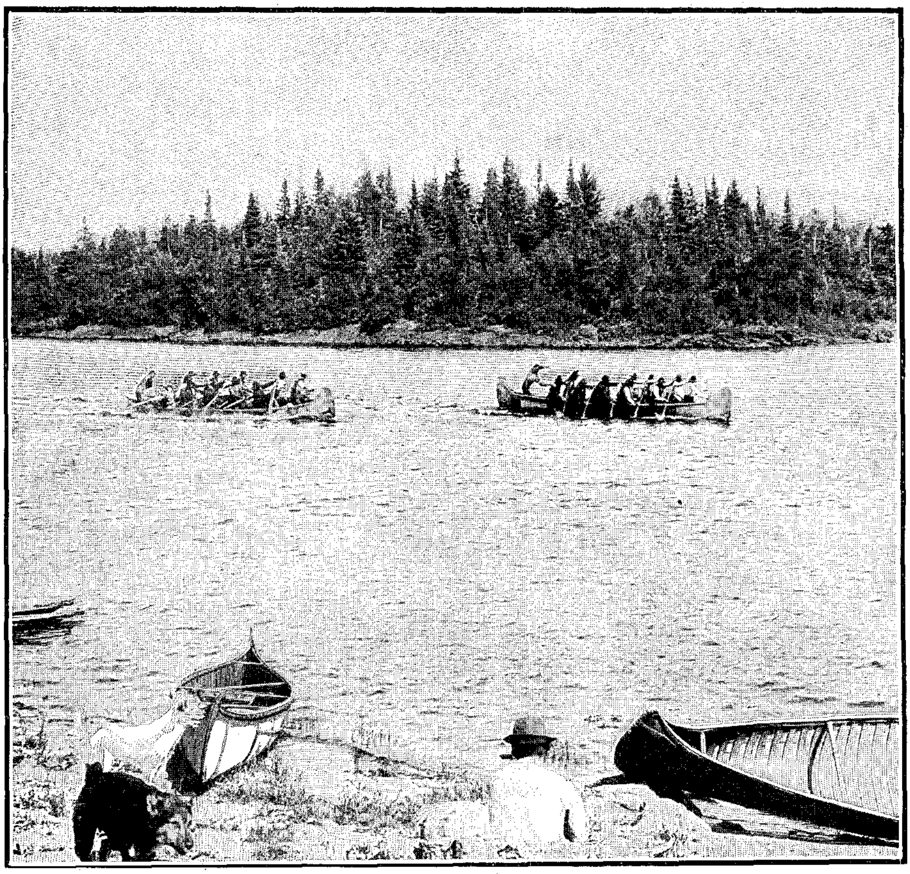
A NARROW MILL-RACE

BASS FISHING ON QUINZE LAKE

on the crest of the hill. At our feet lay the little settlement, one hundred and fifty miles from civilization, by its faint suggestion of the outer world only enhancing the loneliness of the woods. All around were forest and lake and river, unchanged through all the years.

Immediately there flashed across the mind the early struggle of French colonization as it centered about its three great characters, the actors in the drama—the Indian, the priest, and the fur trader. Granted that the forest Indian of northern Canada has, through his brief contact with the white man, gained a veneer of religion and a respect

ACROSS THE LAKE IN A FOG



A LIVELY CONTEST

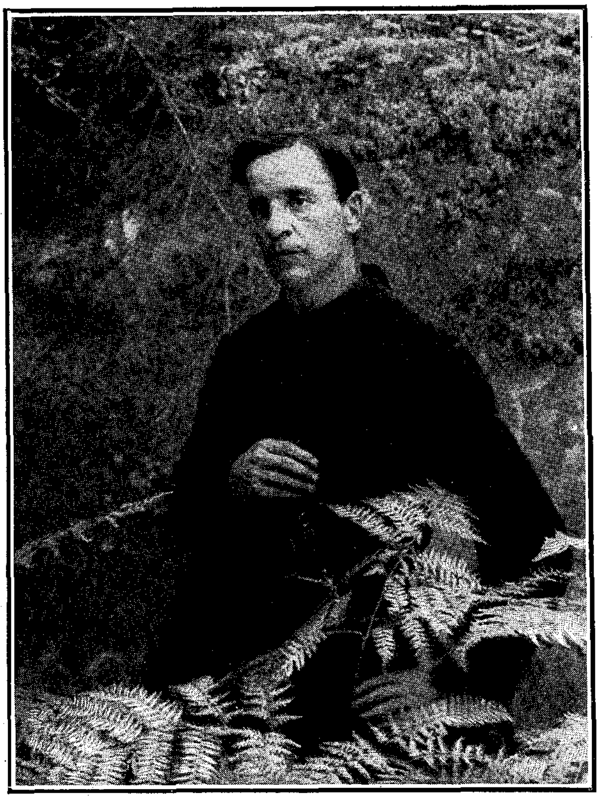
for law, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, in his mode of life and method of thought, he is still a descendant of the Indian companions of Champlain or the vassals of the sturdy Frontenac. And had you seen Father Laniel and the Grand Lac Indians gathered about him, you would have recalled the famous mission among the Hurons, and the endeavors of Jogues, Garnier, and Brébeuf. And the fur trader—was he not pictured most clearly to us in the keen and energetic Christopherson, the lord of the Post and the Company's faithful servant?

We were his guests that noon. Over the doorway within the cozy sitting-room hung, carved in wood, the motto of our host—"Perseverance," a word surely typical of his life and work. At dinner he told us briefly of his twenty-nine years of service, of the freedom of the woods and the hardships of the Northern winter, of the battles for the Company fought and won; then, too, of the trade in furs, of the mink, beaver, and otter, the lynx and martin, the black and silver-gray fox.

After dinner, for our amusement, a race was proposed. At the factor's bidding two six-fathom canoes were made ready, manned each by twelve Indians; and a lively contest ensued. The victors and the vanquished shared alike in the reward of valor, for to each canoeman we gave the coin of the realm—the prosaic plug of tobacco. Smiling faces and many a muttered "Muguetch," "Thanks," showed their appreciation.

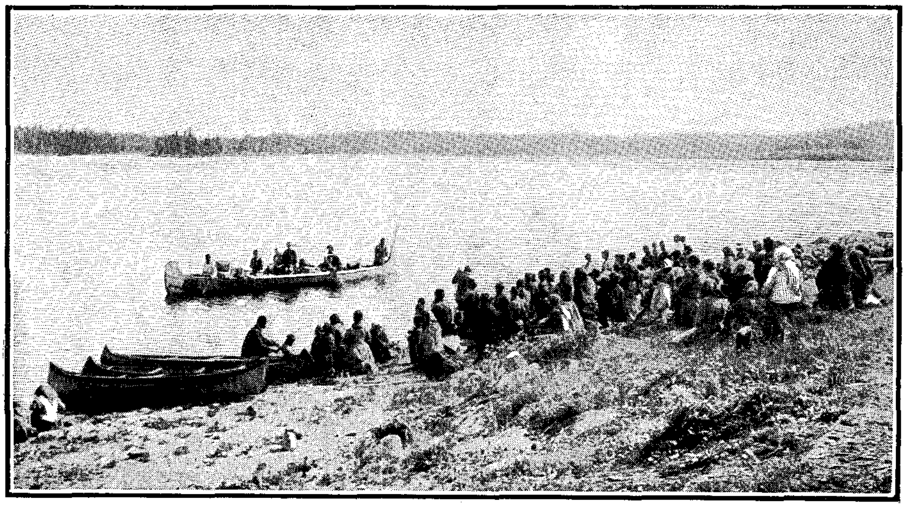
And, did the day need any fitting climax, such was furnished by the departure of Father Laniel for his frontier village home on the upper Gatineau. The Indians gathered on the beach. A large canoe was launched. From the shore the Father spoke in Ojibway a few words of earnest exhortation and farewell:

"At the moment of parting from you sorrow fills my heart because I am going to leave so many of you, who, by your conduct and your piety, have been my joy and consolation, but also because I foresee that so many will not profit by my teachings and exhortations, but will continue as before their lives of sin. . . . Be faithful to your prayers daily, and thus, with the help of God, you will be able to lead a happy life and die a happy death that will introduce you into the eternal happiness of heaven."


FATHER LANIEL

Then came a single stanza of a hymn, the tones high-pitched, unmusical. Meanwhile the priest had taken his place in the canoe, which was pushed from the shore and held motionless by the grounded paddles of the canoemen. The words of the hymn die away. The silence is impressive, the situation dramatic. The Indians are kneeling now, and with bowed heads listen to the few words of benediction. Then quick from the stern comes a word of command. The paddles plow deep furrows in the water and strike in rhythm the gunwales of the canoe as it glides rapidly up the Ottawa. The sharp reports of numerous rifles and the tolling of the chapel bell form a last salutation, a fitting close to an impressive scene.

The departure of Father Laniel fore-

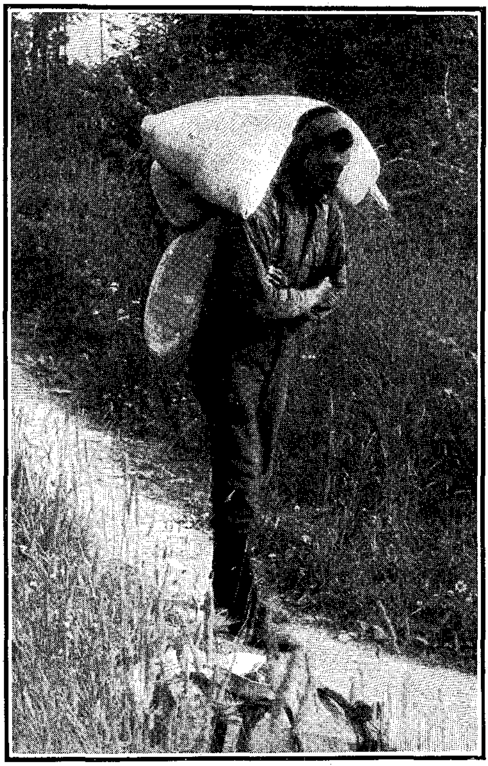

THE BENEDICTION BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF FATHER LANIEL

shadowed the gradual dissolution of the summer gathering. Even while, seated on the shore, we watched the retreating canoe, some twenty Indians filed past, shook our hands, and cordially grunted "Bon jo'." Perhaps on the sun-bathed shore of a lonely lake a small potato-patch needed some rough care, or perhaps their early departure was only a result of the vague desire to wander, so strong a passion in the heart of the red man.

Late in the afternoon we too bade farewell to Grand Lac, and paddled back to our tents under the pines.

For two hundred and fifty miles our course now lay down the Ottawa River, a solitude unbroken save for the three small canoes.

The little river has its charm, the larger stream a glory all its own. For twelve days we followed the "Grand River"—such is the meaning of the Ojibway—westward through many a changing mood. Now the current is strong and steady, the eddies whirl gently beside us; anon the stream broadens into a vast lake, swept by the winds and dotted with white-capped waves; then, narrowing again, it rushes on, and the roar of its cataracts chills one's blood. It was a glorious succession of stream and lake in a boundless forest.



GREAT LOADS THESE INDIANS CARRY

Between Grand Lake Victoria and the Long Point Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Ottawa broadens into five huge lakes—Rabbit, Nimewaja, Mijizowaja, Winowaia, and Quinze—between which are scattered over twenty formidable rapids or falls. Memory calls to mind many a scene of interest and beauty: mile after mile on dead water through an avenue of poplars, then a sudden narrowing of the channel and the river rushes and roars through a rocky chasm, a natural dam, the cause of the currentless stretches above; the quiet vistas on Nimewaja, 'twixt guarding rows of pine-clad points, like sentinels on duty, rendered futile the onslaught of the winds; the channel around a fall on the main stream, a narrow mill-race down which our guides steered the empty canoes in the early morning hours.

The sun sets late in the Northern woods, and during the twilight, after the evening meal, we often listened to our Indians as they told of the hunting and trapping of game. Of them we learned to gauge the life of the setting sun—four fingers at arm's length mark an hour against the sky; and together we watched in the quiet of the evening for the moose to come to drink.

Sundays were days of rest for all; but often of a Sabbath evening the "Wanderlust," insistent, ill content to wait the Monday's move, forced the three of us from camp to seek the secret of some hidden bay or to climb a neighboring bluff for a glimpse of the trail before us.

Pike Skull River and the fire-ranger's sign nailed to a prominent tree marked the domain of law and the approach to the outskirts of civilization. The following day we sighted the Long Point Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, situated on Quinze Lake, so called from the fifteen rapids over which it pours itself in as many miles on its course to Lake Temiskaming.

After a visit to the Post to purchase provisions, and after conversing with Morrison, a kind and genial Scotchman —the Company's trader—we made for an island and pitched our tents.

At six the next morning two of the Company's canoes started up country for the Post on the Abitibi, over the Laurentian Hills. In the mist of the early morning they took their departure. To witness this we had crossed to the mainland in the one canoe lately rigged with improvised oars. Our guides had been left on the island. In a mist, to gain the main shore is an easy task; to strike a small island in a big lake is not. Fortunately, navigation in a fog had lately been a topic of conversation. "Follow your own trail," George Crawford had said; "start right and you'll hit your landing." "Show us the direction of the island," we said to Morrison. "Are we headed aright?" "Yes." And when the three rows of gleaming white bubbles made by the stern paddle and the two oars traced other than straight lines, we righted our course. We "followed the gleam" and pulled through.

And soon our party trailed after the heavily freighted barks along the mist-bound course, and overtook them at a portage. Great loads these Indians carry; two bags of flour is an ordinary burden—total two hundred pounds. For the round trip between Long Point and the Abitibi Post, a week's journey at best, the bow and stern men receive eleven dollars each, the other four of a canoe's crew but nine. They paddle from six in the morning to eight in the evening, and the frequency of the stroke is over fifty per minute. The load of a canoe, full laden, reaches three thousand pounds. Truly the life of the modern "voyageur" is not an enviable one.

Our tents were pitched that night hard by their supper ground. Seated amid boxes of merchandise and bags of flour, they ate their hasty meal and then pushed on. The furs had come down some time before, and provisions were now going north; the "Abitibi fur brigade" had become the "Abitibi flour brigade."

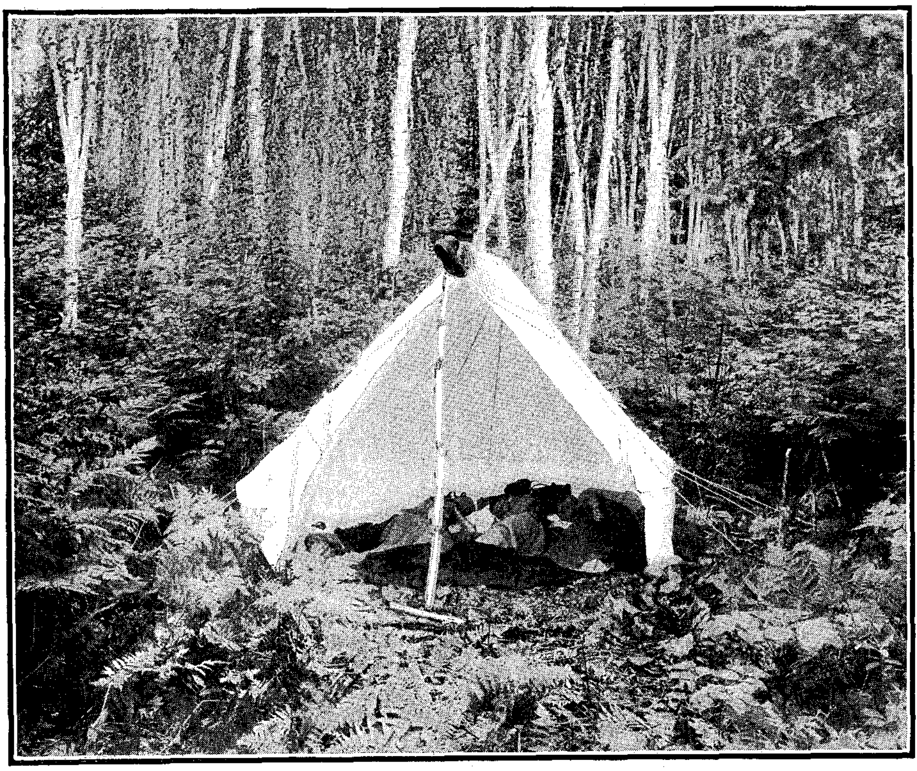
Ahead of us lay Long Lake, approached through Lonely River, a swiftly flowing, low-banked, narrow stream, where the lean poplar and funereal spruce, thickly growing, fight hard for life and crowd the stunted alder clean to the water's edge. It was early one afternoon. The Swinging Hills rose from the waters of Long Lake. Near at hand lay the part-

IN THE MIST OF THE EARLY MORNING THEY TOOK THEIR DEPARTURE ing of the ways; north stretched the Abitibi route, westward the trail to Blanche River. From Island Lake but six miles distant over the Continental Divide flowed waters feeding Hudson Bay. Driven by a strong desire to view this lake, we left our Indians to pitch camp, and, taking the oar-rigged canoe, made ready for a dash alone over the Height of Land. "It looks like rain, George," said we. "Yes, but you're all right if you don't get windbound." With two paddles, two oars, and no luggage, the canoe leaped forward. Three miles of open water, then a narrows, a carry, a small lake, a landing, a short but steep ascent, a marshy upland, and below lay the quiet waters of Island Lake nestled among the Laurentian Hills—the birthplace of the continent.

After a short rest we began the return. Emerging into the arm of Long Lake a head wind greeted us, and, with the widening of the arm, the water quickly roughened. It was half a mile to land. We thought it too late to turn around, too dangerous to risk the trough of the sea. The rolling and pitching craft stuck its nose deep into nearly every wave and shipped water continually.

Fortunately, there lay ahead a diminutive island, a mere cluster of bush-covered rocks, not extended enough to offer a protecting lee, but capable of affording a temporary refuge could we but keep afloat to reach it. Those were exciting moments. Three inches of water were shipped ere the rocks were reached. We inverted the canoe, collected the few sticks of dry wood which the small island furnished, built a fire and smudged it with green leaves to make a visible smoke—a signal to our guides—sat down on the rocks, with binoculars picked out our camp two miles distant to the south over open water, and waited in hope for the evening calm.

Even now the situation was not attractive. The sky looked wicked; to the north lay dark clouds; it was six o'clock. But in an hour, as the sea was decidedly calmer, we made for the nearest shore, coasted along it, and then, as the wind continued to abate, dashed over



IN A WILD GARDEN OF SOFT AND FRAGRANT FERNS the lake for a mile. Upon landing, the surface of the water was like a sheet of glass. Looking back, the meaning of it all flashed across the mind. The wind had been shifting. A few minutes later the storm broke, a gale from the north—a terrific display of energy. In such a sea our canoe could not have lived five minutes. The crash of the breakers was in our ears as we fell asleep that night; the ridge-pole of the tent was bound down with a tump-line; the wind roared through the tree-tops and the rain fell in torrents.

What a change when finally we broke camp two days later! The sky was a deep blue, and the breeze-ruffled water sparkled in the sunshine. A beautiful region, this, where lay the sources of the Blanche River: the shores of the little lakes were abrupt, their waters clear and deep, while pond-lilies adorned the silent coves; the trees were stunted and moss plentiful; blueberries grew in profusion along the unfrequented carry trails. From a bluff on a nameless lake we viewed the highest point of that section of the mountains, Chamonis, in symmetry the Katahdin of the Laurentian Hills.

And what of our course down the boisterous Blanche River? Here is many a dashing rapid where a quick turn demands a keen eye and a strong arm, for the path in the wave is narrow, and to both right and left lie dangerous places. "Crooked snys," our Indians called them, these bent and narrow paths in the waters. "You won't blame me if you drown," calls Tom. "Certainly not," is the nonchalant reply. Suddenly the rocky character of the country had changed, and we knew that we had entered the clay belt of New Ontario.

First, in a rough clearing a rude, low-vaulted shack but two feet high, intended for a dwelling, the deserted product of an attempt to legalize a claim—a ridiculous "improvement" built by a settler, perchance obedient to the letter but surely not the spirit of the Homestead Law; then further down an extended break in the forest along the banks of the stream; a patch of potatoes growing in all the luxuriance of a first year's crop; a thrifty settler shingling his new-built cabin; green fields of oats dotted thick with the charred stumps of forest trees; finally, more extensive farms and larger dwellings, and the spirit of the forest shrinks from the face of the pioneer.

The evening of the following day found us at New Liskeard, a mushroom growth on the banks of the same Lake Temiskaming. What a town! Nine years ago a hunter's cabin marked the spot. Seven years later the village counted a hundred souls. To-day it is a hustling, booming, unwashed town with a population of nine hundred, boasts five churches, two big hotels, a weekly newspaper, a Chinese laundry, and a railroad coming fast. Of the educational achievements of this *metropolis one may judge from* the following public sign on one end of the bridge over Wabig Creek:

A n y P E r s o n rId
I n G o r d r I v I n
G o v E r t h I s b
r I d G E f a s t e r
t h a n a w al k
w I ll b E P r o s
o c u t E d a c c o
r d I n G t o b y
law no 22 of thEmunIcIp
al I ty of dym o nd

That evening we talked with an old "habitant," a citizen of at least six months' standing. Pointing to a stump-covered lot, "Take a good look at that field," said he; "maybe there'll be a barn there in the morning."

The following day we boarded the Meteor and quickly steamed past the shores and along the palisade-like cliffs of Lake Temiskaming.

And so we bade farewell to the untracked forest and left behind the realm of "silent places"—a truth forced home most strongly when the gatekeeper at the Canadian Pacific Station in Montreal announced in strident tones, "All aboard for the 'Soo,' Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Shanghai, and Hongkong."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIBSON ART GALLERIES, CHICAGO

Three Impressions of Theodore Thomas

Notwithstanding the fact that formal and careful biography is finally essential to a proper understanding of a great personality, momentary impressions of passing acquaintances or observers often contribute something of value to the biographer. It is for this reason that we print the following sketches from three different New Yorkers, none of whom had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Thomas, but each of whom has formed, quite independently, the same opinion of the sincerity of his genius.—THE EDITORS.

IN his conduct of an orchestra in the concert-room Mr. Thomas had always seemed to me impassive and imperturbable. The perfection of his orchestra's work I recognized; but he seemed to be not only without passion, but without feeling. Perhaps I felt this the more from the very marked contrast between his quiet manner and the impassioned manner of Mr. Damrosch. I had, therefore, entertained a notion, the truth of which, however, I always suspected, that the excellence of the interpretation and the rendition was in the orchestra rather than in the leader. Mr. Thomas seemed to me simply a kind of human metronome, beating time. I learned the contrary on one occasion, when I was permitted to witness one of his private rehearsals. At a certain point in the symphony, which the orchestra was playing in perfect time and in perfect tune, but with a certain mechanical effect of crescendo and diminuendo, which, however, I had not noticed, he suddenly rapped on the music-stand before him. The orchestra stopped; with hand and foot acting together he imitated the movement of an organ-grinder; then, with only a word to indicate the bar at which the orchestra was to take the music up, he struck the music-rack before him again for attention, then, with the movement of his baton, gave the orchestra the signal, and they repeated the passage the execution of which by dumb signal he had criticised. The orchestra repeated the passage with the spirit and fire, before lacking, infused into it. It was a trifling incident, but a significant one. Thomas's leadership, after that, always seemed to me somehow different from what it seemed to be before. The fact that he could infuse his own personality into his orchestra with so little apparent effort was itself a demonstration how great and how inspiring that personality was. In that respect Thomas was among orchestral leaders what Wendell Phillips was among orators.

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Somewhat over twenty years ago two small boys living in the country about fifty miles away from New York City wrote a letter to Theodore Thomas. These two brothers belonged to a family in whose daily life music, though it served chiefly as a pastime, was a regular element. There was felt in the household not only the stimulus that had come from Dr. Lowell Mason's influence in creating a widespread interest in music that could be sung at home, but also the stimulus that was excited by the "Thomas concerts." The older members of the family played four-hand arrangements of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and even Wagner. So to these two lads the Seventh Symphony, in its piano arrangement, was rather more familiar than any piece of literature. It was therefore a most natural procedure, when these boys heard that all the tickets for a concert at which the Seventh Symphony was to be performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra on a certain date had been sold, for them to write naïvely to Mr. Thomas himself informing him that before taking the trouble to earn money for their tickets they wished to be certain that tickets were obtainable. In the reply which Mr. Thomas sent through his secretary the boys were told to come to the Academy of Music and present that letter at the box-office, and they would be given seats. When they appeared, the manager, under instructions from Mr. Thomas, offered them the choice of a couple of chairs on the stage behind the wings or two seats in the topmost gallery—a choice they had no difficulty in making. To one of these boys at least, who now writes these lines, this symphony, heard from close under the roof of the old theater in Fourteenth Street, has ever since then been, as it were, the portal opening into the Palace of Music. This incident, which Mr. Thomas probably forgot within twenty-four hours, was significant of his position as an educator of musical taste. The fact that he was interested in the musical ambition of two boys was due to the larger fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he was responsive to every opportunity for extending the educative power of music. His human interests were at one with his musical interests. As Dr. Lowell Mason was the leader of what we may term the "fireside era" of music in America, so Mr. Thomas was the leader of that era when there grew up in America appreciation of those larger forms of music for which the fireside itself can afford no adequate interpretation.

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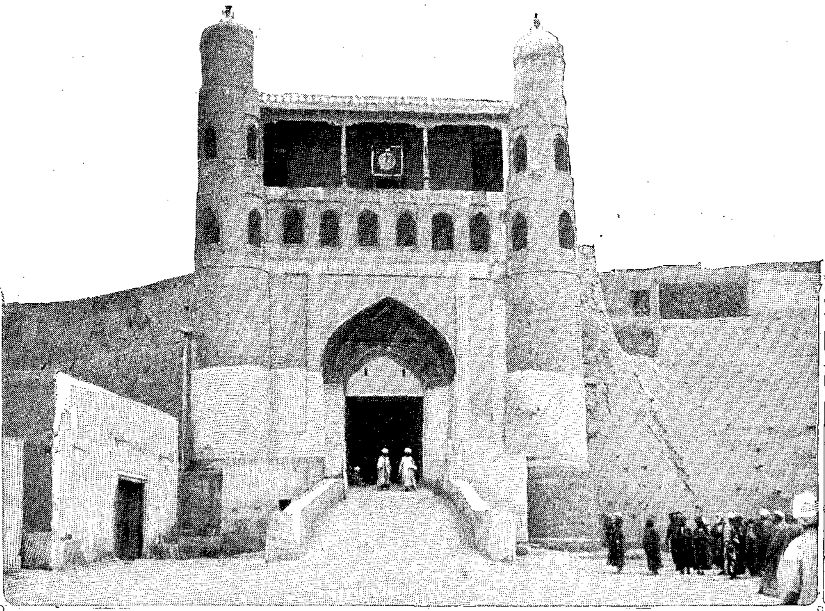
My first recollection of Theodore Thomas is connected with the concerts which he conducted about 1870 in the old Central Park Garden at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. I was then a boy ten years of age, fond of orchestral music, and a not infrequent attendant at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society given in the old Academy of Music under the baton of Carl Bergmann. My father was a New York City clergyman, and I distinctly remember the breathless sense I had of doing something mysteriously exciting and even *risqué* when I went into a "beer garden" in my father's company to see Thomas and hear his orchestra. Mr. Thomas was just then beginning to attract public attention as an orchestral conductor. He had been known up to that time as a violinist. From that day to the day when he left New York for Chicago I was a constant frequenter of his concerts and a loyal admirer of his personality and his musical genius. During this period of concert-going I had one experience which I think may be called very unusual if not unique. Some time in the eighties I happened to notice in a New York paper the advertisements of the Thomas Orchestra and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which were to play on the same day. Mr. Gericke was to give his concert in the afternoon at old Steinway Hall, and Mr. Thomas his concert in the evening at the Metropolitan Opera-House. As I looked over the programme announced in the paper, I saw that each programme had on its list of compositions to be given Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. Such an opportunity to hear two of the great orchestras of the world play the same composition on the same day was not to be missed, and so, although I had to consider the expenditure both of time and of money in my concert-going, I got tickets for both performances. It was well worth making the effort to hear this splendid overture performed by two great conductors. I purposely say performed by two great conductors, because the concerts were convincing illustrations of the fact that a conductor of skill and genius plays upon his band of men as an organist plays upon his organ. Both orchestras were composed of musicians of the first rank and of expert technical skill; both scores were exactly the same; the same instruments were used, and in the same number and with the same volume of tone. But there was quite as much difference, both sensuously and intellectually, between the two renderings as there would be between a reading of Hamlet's Soliloquy by Sir Henry Irving and by Edwin Booth. Mr. Gericke's interpretation, as I recollect it, was the more definite and elegant; Mr. Thomas's the more temperamental and impressionistic. Both were beautiful and satisfactory in their respective ways. I learned, I think, one lesson from this experience—that music is a plastic art and that it is folly to lay down rigid lines with which any given composition shall be performed and insist that all conductors shall follow those lines. It is perfectly logical and reasonable for an auditor to say that he prefers Irving's Shylock to Edwin Booth's, but it is unreasonable for him to assert that preference as a proof that his friend who may prefer Edwin Booth's interpretation is ignorant or stupid. Interpretative art has a very wide range. If this were not so, the best way to hear a Beethoven Symphony would be when it was performed upon an orchestrion instead of by an orchestra. Theodore Thomas's genius was not that of a mere disciplinarian of a band, although some critics have laid emphasis upon his skill as a disciplinary officer; it lay in the power of his imagination to penetrate a composition and discover its hidden and poetic meaning, and then to inspire his men with an understanding and appreciation of that meaning. Notwithstanding his dignity and reserve and authority, he had a strong element of the poetic and idealistic in his nature. This side of his personality he showed not always to the undiscriminating public, but he showed it often and unmistakably to his intimate friends.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF THE AMEER

BOKHARA THE NOBLE

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

Professor of Indo-Iranian Languages – Columbia University

If that Turkish beauty of Shiraz
  Would take my heart in hand,
I'd give for the dark mole on her cheek
  Bokhara and Samarkand.

THE famous ode of Persia's greatest lyrist, Hafiz of Shiraz, from which these verses are taken, is familiar to every student of Eastern literature; but it would be telling only half the tale to mention the lines without adding the story, apocryphal though it be, of the sequel of this reckless prodigality. When the city of Shiraz was taken by the conqueror Timur Lang, or Tamerlane, he is said to have summoned Hafiz before him and to have demanded how he dared to bestow cities which were not his to give. With unmatched quickness and with truly Oriental grace the poet bent low before the Lord of Bokhara and Samarkand, and replied without an instant's hesitation: "Sire, it is lavishness such as this that has made me a suppliant at your Majesty's feet." Unfortunately for the genuineness of the anecdote, prosaic scholars claim that Hafiz died at least two years before Shiraz was taken by Tamerlane; but we can never

NOTE.—The illustrations in this article are from photographs by Edmund G. Pease, of Dayton, Ohio.

think of Bokhara without thinking of this picturesque story, and recalling also that the city is known in the East as "Bokhara the Noble" (Bokhara ash-Shareef).

To many of us in the West, however, Bokhara is merely a mart for exquisite Turkestan rugs, not a city with a proud past and a somewhat unique present. Far back in one of the distant ages it was one of the capitals of Central Asia, when Turan waged war against Iran, a thousand years before Christ, if we may believe the annals of Firdausi's great Persian epic poem, the "Shah Namah." But it was not until the eighth century of our era that Bokhara came into special prominence through its conquest by the Mohammedan Arabs. It rose to be the capital of the land beyond the Oxus and the Chorasmian shore; and under the Samanid rulers in the ninth century it became a flourishing seat of Moslem learning and Mohammedan art, and well worthy of its name "Bokhara the Noble." The charm and beauty of the city and the surrounding country were extolled by an Arabian traveler, Ibn Haukal, who visited it in the tenth century and declared that there was not a more delightful place in the world. Since the period of Samanid prosperity the fortunes of the city have varied with different rulers; but, on the whole, it may be added, there has been a general decline in its glory with the lapse of ages. The sovereign power has been more often in non-Aryan than in Aryan hands, and traces of the intermingling of Turko-Tartar, Mongol, Arab, and Iranian blood may be recognized in the Bokharan types to-day.

At the present moment Bokhara holds an interesting position politically. It is the capital of a native State ruled by an Ameer under the supervision of Russia. It is therefore really a Russian dependency, and furnishes a Central Asian parallel to the Indian Rajputana or to the Nizam's Dominion of Hyderabad. One of the most noticeable evidences of this pseudo-independence is the fact that it still retains its own mint and native currency, together with an air of individuality approaching hauteur on the part of its inhabitants. The sturdy Bokharan may still wear his poniard or his short scimitar at his belt with some of the pride of the warlike Sikh of India; and the prince of the desert steppe gathers the skirt of his silken robe about him with the same haughty mien as the scion of Rajput stock. Yet in Bokhara, as in India, Occidental influence is causing all this gradually to vanish. A fanatical Mullah may spit at the approach of an infidel dog of the West, or wipe off his sleeve that has rubbed against a Christian unbeliever in the bazar, but no affront is openly offered; and the old-time barbarism which filled the dungeons with criminals, real or imagined, and made the market-place flow with blood, has gradually been dying out before the advance of Russian civilization.

As one approaches Bokhara, the region round about begins to take on the features and color that mark the city itself. Most distinctive is the national garb. The striking peculiarity of this is the outer garment called *khalaat*, resembling a dressing-gown or bath-robe, worn loosely over a skirted coat and baggy cotton trousers, which are belted about the waist with a cloth belt or a sash tied with a characteristic knot. The head is covered by a soft white turban, and the feet are shod with boots pointed at heel and toe, or with scuffling Eastern slippers. The material of the khalaat varies from the rich cashmere and brocade of the wealthy to the thin silk of the middle class or the common cotton fabric of the poorer people. Yet the poor may vie with the rich in the diversity of the colors which mark the khalaat; and the variety of hues and the diversity of pattern are endless. Sunflower splotches, wheels of flame, stripes, bars, and shot figures, interchange with kaleidoscopic novelty and stand out in contrast to the delicately tinted groundwork that forms the body of the stuff. The snowy turbans differ in size and style according to the dignity of the wearer, and they alternate with the tinsel-trimmed skull-cap of the provincial or the fur-bordered Persian helmet of blue cloth, all of which serve to set off the somewhat sallow Bokharan complexion.

The railway platform reveals all this as the train rolls slowly into the station, after the journey of nearly a thousand miles from the Caspian Sea. The station is New Bokhara, some ten miles from the ancient city, for the Russians have here, as at Askhabad, Merv, and Samarkand, placed the railroad depot at some distance from the native town. A dozen reasons—military, administrative, commercial, and practical—can be given for this; and here, as elsewhere, we find a new settlement sprung up, a Modern Bokhara, with promises of progress, widely different from Ancient Bokhara, with its prejudice and retrogression. The one is wholly Eastern, the other is somewhat Western. It is the old story of Orient and Occident, past and present. We hurry through the up-to-date Russian station; our valises and bundles are tumbled into a fairly good Muscovite droshky; a native Bokharan is on the box seat. The horses are whipped up, and we are off for a drive of somewhat less than ten miles to reach the old city.

A short distance from the station there rises on the left a palace newly built for the Ameer by the Russian Government, that he may suitably entertain foreign official visitors, but as a residence it is little used. From this point the flat and dusty road proceeds almost in a straight line, bordered on either side by well-irrigated fields of wheat and barley. One passes the usual number of horses drawing nondescript vehicles, and lines of mules, donkeys, and camels. Half-way on the road to the city there is a thatched mud hovel which serves as a watering-shed, and there a halt is commonly made for a few minutes. This gave time to water the horses, to allow the driver to take a whiff of the *hookah*, which serves as a pipe of peace passed from mouth to mouth, without regard to questions of hygiene, and for myself to make some notes on the storks and the dogs in comparison with my zoölogical observations in Persia. It was then time to start again. In less than a half-hour after the journey was resumed we found ourselves beneath the clay walls and high citadel of old Bokhara.

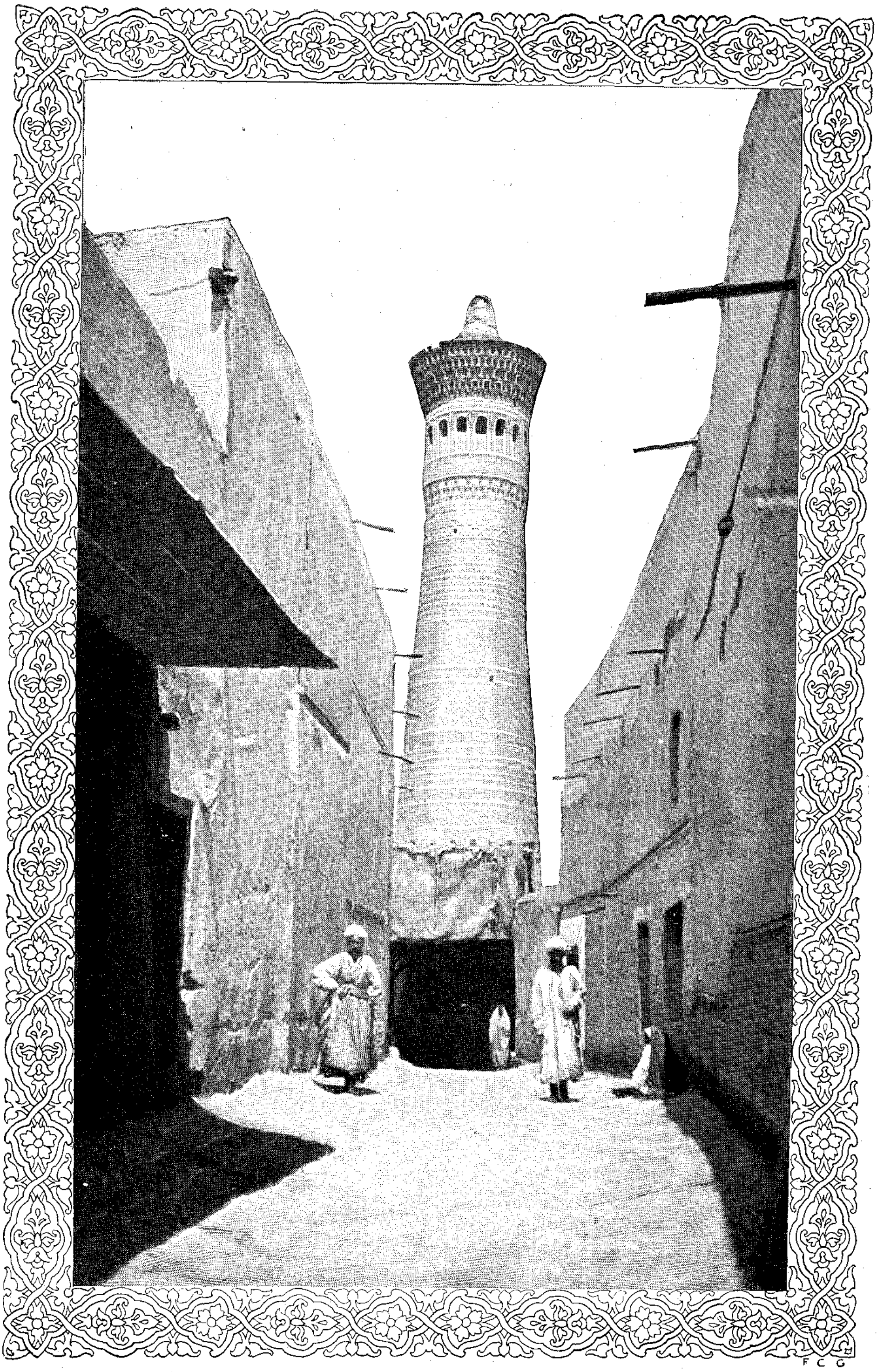
The narrow, winding streets of the city differ little from those of Persian towns like Yazd and Hamadan. The low, flat-roofed houses turn their backs to the public gaze and show their faces only in the seclusion of the inner court. As all roads lead to Rome, the labyrinthian lanes of Bokhara end in the Rigistan, or market-place, in the northwest part of the city. This place of concourse for the people has no claims to architectural beauty, as has the Rigistan in Samarkand. It is nevertheless full of interest, for standing in its midst we get close to the heart of Bokharan life. Facing us is the Ark or citadel, conspicuous from the huge portal of its castellated entrance, over which is a clock that has not gone for years, but is said to have been the work of a European craftsman who made it to save his life. Around the Rigistan are mosques and madrasas, centers of the city's religious life, and on all sides of it are rough mat-covered and tented booths, the shops of innumerable buyers and sellers. To the student of English, however, the place has literary associations as well. It is here that the scene of Matthew Arnold s poem, "The Sick King in Bokhara," is laid, which describes how the gentle prince hesitated to pass the death sentence upon a fever-stricken Mussulman, who in a fit of delirium had cursed his own mother. Yonder must be the place where the king sat with lack-luster eye

> "In the great window of the gate,
> Looking into the Rigistan."

Here before the portal of the old palace the conscience-racked Mullah,

> "with his robe
> All rent, and dust upon his hair,
> Watched my lord's coming forth, and pushed
> The golden mace-bearers aside,
> And fell at the king's feet, and cried—
> 'Justice, O King, and on myself!
> On this great sinner, who did break
> The law, and by the law must die!'"

We can picture to ourselves how the guards pricked him from the path with their spears, thinking him mad or delirious with drink. Opposite is the mosque to which the king passed on. The thrice-repeated appeal of the broken-hearted wretch for the execution of the law even on himself becomes painfully



THE TOWER

From the top of which prisoners were flung to death realistic. We can hear his rebuke to the king on the third day, when he demanded justice and told the story of drought, fever-plague, and the curse. Not far away, "under some mulberry-trees"—for the mulberry abounds in Bokhara—is the little pool, perhaps, where the ague-shaken man, as the poem describes, stealthily filled the pitcher to slake his burning thirst and cool his fevered brow, then hid the precious jar behind the door and went up on the roof to sleep.

"But in the night, which was with wind
And burning dust, again I creep
Down, having fever, for a drink;—
Now, meanwhile had my brethren found
The water-pitcher where it stood
Behind the door upon the ground,
And called my mother; and they all,
As they were thirsty, and the night
Most sultry, drained the pitcher there;
And they sate with it, in my sight,
Their lips still wet, when I came down.
Now, mark! I, being fevered, sick
(Most unblest also), at that sight
Brake forth and curst them—dost thou
hear?—
One was my mother. Now, do right."

Amidst the hum of voices in the Rigistan we stop almost to listen whether perchance there might be one who still would echo that stern tone which demanded vengeance to be inflicted on himself, and bid the king order death by stoning, as the law exacts for one who curses his mother. The spot on which I stood, perhaps, was once heaped with stones cast upon the insistent victim, who died praising Allah, and happy that his sin had been absolved by the execution of the law. It must have been that very cemetery which we passed on the way to the city where lies buried, at the sorrowing king's command, the body of the poor miscreant whom his pity could not save. The dead man was interred in the king's own tomb, according to the poetic narrative,

". . . a fretted brick-work tomb
Upon a hill on the right hand,
Hard by a close of apricots,
Upon the road to Samarkand."

As we reflect upon the scene and the situation, the local color of the poem seems remarkable, and we can but admire the genius of the bard in adapting his source of inspiration and bodying forth the forms of things unseen.

From reveries such as these we are aroused to view the Ark whose towering walls are seen from every part of the city. This is not only a fortified place, but the seat of the administrative and judicial power. It is the Kohandiz, or ancient Castle of Bokhara, described by Ibn Haukal. It is raised on an artificial mound of early date, and the dull color of its clay walls gives a dungeon-like appearance to the entire inclosure, which is about a quarter of a mile square. Within this compound are the old palace of the Ameers, three mosques, and the headquarters of various military and administrative officers. One pauses for an instant to consider whether it has changed materially since the tenth century, when Ibn Haukal said of it, "I have heard a peculiar circumstance mentioned concerning the Kohandiz, or Castle of Bokhara, which is that they never have brought out of it the bier or coffin of any prince, and that any person once confined there is never seen again." The truth of this statement would be sadly confirmed nearly a thousand years afterward if this was, indeed, the place of confinement of the two British officers, Stoddart and Conolly, who were sent on a diplomatic mission to Nasrullah, father of the present Ameer, about the middle of the last century. The unfortunate men were seized and thrown into prison, and after three years of indescribable suffering, with their bodies gnawed by sheep-ticks and covered with sores from neglect, they were released from their misery in 1843 by decapitation, for neither would save his life by abjuring Christianity and professing Islam. The diary of Dr. Joseph Wolff, a Jewish convert to Christianity, who set out on a mission in hopes to rescue the unhappy officers, but arrived too late, is a narrative redolent of a Bokharan ruler's despotism, cruelty, and perfidy, in contrast to the picture of a gentle king drawn in Matthew Arnold's poem. There is some basis for believing that the famous underground dungeon, with its vermin pit, now filled up, was at one time within the Ark near the Rigistan; but the more generally accepted opinion is that the torture-house of Stoddart and Conolly was the well-known Zindan, or city prison, which stands on an elevation adjoining the citadel height.

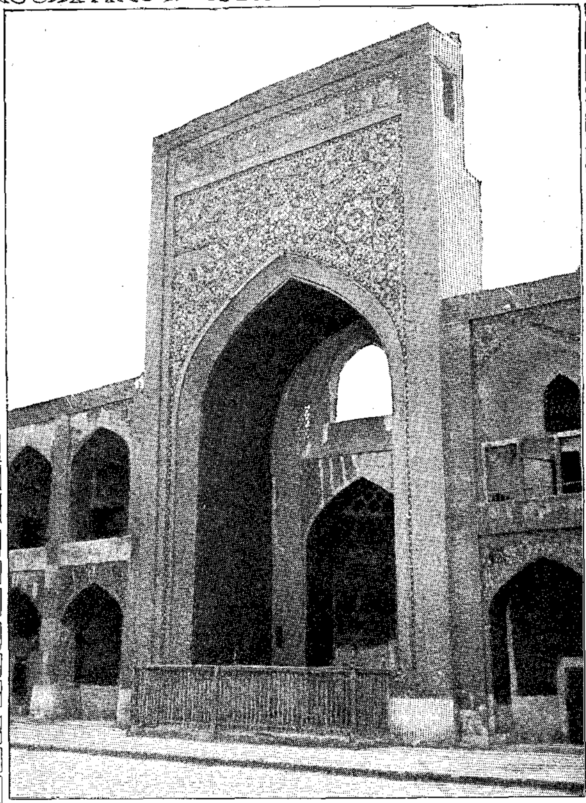
A visit to this Zindan is almost as unavoidable as a glimpse into the morgue when in Paris. To gain access to the jail it is necessary to go around to the east side of the citadel. The approach is by a short, narrow, winding road, through a heavy brick gate, courtyard, and guard-house. Passing through the guard-room, we find ourselves within the prison itself. It would be revolting to describe the condition of the wretched convicts, the most of whom are huddled into two rooms, each worse than the other. Naked to the waist, for the weather was warm, their legs, arms, or necks manacled, their upper clothing hanging in bundles on the walls, these wretches await their doom, whether it be death or torture by prolonged incarceration amid the chains, filth, and odors of this reeking room. Yet their faces did not seem to wear an unhappy expression. Perhaps they had become inured to their condition; perhaps they had learned to cultivate that Oriental indifference which passively submits. If the inner room was actually the scene of the suffering of Stoddart and Conolly, death must have come as a welcome means of escape from a living martyrdom. It may be true that in Bokhara acts of crime are comparatively rare, owing to the rigor of the punishment; but the means to attain this end seem horrible enough.

The finest of Bokhara's edifices and architectural structures are in the small market-place near the jail. Here is the Minar-i Kalian, a graceful tower of brick rising over two hundred feet from the ground. Its kiln-fired bricks are woven into a network pattern of circling bands, and the whole surmounted by a decorated capital that resembles the top of a Persian pipe, or *kalian*. In days gone by this column was made to serve ignoble purposes, for criminals were hurled to death from its summit, till the Russian Government put a stop to the practice. The last recorded execution from the tower took place in 1888; but one may well question whether the substitute punishment of cutting the throat in a brutal manner is not almost as shocking.

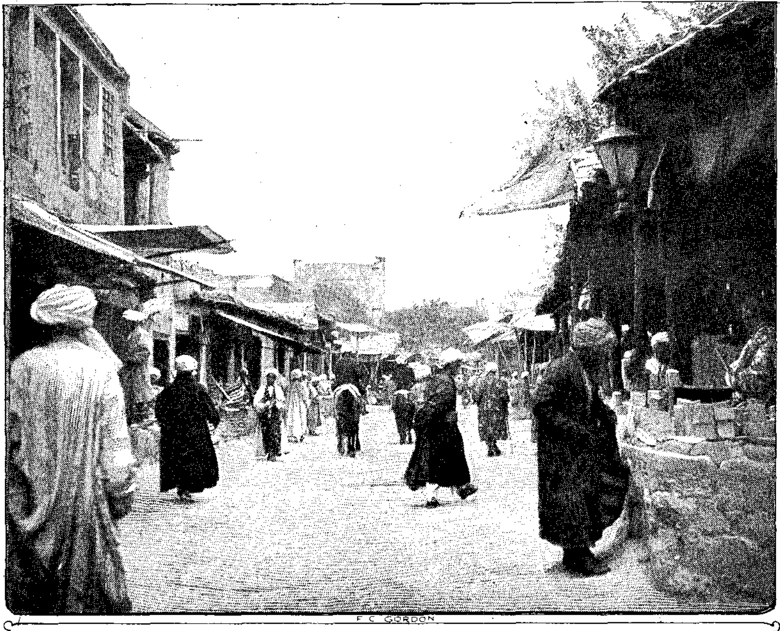
Turning from the Minar-i Kalian to the buildings on the square, we notice on the south side the Musjid-i Jumah, or Friday mosque, where the largest crowds in the city gather for worship on the Mohammedan Sabbath. It was built by Tamerlane, and is sometimes called Musjid-i Kalian from its proximity to the Kalian minaret. A side view of the huge flat façade, with its enormous brick portal, on the top of which a stork has built her nest, may be seen in the accompanying picture. Across the public square, and toward the north, is the Moslem college named Madrasa Miri-i Arab, with its deep recessed façade, decorated with faience traceries and turquoise tiles, and surmounted by two cupola domes, while its spacious courtyard within is surrounded by over a hundred student cells. This is but one of the five score or more theological colleges which Bokhara boasts, and which make the city a center of Mohammedan orthodoxy. The curriculum consists only of courses in the Koran and in Moslem tradition, and is as far removed from Western ideas and Western methods of education as can be imagined.

As to other religions in Bokhara, Christianity is almost unknown, but there is quite a community of Jews, which has existed in the city for centuries. They may be recognized by their grayish khalaats, their heavy fur-bordered caps, their peculiar Judæo-Persian dialect, and the cord about the waist, which is said to be a survival of the rope ready to hang the wearer if he gave any offense. As money-lenders and as receivers of usury, which is forbidden by the Koran to true believers, many of these people have amassed considerable wealth; but a strong anti-Semitic feeling has always existed in Bokhara, so that their position, though in no way unbearable, is not an enviable one.

Speaking of business leads naturally to the scenes in the covered bazars, which recall Tabriz, Isfahan, and Teheran. There is the same display of Oriental wares and provisions as in Persia, and the staple articles on sale have probably not varied since the time of Ibn Haukal. Growing Western trade, especially with Russia, has tended to import some European manufactures,



MADRASA OR MOHAMMEDAN COLLEGE



F C GORDON

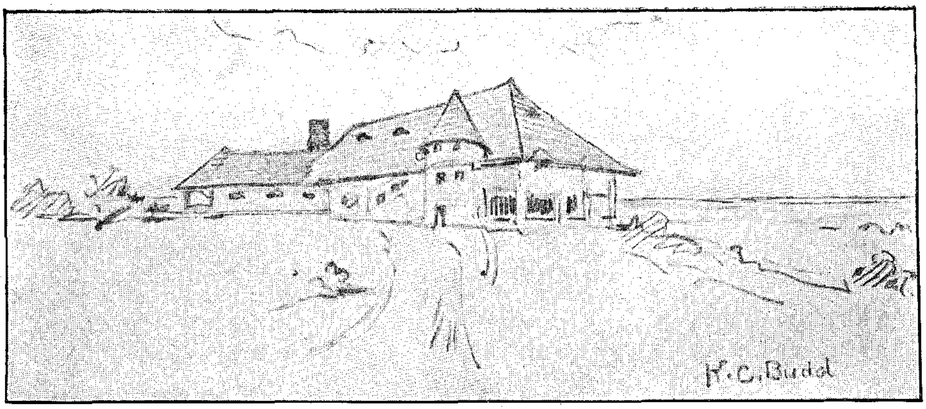
THE BAZAR

but the brass and metal work, arms, leather, silks, embroideries, woven goods, and carpets are the productions which are characteristic of Bokhara. There is the same distribution, or rather massing, of shops devoted to particular classes of wares as in the Iranian bazars, and one series of booths is set apart for literature. Here I found quite a collection of lithographed works and manuscripts, although the opportunities to buy good specimens of the latter are growing ever more rare. In the purchase of antiques and curios it is necessary to be unusually guarded, for imitations and counterfeits, sometimes clever enough to deceive the elect, exist by the dozens. It is needless to add that the appearance of a European in the bazars causes an immediate rise in prices, and time as well as patience in bargaining is an absolute *sine qua non* when shopping in Bokhara, as elsewhere in the East.

While making the round of the booths I had an opportunity to visit a Mohammedan merchant, an introduction to whom was of value. As one of the special objects of my visit to the Orient this time was to search for traces of Zoroaster, and as my host, though a Mussulman, was an intelligent man, the chance seemed too good to let pass without a question or two about the Zoroastrian religion, for Bokhara is mentioned in one of the later canonical books of the Iranian faith, the Bundahishn, and the Arab chronicler Masudi states that there was a celebrated fire temple in the city. But I found that my host had not the slightest idea what the term Zend-Avesta implied, nor any knowledge of the name Zardusht (Zoroaster). All-leveling Mohammedanism had obliterated every trace of the prophet of Ancient Iran. In wending my way among the shops, moreover, I inquired incidentally whether there were any so-called Fire-Worshipers (*Atash-parasthâ*). Before long a native pointed one out to me as a Giaour. He was walking quietly through the bazar, but before I could come up with him he stepped out of sight, perhaps to avoid religious discussions in the midst of fanatical Moslems.

I was told that there might be a chance, perhaps, of finding some others at the Karshi-sarai, in a distant part of the city. This hostelry is the headquarters of the Hindus in Bokhara, on their journey to and from India by way of Karshi, Balkh, Kabul, Multan, and the Punjab. I found a caravanserai of the usual type, rectangular and quite large, with the customary rooms or cells about the inclosed courtyard, which was filled with camels, mules, asses, and their packs, in the familiar disorder. The Hindu type of countenance among the men was easily recognized in contrast with the Bokharan physiognomy, and made me feel for the moment as if I were back in India. There were no Parsis, or Gabars, among the company, for most of the assembly came from northern India. From my experience at Samarkand I could understand how the Bokharans grouped all those who came from India as Atash-parasthâ, or Fire-Worshipers, but I could find no real Zoroastrians, although trade must occasionally draw them northward from Peshawar, where I had become acquainted with Parsi merchants. I fancy, however, that a true Zoroastrian would not feel at ease in Moslem Bokhara.

This latter fact was brought home to me that night on my return to my sleeping quarters. From my balcony I could watch the faithful Mohammedans at sunset going through their prayers and genuflexions, their faces turned reverently toward Mecca and their thoughts on Mohammed and the Koran. The city is orthodox Moslem, even to the extent of fanaticism. And yet Bokhara had once boasted of a Fire Temple and had prayed from the Avesta as its Sacred Book. What a change the rise of Islam had wrought, and that, too, in the unchanging East! But some things in Bokhara never change. One of these is the custom or ordinance that compels the city gates to be closed at sundown. I knew that the hour had arrived. A lull and hush came over the city at this curfew signal; the stillness of the Eastern night began to fall; the moon, as it rose gradually, flooded the warm sky with soft light, and the still figure of a stork standing motionless on the top of the distant Minar-i Kalian came out in silhouette outline against the clear heaven.



The American Country House

By Katharine C. Budd

Illustrated from Houses planned by the Author

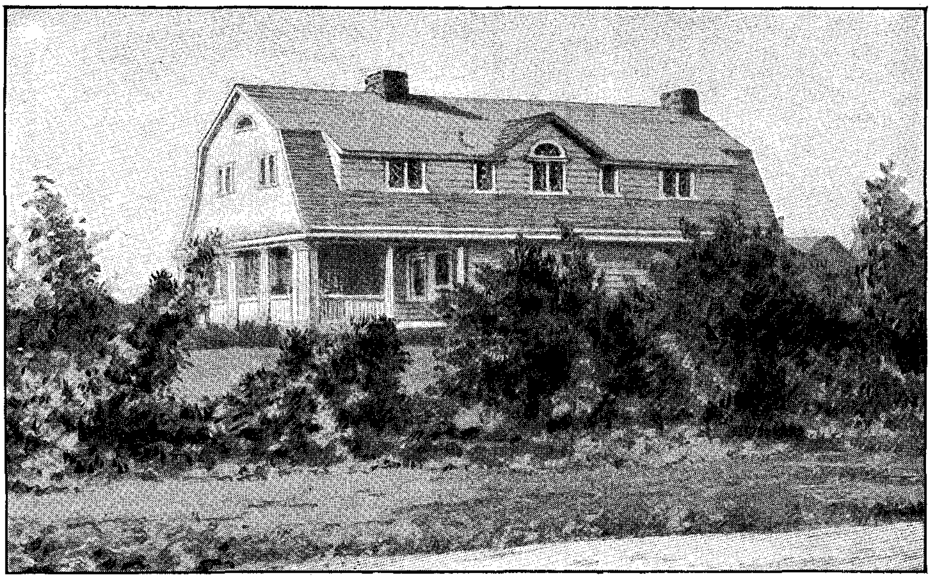
IN this country one of the most characteristic features is the country house. One can better appreciate the charm and simplicity of these buildings after a trip through the suburbs of almost any large city on the Continent. Think of those gaudy new villas in the environs of Paris! I am not referring to the little old stone cottages with gable roofs, broken here and there by dormers and covered with mossy red tiles. A succession of these simple houses, shut in from the narrow road by high garden walls, is picturesque and interesting; but the modern abomination, with eaves supported by queer brackets in the wrong place, with quantities of blue or red tiles of the wrong color, with enough cheap ornament to decorate a whole village, is attractive only in the beautifully colored perspective drawings of the French architect.

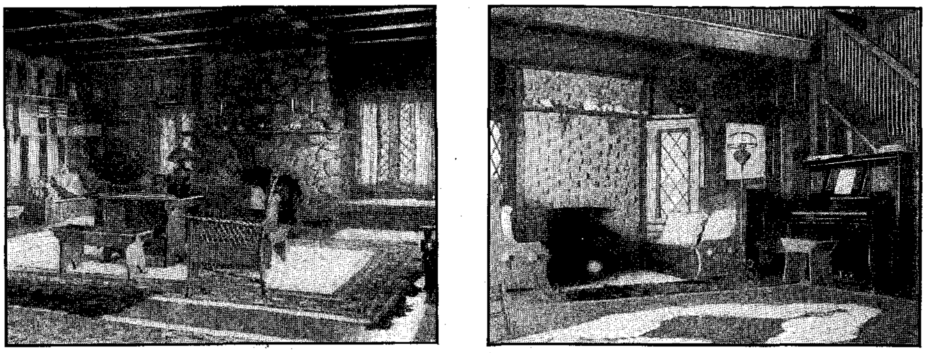
Still worse are the utterly tasteless villas of Germany, where we find weird effects produced by the free use of that "art nouveau" curve, noticeable in much of their modern work. Long, sweeping lines wrought in stone or brick, around entrance and tower, form a "feature" which is greeted with admiration by the multitude.

Understand that I am criticising only the modern villa, especially the one of small size. Perhaps I am wrong in thinking there are few new country houses of good design to be found on the Continent. A foreigner seeking for beauty among some of our country villages and towns might also carry away a dreary impression of a collection of wooden houses with Mansard roofs, fret-sawed piazzas, pepper-box towers, a general flimsiness of construction—an impression strong enough to make him long for that combination of a kerosene lamp and a windy night which has often destroyed better work. One thing is in our favor—the worst examples of these boxes are already falling to pieces; their existence cannot be long.

But let us forget that such buildings exist here, for we can go to certain summer resorts where the majority of the houses are in good taste, notwithstanding the fact that they are inexpensively built. People abroad assure us that our originality and artistic ability are more strongly displayed in these than in almost anything else we do.

The first thing that strikes a stranger who sees one of our successful cottages is the clever way in which it is adapted to its situation. A rise of ground, a great rock, or a steep descent is prized as an opportunity. Careful preliminary sketches and photographs are made to guide the subsequent work on the plans. Sometimes a plaster model of the site is



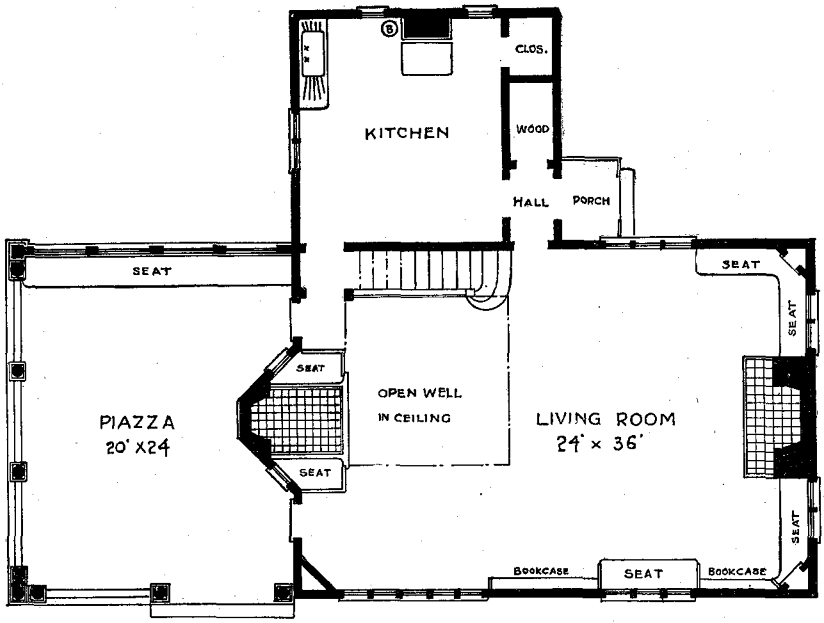


A GAMBREL ROOF COTTAGE

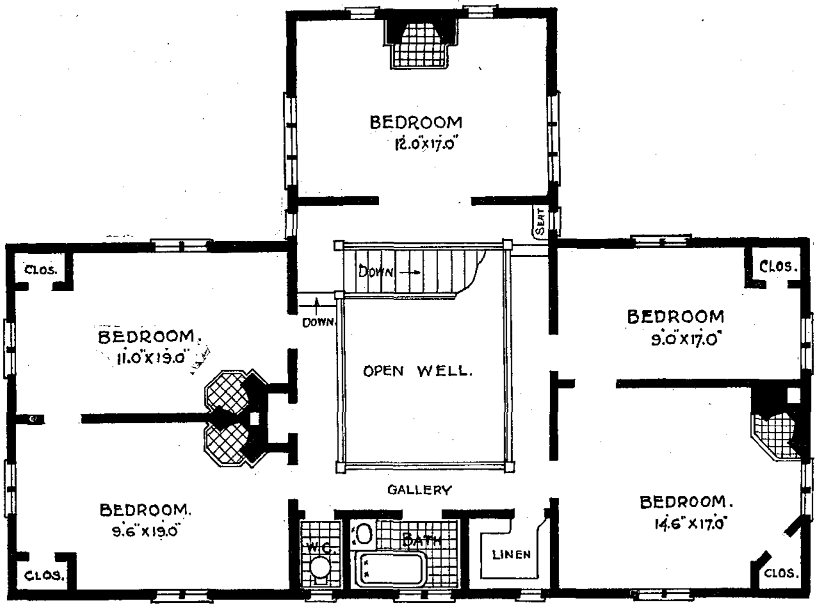
This seaside cottage follows the lines of the old New England house with gambrel roof. This roof, by the way, is often called a "hip roof." If one remembers that the peculiar combination of the roof-slopes on either side is so called from the gambrel joint of a horse's hind leg, which it is supposed to resemble, this mistake will not be made. This kind of roof affords more room in the upper story, especially where it is carried across as in the illustration and not broken up into separate dormers. No one enjoys having a ceiling sloping to the floor in his bedroom. Respect for the picturesque appearance of the exterior does not relieve the pain when one's head comes violently in contact with the roof-slope. In this house the eave line is low, yet the chambers are of proper height inside, as the roof slopes for only about four feet near the ends of the building. This, while sufficient to give a good line where the gable comes against the sky, interferes but little with the second floor plan. The living-room in this house also has a gallery. A large stone fireplace at one end and a rough red brick one at the other have seats at the sides built of yellow pine plank about three inches thick. The studs, four inches square, are carefully finished and left exposed, like the heavy Georgia pine beams above. Book-shelves are cut in between the studding with bracket ends where interrupted by window openings. All is stained a clear walnut brown, waxed and well rubbed to a soft polish. The cushions in this room are covered with bright green. The rugs are large Eastern rugs in fawn colors, red, etc. The casement windows in the large living-room are curtained with green silk shirred on brass rods.

made, on which the miniature house is erected in wax, so that the roof lines can be studied before the final drawings are made. But all this would not suffice, were it not that a natural gift for the picturesque aids the pencil. The clever fancy of one man is an inspiration to his neighbor. Therefore it follows that we have a band of men capable of turning out good country houses. Very few of these men, of course, confine themselves to this as a specialty.

A comparison of plans is at first sight bewildering. The freedom with which rooms are added without respect for established rules, the frequency with which one part of the building slides away from that all-important " axis " on


CLOS.
KITCHEN
WOOD
HALL
PORCH
SEAT
SEAT
SEAT
PIAZZA
20' X24
SEAT
OPEN WELL
IN CEILING
LIVING ROOM
24' × 36'
SEAT
SEAT
BOOKCASE
SEAT
BOOKCASE

First Floor


BEDROOM
12.0"x17.0"
SEAT
CLOS.
CLOS.
DOWN →
BEDROOM.
11.0"x19.0"
DOWN.
BEDROOM
9.0"x17.0"
OPEN WELL.
GALLERY
BEDROOM.
9.6"x19.0"
W.C.
BATH
LINEN
BEDROOM.
14.6"x17.0"
CLOS.
CLOS.

Second Floor

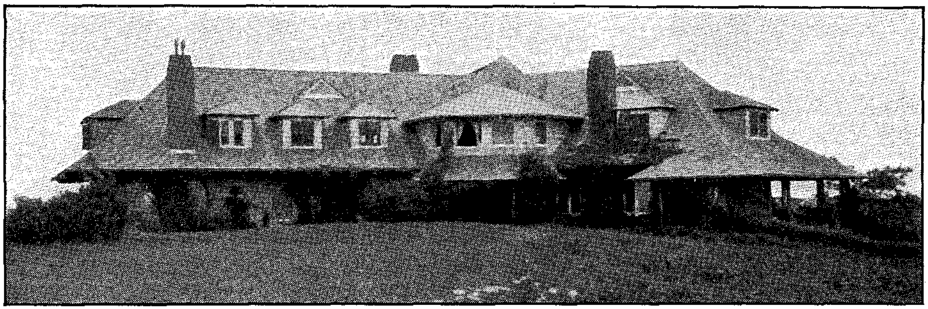
PLANS OF THE GAMBREL ROOF COTTAGE

which the finer feeling of the true architect depends, is somewhat startling. But generally there is some method in the scheme. The well-studied plan of a man of ability shows a balance of the different parts, a careful adjustment of windows, a placing of doors where they are most needed, that is better than absolute symmetry. Some plans are bent like the letter "S," some content themselves with turning like a crescent. This last is most successful when one desires to locate all the best rooms on one side, taking advantage of a view or of a southern exposure.

Convenience is the first consideration in our American homes. The American woman cannot be sure that her servants are to be depended on. One or two maids are expected to perform the work required of four or five in England. Our servants expect practical conveniences which would turn the head of a foreign maid. Therefore it is necessary that the plan be well studied, to afford economy of service and comfort in every department. In foreign lands some of the work is done outside; here even the laundry work must be taken into consideration and provided for. There must be a hot drying-room for clothes and a cold-storage place for perishable food, an ample wine-cellar, a storeroom for canned and boxed supplies, a lamp-room, a linen-room; and even a flower-room must not be forgotten. All arrangements in pantry and kitchen must be "up to date," or the mistress runs the risk of losing her whole force of servants in the middle of the season.

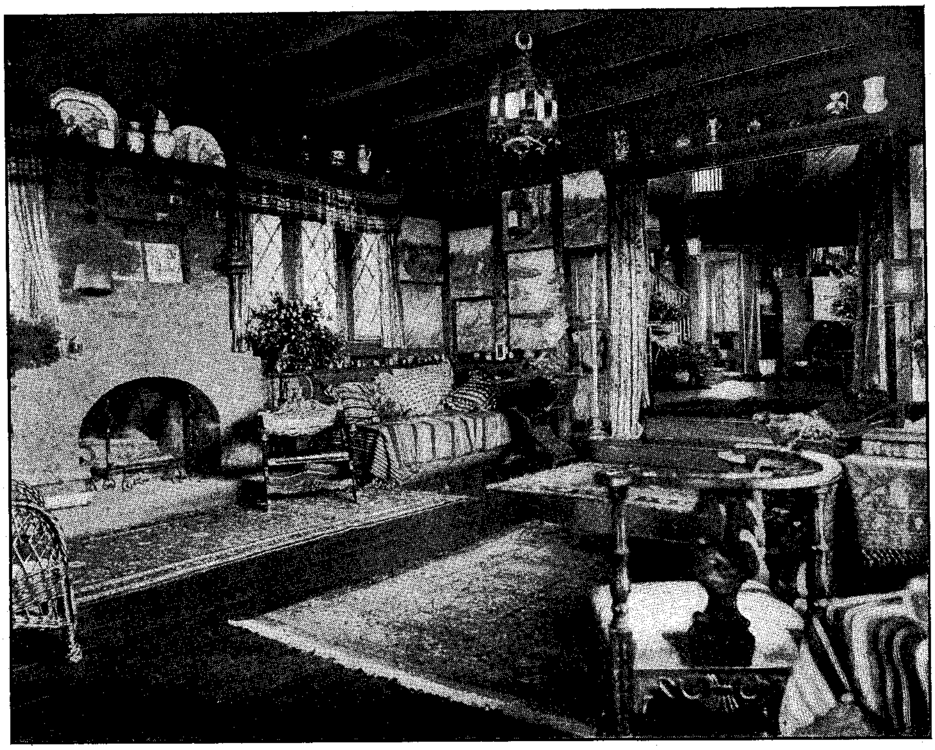
To a foreigner the most prominent, the most sensible, feature of the country house is the *piazza*. This is gradually becoming the out-of-door living-room of the family. I recall a large one in Maine, sheltered from the too boisterous winds which prevail there, but exposed to the sunlight, with a wide view over the bay in front of the house. This is carpeted with heavy Navajo blankets, with hammocks, pillows, and hangings of the same rich coloring. Another, Long Island, piazza has been screened off by the gayly embroidered curtains which once protected an Egyptian dahabeah. Often an open loggia or balcony on the second floor is used as a bedroom or nursery.

The modern cottage is frequently built around a large central hall. Originally this feature was confined to the artist's house. The impecunious painter was obliged to limit dimensions; a great well-lighted studio was a necessity; beyond that his family must adapt their requirements to the size of his purse. Little by little, more rooms were added, but on all social occasions the studio remained the chief attraction. No wonder his neighbor envied him, and in the erection of his own new house insisted on having one great room, with wide

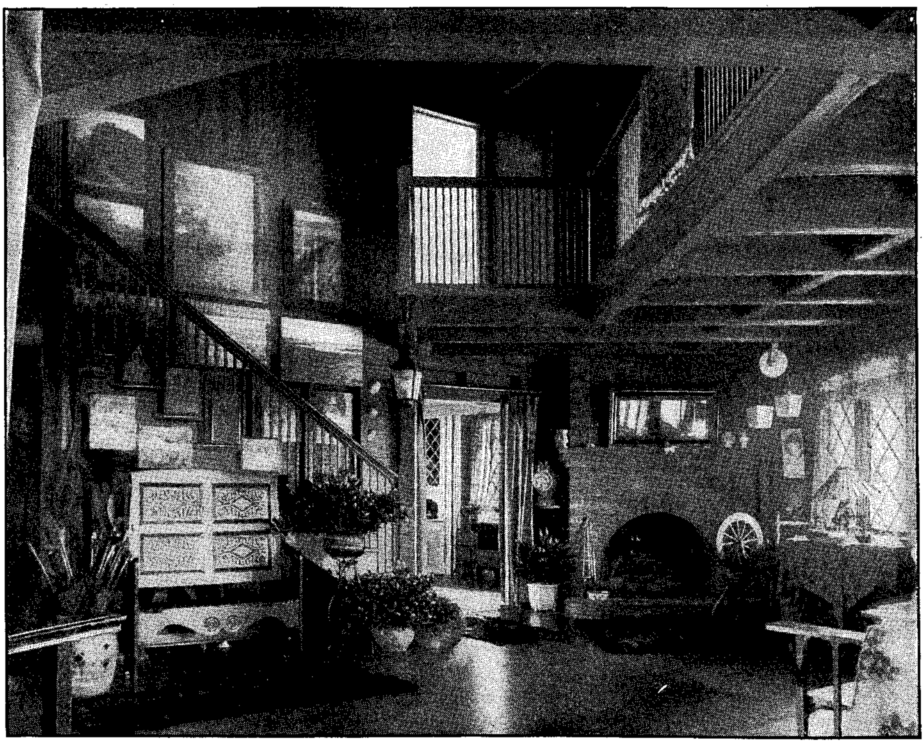


A BUNGALOW

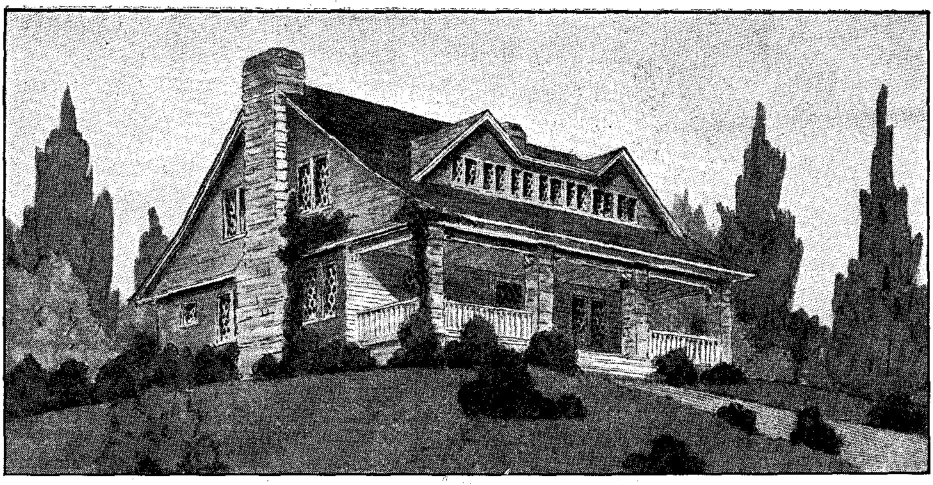
Here we have a "bungalow," long and low, with eave line near the ground. It has three large piazzas on different sides of the house. The hillside on which the house is built is exposed to winds coming fresh and strong from the ocean, yet it is always possible to find a sheltered corner. The principal rooms of this house open on a large two-story hall, which is stained a dull yellow and furnished with old black carved chairs and tables. The hangings are of blue—blue and white Japanese crêpe at the windows, blue denim at the doors, and beautiful soft white blankets over couches and writing-tables with artistic designs in blues and yellows, spun by peasants in Mexico and Canada. A large and very handsome blue satin curtain embroidered with masses of cherry-blossoms hangs back of the couch, harmonizing with the other blues. The entrance door is provided with a quaintly musical door harp. This hall is between a dining-room in green and a living-room in rich soft reds and dull crimsons. The fireplaces of local red brick have heavy shelves on brackets, and recesses for casts. A comfortable couch with shaped ends and window seats are built into the living-room.



THE LIVING-ROOM IN THE BUNGALOW



THE HALL IN THE BUNGALOW



A MOUNTAIN COTTAGE

This is a stone cottage designed for the Adirondacks. A wide living-room 18x35 opens up in the center of the house to the roof. The bedrooms open on a gallery running around this well, giving an effect of space out of proportion to the size of the house. A piazza ten feet wide crosses the front. The roof sweeps down over this and over a corresponding ten-foot strip across the rear which contains the servants' quarters and kitchen. One end of the living-room is screened off for a dining-room, the other is fitted up as a library. Seats and shelves are built in wherever possible. The heavy beams over the living-room are left exposed. The whole is stained in soft shades of bronze-green. The books, musical instruments, rugs, and cushions furnish plenty of rich color.

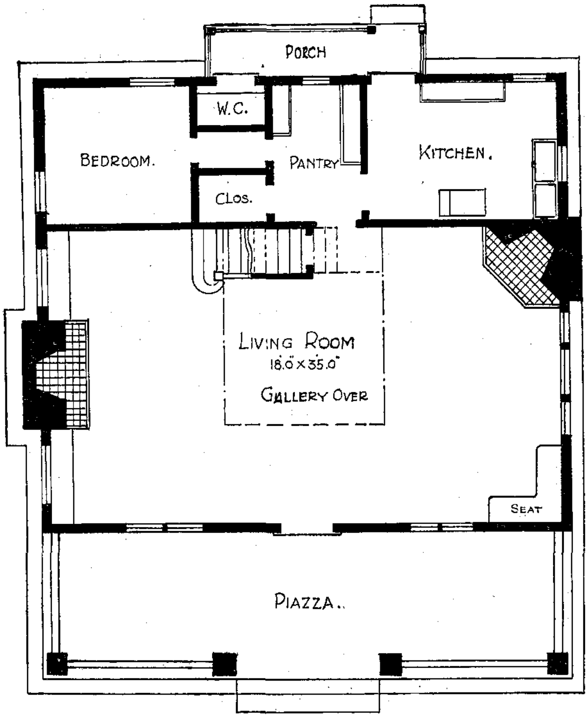
windows opening towards the forest or the sea, and stairs winding up to a picturesque gallery leading to the bedrooms, the kitchen being placed in a wing slanting back from the main house, without detracting from the sweeping lines of the wide, simple roof. The idea of one great room with more or less house attached, like an afterthought, is carried out in many ways. Sometimes it resolves itself into two rooms with a wide opening in the dividing partition. One catches the traffic, the scurrying to and fro on the stairs; the other, more private, is left for reading, for all the dainty tasks which fall to my lady's lot even in the country. In one corner, near the great fireplace, is the writing-desk, with book-shelves near, and deeply cushioned window-seats where one may lounge at will. Little does it matter that at the opposite end of the hall is the piano with music-stands for other instruments; there is ample room for every one of the family.

The long, low house is more difficult than the square house to plan, without wasting much space in narrow corridors or making some of the principal rooms into thoroughfares. This is plainly shown in typical plans accompanying this article.

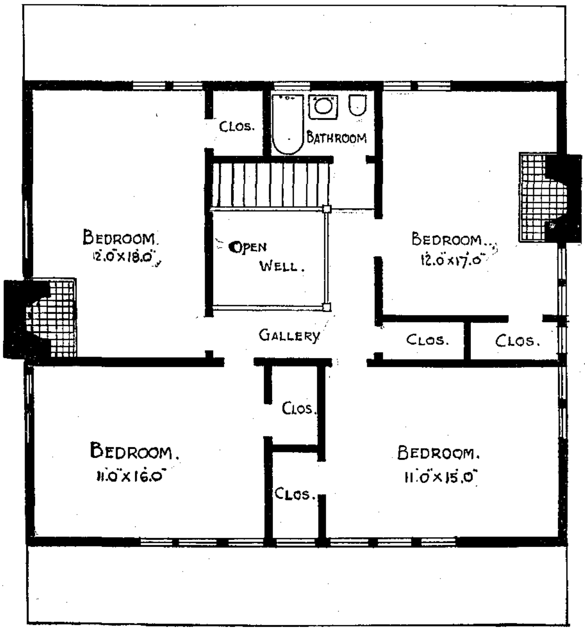
Among the many houses of this class is one built between two wild hills. The long, undulating roof, accentuated slightly at either end by a tower but little above the ridge-line, does not disturb the poetry and beauty of the landscape around it. The roof descends almost to the ground; from a distance one sees only the low roof with the stone arch under the middle, where the valley between the two hills forms a natural place for the carriage-drive.

At the end of a narrow lane descending rapidly to the sea, with great round rocks massed on the cliffs on either side, we see a quaint cottage nestled into the bay bushes. The nucleus of this cottage is an old stone building of four small rooms, which, with its massive oak beams and heavy stone walls, has come down little changed from the Revolutionary times. At the ends of this sturdy little house the present owner has added gabled wings, one serving for kitchen and dining-room, open on three sides into the lovely old garden. Not the least of the charms of this dear old house lies in the old garden, reclaimed by years of care from the waste of rocks and rough bushes around. The formal rows of gay flowers, hollyhocks, poppies, the sweet-scented favorites of our grandmothers, love to bloom in this sunny spot. On the wide veranda one can lie at length in a hammock and watch the ships go by. The great ocean steamers pass almost within call. To them the homelike cottage is a familiar sight, the first seen as they enter the new world.

The old farm-houses of this country are characteristic in style, and furnish excellent models for the modern cottage. The simple gables and the gambrel roof of the New England house reappear constantly with various more or less artistic changes. The gambrel roof seems peculiarly adapted to the landscape of New England. The low eaves and long sweeping slope of the sky-lines are appropriate on the seashore among the sand-dunes or among the trees of the village. The double slope of the gambrel roof affords plenty of space for good bedrooms on the second floor, yet the general effect is low as opposed to the box-like, stilted effect of the ordinary gable roof.

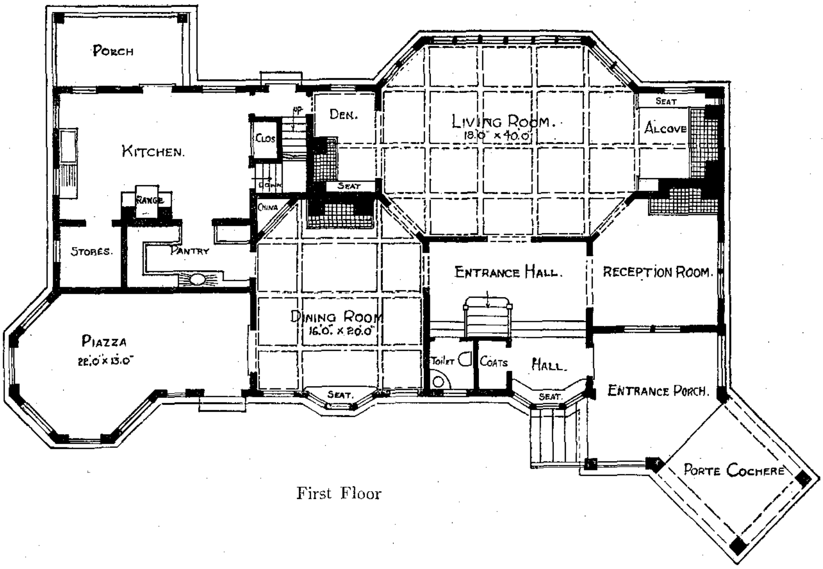

PORCH
W.C.
BEDROOM.
PANTRY
KITCHEN.
CLOS.
LIVING ROOM
18.0"x35.0"
GALLERY OVER
SEAT
PIAZZA..

MOUNTAIN COTTAGE
First Floor Plan

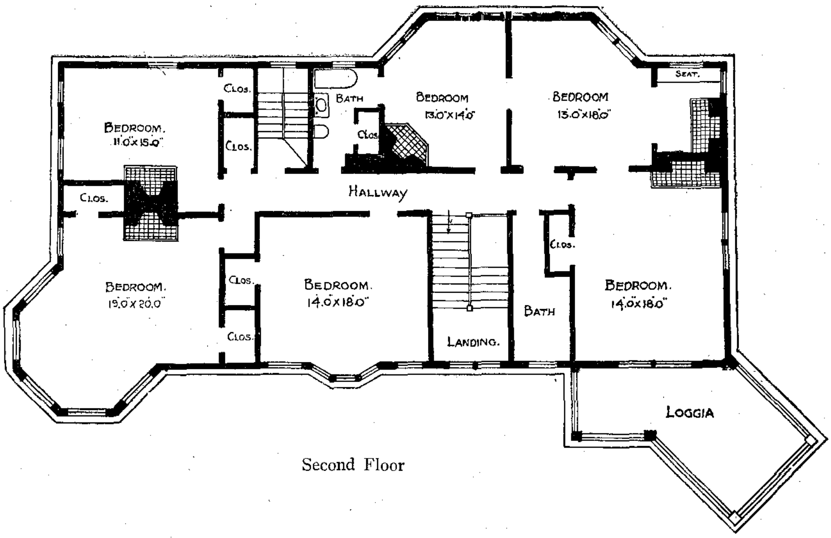

CLOS.
BATHROOM
BEDROOM.
12.0"x18.0"
OPEN WELL.
BEDROOM..
12.0"x17.0"
GALLERY
CLOS.
CLOS.
CLOS.
BEDROOM.
11.0"x16.0"
CLOS.
BEDROOM.
11.0"x15.0"

MOUNTAIN COTTAGE
Second Floor Plan

Other interesting types of houses are borrowed from buildings in Switzerland, India, Norway, etc. We have adopted the bungalow, as the wide, low roof, with ample air space above, is well adapted for comfort in summer. We like the chalet for the hill country and the picturesque black-and-white timber house for the small town. It is a pity that we cannot agree to limit the different styles used in one place. A photograph of a village street showing fifteen or twenty houses will generally show five or six distinct styles. This is a great mistake, and village improvement societies and those interested in the beauty of their surroundings should endeavor to encourage harmony in the general design of a


Porch
Kitchen.
Range
Stores.
Pantry
Clos
Down
China
Up
Den.
Seat
Living Room.
18.0" x 40.0"
Seat
Alcove
Entrance Hall.
Reception Room.
Dining Room
16.0. x 20.0"
Piazza
22.0 x 13.0"
Toilet
Coats
Hall.
Seat.
Seat.
Entrance Porch.
Porte Cochere

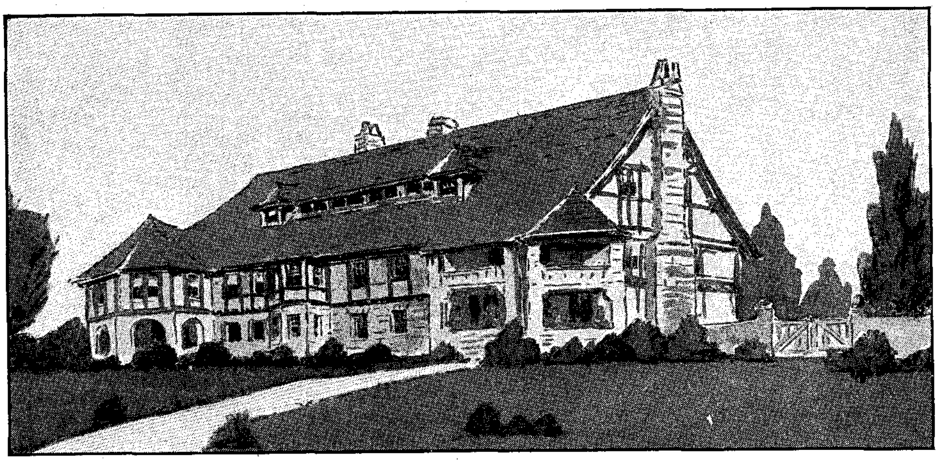
First Floor


Clos.
Bath
Bedroom
13.0"x14.0"
Bedroom
15.0"x18.0"
Seat.
Bedroom.
11.0"x15.0"
Clos.
Clos.
Clos.
Hallway
Bedroom.
19.0"x20.0"
Clos.
Clos.
Bedroom.
14.0"x18.0"
Landing.
Clos.
Bath
Bedroom.
14.0"x18.0"
Loggia

Second Floor

STONE AND TIMBER HOUSE

eeighborhood. This mistake is made everywhere in this country, at Newport as well as at Lakewood and Tuxedo. If the grounds surrounding the house are large and well wooded, the trees conceal the adjacent houses, framing each picturesquely. But if the houses are built side by side without intervening space, the result is a hodge-podge of heterogeneous material, the turreted castle hobnobbing with the thatched cottage and Greek temple, with the amiable friendliness of the buildings of an international exposition. We are rapidly



A STONE AND TIMBER HOUSE

This timber house was designed for a suburban town; the lot was long and narrow, opening on a park-like inclosure. The living-rooms were arranged to accommodate a large family of children. The carriage porch, entrance hall, and stairs, and the reception-room, may be cut off from the rest of the house, or thrown into one, as desired. A large, partially inclosed piazza on the coolest corner is the summer dining-room and living-room. The large 18x40 living-room has a retired alcove with fireplace and comfortable seats at one end, and at the other a den, also with a fireplace, which may be cut off for smokers. A door leading to the stables in the rear of the house is near the den, as are the back stairs. The whole side of the living-room is bowed out, in octagonal form, with small leaded windows, which let in plenty of sunlight in winter. This is shaded in summer by the trees. A convenient loggia, large enough for a bedroom, and inclosed with fine netting and Venetian blinds, opens out from the principal bedrooms. The servants have ample quarters in the roof. The house is finished throughout in oak, stained and waxed. The plaster is left very rough and painted in rich greens, reds, or yellows, in the various rooms. The exterior is of rough stone to the second floor line; above that, in rough stucco and timber stained brown. The planting around the house has been carefully considered to add to the general effect. In spite of the extreme narrowness of the lot, the result is pleasing.

learning to value our own personality and privacy, learning that, no matter how much we may care for our neighbors, we need space around our homes, so that we may live free from observation, away from the turmoil of the world, with time to think, to rest, to "loaf and invite our souls."

The Nurse

By Charles P. Cleaves

I lay my hand on your aching brow,
  Softly, so! And the pain grows still.
The moisture clings to my soothing palm,
  And you sleep because I will.

You forget I am here? 'Tis the darkness hides.
  I am always here, and your needs I know.
I tide you over the long, long night
  To the shores of the morning glow.

So God's hand touches the aching soul,
  Softly, so! And the pain grows still.
All grief and woe from the soul He draws,
  And we rest because He wills.

We forget,—and yet He is always here!
  He knows our needs and He heeds our sighs.
No night so long but He soothes and stills
  Till the dawn-light rims the skies.

The Church of the Strong Men

By Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee

I.

I HAVE in mind, as I write, two churches. One of them is Cologne Cathedral as one sees it from out of the middle of the Rhine—the great town lying all about it, the crowded floors of men and women living and dying around it. Thousands of times I have looked up from my work and caught my soul on that river—have seen the great shape looming up there against heaven, like a whole city standing still and saying its prayers. Now in the dark and now in the light one sees it praying there for everybody. One never looks at it without a little quiet singing down underneath. I like to think of it. I like to remember that, all the time I am not thinking of it, it is still there, standing above all those roofs for The Soul, boasting of the greatness of God.

The other church I have in mind is a little toy church in New York. One looks at it through a kind of tunnel called Wall Street. Great, splendid, boundless-looking buildings frown down upon it. Acres of men and women, in chairs, sit with their feet above its nave. Hundreds of typewriter girls look down from out of the sky as they bang on their typewriters, upon the graceful little tower that is still allowed in the great city to stand for God.

Time was when people used to climb up in the tower and feel the wonder and stillness and the looking-down-upon-the-world of God's church.

I do not know how other people nowadays are feeling about their God. I can only say of my God that he is still homeless on the earth. And it seems to me he is especially homeless in the great cities. I never see the tower of Trinity Church but it seems to me to be standing there and pointing a moral. I do not know, in so many words, exactly what it is that it is saying. But there is something rather sad and helpless about being a God—down on Broadway. I always listen jealously, when I am near Trinity, for that great whisper of the bell, and when I come away, as I often do—come flashing up through the sunlight on the Sound—it still keeps tolling through my thoughts. It is a little as if it were ringing memories, sometimes, as if it were not the voice of the men I saw hurrying. I wonder about the men that lie so silent beside it.

Then I fall to thinking that the problem that concerns religion most in this present day of the world is the problem of the tower of Trinity Church.

I would not wish to seem to take a stand for the mere mechanical idea that the tower of Trinity Church must be stretched, or that twenty-one-story blocks in general must be shaved off on top so that Christian churches in our land can continue to look impressive. But I do believe that the main fact about the church of the future is that it is going to take the idea of the incarnation seriously. It is going to act on the principle that while the Bible has declared in a general way that God is a spirit, the most important thing about the spirit, as a matter of human history, is that it has always insisted upon having a body. It also seems to be a matter of history that the final test of the vitality and reality of a good spirit is that it can get a body. In other words, I believe that if the modern church rules the modern city, it is going to look impressive. If it rules, everybody is going to know it.

The reason that so many of our most typical and successful and commanding men to-day are not going to church is that a bodiless church does not interest them. The fact that the Methodists of this country could raise twenty million dollars in a few weeks interested them. When they heard that this twenty million dollars had been raised, they noticed God. The main trouble with the modern Church in its present vague, fumbling way of dealing with a great, masterful city is that it has made it so exceedingly convenient not to notice God. And yet it would be hard to deny that if the Christian Church exists for one thing rather than another, it exists for the purpose of making God eloquent. And if men are on the street, it must make God eloquent on the street. If men had their offices on the stars or in woods or mountains, or spent their time, mostly, looking at the sky out in the middle of the sea, they would probably notice God—notice him in the slow, old-fashioned, poetic way, in his works. They would get the general idea that there must be one. But men are not on the stars, and they are not all out climbing over the rocks like Hugh Miller, looking for His footsteps; and if the Christian Church exists to give God a body on the earth, it ought to be where men are. They must feel every time they move, and in the thick of life looming up against them, that there is a God.

The most important fact that the Church has to reckon with, in dealing with this modern world, is that it is a world which in the last few hundred years has been turned upside down. The soul has discovered matter, and taken possession of it, and dedicated it. The spirit that is not going to be able to speak in this new language of matter, that cannot make matter glorious with itself, is not going to live. The whole problem of the coming of the kingdom of God has suddenly become a problem of language, of making God overwhelmingly plain to men—of incarnation and of all kinds of incarnation. The modern man finds his life crowded every day with wonderful real things. If the lives of God's people are not noticeably godlike, a little wonderful and out of the way, with a touch of the miraculous and heroic and enviable about them, why should any one notice their God? If the church building that especially represents God on the streets of the city is vulgar or hideous or shabby or insincere, or if it is a mere sitting-room, with colored windows, where people drop in pleasantly for a cozy, comfortable chat with Him before whom hell is naked, who stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing, why should one notice God? The man who sees hundreds of twenty-story blocks a day, who lives on streets with three stories of human beings flashing back and forth in trains on top of one another, is so used to being impressed that when he is expected to drop into a back parlor called a church, and to look at a painted picture of the Holy Ghost as a dove over the preacher's head, and to feel as he looks at it as if he were in the presence of an infinite and masterful God, he finds it rather insipid. "Why should I notice God?" he asks. "Probably there is one, but he is not these Christians' God." He prefers to go out on the sidewalk to a God who can do things.

He makes the same demand of a church service. He wants it to make him feel the way a God would make him feel if he were to meet him softly on the street. If the church service is not full of the dignity and splendor and majesty of God, or if it caricatures him as merely a kind of distant elegant but feeble person, it does more harm than good. The average man of the world cannot help judging a God by the worship of his followers and by the conduct of his church, and when he is so hard pressed in his capacity as a God that he indulges in the face of a whole community in the most palpable tricks for getting money, he judges accordingly. It does not interest him to go to a church whose God is so hard put to it that he conducts his business affairs in such a way that the most average business man in the street can look down on him. Who cares to accept an invitation to come and pray to a God who has just worked out the last week some new way of picking one's pocket or of cornering people into giving? In some communities it is getting to be the sense that goes with religion—this sense of the eternal effeminate pattering about for money. It is a teasing and nudging God. At all events, when a man finds that the dignity of God in his town is being misrepresented all the week, it takes for a few minutes every Sunday a church service of a very high and awe-inspiring order to set things right.

I do not see, for one, how the average Quartette-Choir God can do it, nor do I see how the average pleasant unimpressive parlor for God can do it. Nor do

I believe that the God of a church like this is a God who shall ever rule these great, masterful, godlike-looking cities of ours lifting themselves to heaven. The only church that shall ever rule them shall be a church with the cathedral spirit. It shall be a church of the Strong Men. And the spirit of the Strong Men shall build on all the great streets of the world mighty homes for God. The church of the future shall not be one that can be looked down on by mere opera-houses, by great hotels or temples for feeding people. It shall be one that suggests, when one looks at it, nations and empires, centuries of love and sacrifice and patience, and it shall gather the great cities like children about its feet.

II.

The time is already at hand. The Christian religion is facing the most obstinate and bewildering crisis in its history. The Church is not in a commanding position because the rest of the world is more eloquent than we are—is not so bodiless. The New Church is going to be the next feat of the Strong Man. He has attended to the other things. The iron in the ground in America—the unborn iron—is organized into a steel trust. The very coal, down in its thousands of years' sleep in the earth, is massed or nearly all massed and is getting ready to move as one body for the winter. The very ice on the ponds, before it is frozen, has a body all waiting for it, distributing it to its finger-tips in the great cities. Even sugar has a body. Millions of hens are laying eggs to-day as if they were one hen, for a syndicate out in Chicago. We are familiar enough with the fact that all powerful ideas are magnificently organized, and insist on having bodies. It is the fundamental fact that every man is dealing with, in the conduct of his business every year, and yet right in the midst of it we have the spectacle of the Christian churches still clinging to a sort of pleasant basket-picnic idea of religion, separate churches, separate denominations of separate churches, flocking feebly together on the round earth, each family bringing its own little basket of its own special food and keeping a little apart and chewing on it, looking over its shoulders at the others perhaps now and then in a sort of empty, anxious, kind-hearted way—getting together for a few remarks, or a city census, possibly. But that is all.

When I see the Church I love wrapped in its next two thousand years, I do not see it any longer like this, slipping slowly off the hill of the world, separate drops or trickles of churches everywhere, drying up or evaporating all by themselves or leaking off into empty space alone. A few hundred years more and I believe that almost every considerable town will have a modern, catholic, unmediæval cathedral in it, and that groups of cathedrals will be in every great city of the world.

This result is going to be accomplished by the cathedral spirit in the churches that we now possess. Religion is being crowded out of chapels. All of the more important churches in our denominations, in exact proportion to their importance, are already reaching out and appropriating all that is good in the others. There is hardly a sect that could be named that does not feel cramped trying to save the world all by itself, with its own little private theology worshiping God in its own lonely way. All that most of our denominations are living for, apparently, is to grow like the others—that is, they are growing into the cathedral spirit. There is hardly a leading church in one of them, with its little toy meeting-house, that would not melt into a niche in a cathedral if it could.

There seem to be two spiritual influences at work to this end. One is the revolt against the separate—the world-wide revolt of modern life against the provincial in religion as well as in everything else. The churches are longing for the companionship of other churches for its own sake. The other spiritual influence at work is that the more serious and desperate churches, the churches that are most close to the struggle of religion with The City, are longing for companionship, not merely for its own sake but for the sake of the world. They are realizing that it is absolutely necessary, in the typical, splendid, terrible, iron-hearted city of this modern world, if men are going to represent a God in it as a God, as the one great overwhelming masterful fact in the universe, and if they are going to worship him, if they are going to make his presence glorious there, if they are going to lay the might and the victory of modern life before him as an offering, and make all men stop and look up to him, they must all get together and pile their separate little churches on one another, to do it.

III.

I never come back from New York without feeling that the great city down there, beating out its days and nights, million-souled and one-souled, is the norm and method of all that is going to live and prosper in modern life. The church that is going to live in modern life must make itself a kind of city. The chief characteristic of the city is that it is not only the most universal of all places but is so universal that the most extremely individual things—things that cannot possibly flourish anywhere else—can flourish in it. This is the next thing that will have to be true of a church. If the mediæval cathedral had always been a cathedral, a great spiritual city, we would still belong to it. Every one of our denominations that exists, exists as a monument to some temporary stupidity of the church. At certain intervals it has insisted upon being a provincial, a spiritually countrified church. People have been driven out of it to get room to believe, city-room for their minds. It is because the church has not dared to believe enough, has not dared to do its believing, the way a city does, by letting men live in infinite diversity and infinite unity side by side, that we have the spectacle of the church aghast to-day before a city like London or New York.

The indications are that the church of the future is going to attain to a cathedral-like unity, the way the city does, by having every man's belief in it more individual, more like himself, and more like the others besides. As I see the church of the future, we are not going to give anything up, we are all going to have our individual ways, our chapels, but we are all going to insist upon having a great central cathedral in every city, which shall belong to all of us. The church of the future is going to be a great spiritual metropolis, every man going there, every man belonging there. It shall be like a great worshiping street of souls. Men shall feel in church as in some great hushed city of each other's lives. It shall be the one place where a man can go with a whole human race and face God. It is simple enough to get people to agree if we have something big enough. It is going to be a church where Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley and Ralph Waldo Emerson and Cardinal Newman and Luther would be able to worship in the same pew—and without having to be born several hundred years ago—to have people see that their souls belonged together. The church of the future is going to give room to every man's life while he has it. If it does this, we will all get together. And if we all get together, the cathedral is inevitable. We will soon give God a body on the earth. The church in every town at last shall be to every man and to every growing boy the greatest thing he knows. It shall be like the sky over the other things. It shall be fair to God. I am convinced that not until we have the cathedral in every community to symbolize the oneness in the churches, and the denominational chapels clustered about it to symbolize their individuality, can we expect a church that will at once command and invite great cities and mighty men. The nations of the earth shall be seen kneeling in it, and all the institutions of the sons of men, the universities, the corporations, the very railroads, the stately lines of ships from around the sea, shall bow themselves, and the great brutal mines from the hollows of the earth—all these shall come, and be seen kneeling there before the God who is the God of all that is. To say that he is the God of all that is, is what the cathedral is for. With its hundreds of voices, its hundreds of instruments of praise, its scores of preachers, its unceasing services and kinds of services, it shall enfold all men in one prayer and song. The same men will separate to be theological, perhaps. They will need to go off into different rooms and back parlors to be intellectual, and into different offices or parish houses to perform the details and to execute the business of religion; but for worship, the one thing that all Christians have in common, they are going to unite, that the worship may be worshipful, that the spirit may have a body and God be made amazing on the earth. We will keep all that we have, the churches and denominations that exist, to express the idea that we are different; but we are going to have one building among all our churches, lady chapels, parish houses, that shall stand before the streets of the city and before the heavens and the earth and say that we are all alike. A cathedral shall stand in every town and village and city, each after its own estate, and we shall have at last a great and overwhelming church commanding the world, because it is greater than the world. When men go into the city, they shall look toward the cathedral and it shall be to them as some great, heroic statue of the whole city—praying there. Every man shall go to it as to some great metropolis of the soul. On all the roads every man shall be seen coming to The Church, from the little country village of his own mind, to face all his day and generation. Every man shall go to church. He will go if only to get away from this same little country village of his own mind. Christians will have cathedrals because they will feel crowded without them. They will want cathedrals on the streets to go with the cathedrals in their souls.

IV.

I am not without a half-guilty, semi-Congregational feeling lurking about my mind (probably from my bringing up) that there may be some among those who read these words who will feel that I am pivoting the kingdom of God upon having churches high enough. I suppose that what I am really coveting for the church to-day is not so much the cathedral as the spirit that shall compel cathedrals. What I am hoping for is the rediscovery of the bare idea of worship in the church, for a revival of religion, for a revival of the conception on earth once more of a godlike God, for an absolutely imperious, masterful statement of the existence of God that shall be lifted up by the praying and striving of human hands, in the streets of every city of the world. Why should a man need to go out of town, or to a mountain, to worship God—that is, a God who looks as supreme as he is? I go about missing him daily up and down the streets. Why should he not have a great hollow hill in stone and glass standing in the full tide of the city, where a man can hide a minute when he is tempted, feel the ages being built into his soul while he waits? God has made himself splendid on the planet at large, but can a man call to him in the pavement, the middle of the sea, to quiet his heart? Why should not this same man, if he will live under a smoke in a great noise, build something that is as great and still in spirit as the middle of the sea, for his soul to visit in—make a heaven for God with his own hands that should loom up among the buildings of the city, and say to the buildings of the city, "But my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are thy ways my ways. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways."

I remember how David longed for it. Even before God came to the earth this whole idea of the incarnation was glowing in David's heart. He felt that he wanted every day, that he needed the symbols about him every day, of the matter-of-factness and realness and eternalness of God. He wanted to boast to the human race, to say to it, "See how men delight in him!" He was tired of a God with a tent. He saw forward over the centuries to the young men who should look up, and who should worship in the streets, and he broke out into a great singing. "Walk about Zion and go round about her, tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generations following. For this is our God forever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death."

I had never thought of these words before (David's ideas about cathedrals and making God splendid on the earth) until I found myself reading them one summer day not long ago in the little white church in ——, with its half-comic dignity, a kind of cunning mightiness there was in it, and I saw what David meant.

And yet I sat there loving the little white church. "For sheer human eloquence about a God," I thought, "commend me to St. Paul's Cathedral and to a little square, dreary New England church." We are not going to give it up—in its place. We are not going to give anything up. We shall take all things and all aspects of things for God, the bareness and the glory, each in its kind. No one can speak. The cathedral and the little white church alike gesture dumbly. The main point in a church building would seem to be that it shall at once express the exaltation and the helplessness of the human spirit. "Behold all this splendor!" the cathedral says. "And it is nothing!" "Behold all this bareness!" the little church says. "It does not even try to speak."

But, at the very least, if a God is to be represented or hinted in the streets of the city to those who know him not, if we wish to express our worship for him there, to say who he is, the building must be the one building in the city which, by its location, by its majesty, its piled-up love and sacrifice and beauty, shall command all others.

Nixie of the Neighborhood

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

WHEN a daughter was born to the Dixons, the mother, who was a frail little woman with wistful blue eyes, masses of brown ringlets, and an insatiable appetite for romantic literature, had christened her Daphane Rosabelle, but to her father and Philamaclique she was Nixie.

Nixie had none of her mother's beauty. She was a puny child with a turned-up nose, a pair of inquisitive brown eyes, a wide mouth, crooked teeth, and two long pigtails of ginger-colored hair that were the worry of her life. Her bony little body was never still, but hopped and skipped about on two thin legs, that terminated in long, slender feet, as if she moved on springs; and yet she was the pet of the neighborhood—the pet and the plague, for, being too delicate to attend school, she was under everybody's feet, and, having a most precocious intellect, heard everything that went on and understood far more than was good for her.

"There ain't a day goes over my head," wheezed Mrs. Keel to Mrs. Wilson, as they stood at their regular morning conversational across the back fence, "that I don't feel like spankin' Nixie Dixon an' sendin' her home a-flyin'; an' there ain't one goes by that I don't set down an' rock her for a spell an' chuckle over her chatter. This whole neighborhood, 'long of Tamer Kislick, is utterly spoilin' her. That mother of hers ain't worth the powder to blow her up, an' as for her pa, he's too took up makin' money to remember he's got her."

"She certainly is the beatin'est little tike I ever did see," agreed Mrs. Wilson, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. "Wilson said yesterday when he was mendin' the lock of their smokehouse Nixie was botherin' round, playin' with his tools, when she up an' says, 'Mr. Wilson, do you s'pose angels carry screwdrivers in their pockets?' 'What ever put that into your head?' says he. 'Why,' says she, hoppin' first on one foot an' then on t'other, 'if they don't, how they goin' to git the screws out of the coffin-lids when they come after the dead folks?' 'How did you know they had screws in coffin-lids?' says Wilson, for he never did believe in our young ones hearin' talk about such things. 'Pooh!' says Nixie, brazen as a penny, 'there ain't been a buryin' this side of the square I ain't been to, an' I jest love the little cold chills that go wigglin' down your back when the screws go squeak!'"

"She's awful," wheezed Mrs. Keel. "But, la me, jest wait till you're sick! I ain't had a spell of asthmy for a year she ain't come a-walkin' on her tiptoes bringin' me a posey in a bottle, an' gittin' me drinks, an' fannin' me, an' settin' by me that quiet. She's a dreadful comfort after Emmy's whinin' 'round an' Billy's racketin'. T'other day Joel was about crazy with one of his nervous headaches, an' I'd fixed him up on the parlor lounge, in the cool an' the dark—"

"My suz, Mis' Keel!"—Mrs. Wilson had her nose high in the air, sniffing audibly—"don't you smell somethin' kind of funny?"

Mrs. Keel hastily removed her slat bonnet, and then, without farewell, started on a lumbering trot up the garden path, wailing wheezily:

"Oh, my beans! My limy beans!"

"Jest as black as a hat," she grumbled to herself as she stood scraping the kettle on the back porch. "Ever since Mellie's engaged to Dick Pratt she ain't worth a buttermilk sling. I declare to goodness, I ain't had a good talk with Mis' Wilson for a month without somethin' burnin' or boilin' over, an' there that girl sets moonin' up in her own room, as if she hadn't a nose to her face, an' the whole of Philamaclique smellin' these beans by this time. Now there comes Nixie Dixon hippity-hoppin'; I've jest got a good mind to send her home this minute!"

But when Mrs. Keel looked over the railing into that little freckled face, fairly brimming with good fellowship and news, her ill humor sank beneath her curiosity.

"Well, Nixie," she exclaimed, brusquely, to hide her interest. "What's up now?"

"Oh, Mrs. Keel," replied the child, seating herself on the step and tossing her braids over her shoulders, "what do you think? Mrs. Mooney is getting company!"

"Now, Nixie Dixon," Mrs. Keel stopped her scraping and looked reprovingly over her spectacles, "I believe you're makin' that out of whole cloth. I've lived neighbor to Mis' Mooney for twenty years, an' I ain't been in her house more than half a dozen times, an' she didn't care much about my bein' there then. How do you know she's gittin' company?"

"I'm telling the 'deed-double-truth, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die!" declared Nixie, hammering her knee with her little freckled fist. "I heard papa and Lawyer Neely talking about it last night when I was lying on the lounge and they thought I was asleep. Mrs. Mooney is rich!—awful rich; I guess she's got as much as a hundred dollars, and she keeps it in my papa's bank, and he and Lawyer Neely helped her make a will, and her niece is coming to live with her, and when Mrs. Mooney dies she will get every single penny, and papa says the Mooneys will be hopping when they find it out."

Mrs. Keel had left her scraping now and was leaning with both fat arms upon the railing, drinking in every word.

"Is that all, honey?" she asked, breathlessly. "Ain't there any more to it?"

"Lots! Only," admitted Nixie, regretfully, "papa whispered some, because I got so itchy I had to scratch my ear, and then I went to sleep before I meant to."

"Nixie," wheezed Mrs. Keel, impressively, "do you know I'd whip Emmy if she'd run round an' tell the neighbors what she heard her pa an' me talkin' about. It's dreadful naughty, an' I hope you won't tell nobody but me."

"No'am," answered Nixie, meekly platting the white twine into the end of her ginger-colored braid. "I haven't told anybody but Tamer and Mrs. Mooney. I went over there to talk to her the first thing this morning."

"Nixie Dixon, you didn't! You'll ketch it, my lady! Jest wait till your pa sees Mis' Mooney! What did she say, dearie?"

"My papa never whips me like you do Emma and Billy," said Nixie, with dignity. "Besides, I didn't tell her I heard anything. I said, 'Mrs. Mooney, aren't you pretty lonely here all by yourself? Why don't you get a nice girl to live with you?"

Mrs. Keel threw up her hands. "Well, if you ain't the beatin'est! What did she say to that?"

"She said just that. That I was the beatingest, and what made me think of it; and then she asked me in and gave me a ginger cooky."

"Come in, honey; I've got some doughnuts with sugar on 'em. Come in an' tell Aunty Keel all about it, and I'll rock you awhile."

"No," said Nixie, emphatically, getting up to skip out of reach. "I'm going home to Tamer. She is making me an apple turnover, if I'll come right home and tell her what Mrs. Mooney said, so I've got to hurry." And away she hippity-hopped around the house.

Mrs. Keel sighed and went back to her scraping, but after another moment thought better of it and called up the stairway:

"Mellie, I want you to come right down an' git the dinner over. I've burned the beans, but you can git up some potatoes an' open some canned cherries; there's onions out in the bed—they're wee but they'll taste green; there's sidemeat and doughnuts. Now you hurry right down, for I've got to go over to Mis' Wilson's to take back her basque pattern, an' you can send Emmy after me when she gits home."

Tamer Kislick was just eighteen when she became a member of the Dixon household—an awkward, raw-boned girl with a heart as tender as a child's. She had come to the Dixons when Nixie was born, and there had never been a day since when she could leave them.

Mrs. Dixon had, since Nixie's birth, spent most of her time on a couch in her bedroom, "too frail to make an effort," she said, pathetically. About her upon chairs and the floor were piles of carefully laid magazines and papers—for it was in the heyday of "Godey's" and the "Ledger"—while beside her there was always a plate of delicate cookies. Each morning, when Tamer had gotten her up, arrayed her in her white wrapper and curled the long brown ringlets, "twenty-five in each row, an' two rows," as Tamer always proudly boasted, she settled her mistress daintily in her nest of pillows with her cookies and her stories for the rest of the day. There were times when Mrs. Dixon liked Nixie near her, and even told her tales of the Lady Arabelles and the Duchess Gwendolyns with which her head teemed, and these were proud and happy moments for Nixie.

It was Tamer, however, who fed and clothed and watched over the motherless little life. It was Tamer who heard Nixie's prayers and platted the white twine in the ginger-colored pigtails for week-days and blue ribbons for Sundays. It was Tamer who declared her too delicate for school, who attended to her little morals and her childish ills. Mr. Dixon loved the child and had dreams of leaving her a great heiress, as heiresses went in Philamaclique, but for all the rest he was willing to trust Tamer.

When Nixie came flying into the kitchen, Tamer was down on her knees beside the stove taking pies out of the oven. The kitchen where Nixie spent most of her time when at home was a cheery, sunny room, exquisitely clean, from the floors, scoured until the grain stood up like satin, to the stiff muslin curtains at the windows where Tamer's geraniums and fuchsias were growing in tin cans and discarded pans.

"Goody!" cried Nixie, clasping her arms about Tamer's neck. "I smell something spicy! Is my little turnover done?"

"Turnover! Who said anything about a turnover?" teased Tamer, catching both slender wrists and holding the child fast. "What did Mrs. Mooney say?"

"It's the funniest thing," said Nixie, struggling to get free. "If I've got anything to tell, I can get ginger-cakes, doughnuts, or turnovers, all I want, but if I haven't, people say, 'Run along home, Nixie; I guess your mamma wants you'—everybody but Granny Simmers; if I tell anything before her, she says, 'Hush, lambie, hush,' and tells me about little Mary and 'Rastus. I'm glad I'm not as good as they were, or I'd never get a cooky or a thing."

Tamer laughed. "I guess, ducksie, there ain't no danger of your dyin' young of goodness. Who's been givin' you ginger-cakes and doughnuts?"

"Oh, Mrs. Mooney gave me gingers, but she didn't tell me a thing, and Mrs. Keel offered me doughnuts if I'd tell her all about it. But she says she'd whip Emmy if she'd tell things like I do."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself!" cried Tamer, indignantly catching the child in her arms. "A little delicate thing like you! I don't s'pose anything would hurt that lump of an Emmy! But I'd jest like to see anybody touch my Nixie."

"Do you know, Tamer," said Nixie, wriggling out of the embrace to attack the turnover that was cooling on the sink, "Emma Keel said Mrs. Mooney was a witch, 'cause she keeps forty cats, and puts out onion shells at Easter to see what months will be wet or dry, and greases the knife when she cuts herself. But aren't witches dirty old things? Well, Mrs. Mooney is just as fat and nice and clean! Her apron is all starchy and shiny, and she's got little gold hoops in her ears, and her eyes go up all squinty when she laughs! She laughed till she shook like a rolypoly pudding when I asked her if she was a witch. I never saw her close before, 'cause Emma said she would turn me into a cat if she'd catch me; but it was all a fib, and I'm going to tell Emma's mother and get her whipped!"

"Tut, tut!" reproved Tamer. "I never could 'bide a tattletale, an' Emmy was only funnin'. But now, Nixie, if you haven't any more to tell you'd better run along, for I've got your mamma's cookies to make and the dinner to get over. Go up an' see if your mamma don't want you."

When the shabby old hack drove up to Mrs. Mooney's door, there was hardly a house in the neighborhood that did not have its gazer from behind curtains or through the half-closed slats of the shutters. As for Nixie Dixon, she swung shamelessly on Keel's gate, until Mrs. Keel called from the window in a husky whisper:

"Nixie, for goodness' sake, where's your manners? They'll see you starin'! Do come in!"

"I'd rather stare than peek!" returned Nixie, so shrilly that Mrs. Wilson said afterward her "pa'm jest itched to slap her." But Nixie didn't care. When the hack had driven away, she jumped down from the gate, and, in spite of Mrs. Keel's wheezy calling, sped away, her pigtails flying out behind, to Tamer, who had raked the front yard all afternoon in hope of seeing the arrival, only to be cheated out of it by going to get a drink.

"Drat it all!" she exclaimed, as she hung the tin up on the pump, "that's what I git for eatin' so much ham for dinner; if I had half sense I'd knowed better."

"Oh, Tamer," cried Nixie, skipping up and down on the porch like a jumping-jack, "she's the loveliest lady you ever saw—but she's a limpy woman and goes with her bent knee on a chair—and they took it down from where it was riding by Billy Sharp; he was driving the hack—it's painted green—the chair, I mean—and she bumped along just as fast! She had on a beautiful green delaine dress, with little yellow eggs in it—and a May Queen hat with a green ribbon, and gloves, Tamer—kid gloves, brown and shiny; and a black silk sack, with big pearl buttons." Nixie's breath was coming in gasps. "And she had brown hair, all nice and wavy, and the sweetest face—and her reticule was green velvet, with steel beads—and—and, Tamer, she just looks exactly like the pictures of Jesus' mother in the big Sunday Bible—she does—she does!"

"You wicked young 'un," cried Tamer, overcome with horror. "Where will you go when you die?"

"'Deed and truly, black and bluely, Tamer, I'm *not* wicked," protested Nixie. "She's just that sweet and heartbrokey. There! I've told you every living thing I saw, and now I'm going."

But Tamer was too quick for the child and snatched her up in her arms.

"Where are you goin', Nixie Dixon? Tell me this blessed minute!"

"Let me down, you bad old Tamer," squealed Nixie, wriggling and kicking. "I'm going to see my lady with the green chair. I love her bushels more than I do you!" And Tamer's heart was pinched with jealousy.

"Now look here, Nixie Dixon, you're not going one step to Mis' Mooney's, a-taggin' after a strange lady like that. If you promise me, cross-your-heart, you won't go in, you can go an' set on Mis' Keel's gutter-bridge, an' mebby you'll see her, if she comes out."

At last Nixie yielded, and sat subdued and tearful on the plank that crossed the deep gutter at Keel's, swinging her feet in the odoriferous dog-fennel that grew there knee-high.

"It do beat all the way Nixie and Mis' Mooney's niece has took to each other," remarked Mrs. Keel over the back fence to Mrs. Wilson. "A body misses Nixie 'most as quick as you would the 'Advocate,' an' I don't believe she's been in this week. Emmy says Miss Seeley gives her lessons on the back porch in the mornin's; it's real nice of her, too, for it did look as if Nixie wasn't goin' to git any schoolin'—but, la! I'd as soon think of teachin' a buttin' lamb as Nixie Dixon."

"She's a-gittin' mighty close-mouthed all of a suddent, an' mighty sassy, too," grumbled Mrs. Wilson. "I asked her what made Miss Seeley lame, knowin' well she'd asked, an' if she didn't make a face an' stick out her tongue at me, an' run home like a whitehead!"

"La! that's not the worst," sighed Mrs. Keel; "an' I was most bitter 'shamed of Billy. Him an' Nixie had some kind of a squabble out on the gutter-bridge yesterday, an' this mornin' when he saw her with her slate under her arm he up an' hollers, 'Hello, Nixie, goin' to Limpy with the green chair?' Well, if you ever see a little vixen! Nixie flew at him an' scratched an' kicked like a tiger-cat. Joel was a-comin' along, an' he said he was that scared he jest run in to git Billy out from among them flyin' arms an' legs an' hair-tails, for she was goin' like a little windmill; an' yet you can't blame her a bit, an' I jest told Billy he didn't get a dig amiss."

Meanwhile it was a meek enough Nixie who sat on Mrs. Mooney's porch and watched Miss Seeley set down the table of 2s on the little slate, but her thoughts were not on 2 × 2 = 4, 2 × 3 = 6, 2 × 4 = 8.

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Seeley, as she caught the earnest gaze of the child.

Nixie flushed. "I—I hate Billy Keel," she said, vehemently, "and love you." She clasped both thin arms around Miss Seeley's neck. "I love you lots more because of the green chair."

"Uh-huh!" laughed Ruth Seeley, returning the embrace. "Just as you chose the ugly yellow kitten when you wanted the pretty black one, and love to smooth away headaches. That's because you are all heart, Nixie, all sympathy, and love, and naughtiness! I knew it that day I saw you swinging on the gate."

"Mrs. Wilson said I was an imp when I caught her with her teeth out and her wig hanging on the door-knob. Even Tamer told me I was possessed, the day I swallowed the little brass bell and jumped up and down to see if I couldn't make it ring inside of me; and Mart Keel calls me the 'Daily Tattler.' But, you see, they all sent me home to mamma if I didn't know things to tell them, and—and—mamma didn't want me either; so I just watched and told and said sassy things, 'cause they laughed and said, 'Come again, Nixie.' Nobody told me not to but Granny Simmers. But you know I *couldn't* be as good as little Mary; it makes me kind of ache to think of being that everlasting good—she died of it, you know. But you—oh!" said the child, nestling closer, "you love me, and you never say 'Run home, Nixie,' or ask me what folks say; and I love you more—more than tongue can tell."

Miss Seeley gathered the child close.

Mrs. Mooney, with her kind, fat face, her squinting eyes, and the little gold hoops in her ears, was soon to belong to the past of Philamaclique. Sitting one day in her low rocking-chair on the side porch, she drifted into a peaceful, dreamless sleep, never to awaken again into the everydayness of life.

So Ruth Seeley was left alone, so alone!—for a newcomer in an old town always stands apart. Such a one can know so little of the traditions, the memories, the associations that have drawn its people into a relationship almost as close as ties of blood. If Ruth Seeley and her green chair had belonged to the history of Philamaclique, she would have been accepted, loved and fought for as a part of itself; but she was a stranger. Then, too, she was "rich."

"There ain't none of us goin' to push ourselves in, I'm a-thinkin'," remarked Mrs. Wilson to Mrs. Keel, over the back fence, the morning after the funeral. "They say she'll git about ten thousand dollars. I don't s'pose this town'll hold her long."

"I'd like to go in an' set a spell; it

looks kind of heathenish not to," wheezed Mrs. Keel, "but what with my asthmy, an' Mellie gittin' ready for her weddin', and the cannin' comin' on, seems I ain't got time to breathe. Nixie Dixon sticks closer to Miss Seeley than a burr, an' how that child has improved!"

"I don't know about that," returned Mrs. Wilson, ruefully; "you should have heard her sass me when I asked her how much Miss Seeley paid for her mournin' bonnet! Jest as if I couldn't find out from the milliner—sassy little snip!"

One hot, sunny morning Nixie and Emma were picking currants in Keel's back yard for the dolls' tea they were having under the big apple-tree. Emma had just scampered away to the house for a saucer, leaving Nixie tucked under a bush busy with her picking, when Mrs. Wilson appeared on the other side of the fence.

"Oh, Mis' Keel," she called, standing in the shade of the wood-shed, "come over to the fence a minute."

Mrs. Keel, who was hanging up clothes, pushed back her bonnet and, wiping her hot face with her apron, came plodding heavily along the path.

"Good-mornin'," she puffed. "Ain't this a-goin' to be a sizzler? I'm jest about melted."

"It's powerful hot," admitted Mrs. Wilson, fanning herself with her sunbonnet, "but I jest want to tell you somethin' that the trees don't know! Amos Lane is after Ruth Seeley; now ain't that redicl'us?"

"Well, if that wouldn't beat bunkum!" gasped Mrs. Keel. "Who told you?"

"I've jest been puttin' two an' two together. I've knowed Amos Lane ever since he's been knee-high to a grasshopper, an' I ain't never seen him before look twice at a woman; an' now he's been five times a-settin' on the step at Miss Seeley's, big as life, an' he don't seem to have a bit of shame about it."

"Amos is good enough," mused Mrs. Keel; "kind of puny like—"

"Good land!" broke in Mrs. Wilson. "Ain't nothin' of him but skin an' bone —a good strong wind would blow him away; but they say he's doin' first-rate in his drug-store. I went in for some beeswax the other day an' I counted three folks buyin'. You mark my words, Amos knows which side his bread's buttered, an' if he's shinin' up to a woman that hitches along with her knee on a green chair, it's her money he's after, or else he's only playin' with her an' it ought to be stopped."

"I expect that's so," admitted Mrs. Keel. "I s'pose if she had anybody to care for her they'd ask his intentions; but who's goin' to do it?"

"It's too bad." Mrs. Wilson shook her head mournfully. "I tried to talk to Granny Simmers about it last night, thinkin' she was the best person to deal with it, but, says she, 'Mis' Wilson, the Lord will take care of Ruth Seeley without your help or mine, an' I've knowed Amos since he was cuttin' his teeth, an' a better boy to his ma never lived; an' I hope,' says she, that little pink spot a-comin' on her cheeks like it always does when you talk of loverin's, 'it's none of my business, but I'd jest be delighted if them two dear lonely souls would find each other.'"

"Blessed little body!" groaned Mrs. Keel, contritely; "she always thinks the best of everything. I guess, Mis' Wilson, we'd better let the Lord take care of it."

"Well, the Lord's mighty busy," replied Mrs. Wilson, reluctantly.

When both women had gone back to their work, Nixie crept out of the bushes, climbed over the fence so that Emma would not see her, and darted away up the alley to Amos Lane's drug-store. If anybody cared for Miss Seeley, they would ask his intentions—somebody did care for her—somebody with flying feet was going to her rescue!

When Nixie entered the cool, aromatic dusk of Amos Lane's drug-store, she found it empty, but her bright eyes espied, in a tumbler on the counter, a single Japanese lily, its waxen petals dotted with crimson. There was not another such lily in Philamaclique, and in spite of Tamer's pleading—for the child loved it—Nixie had plucked it from her own little flower garden and carried it to Miss Seeley the morning before. The sight of this perfidy almost unnerved her, but, swallowing hard, she went on. Amos was sweeping the little paved court in the rear of his store when Nixie appeared in the back door.

"Why, Nixie!" he exclaimed, "I didn't hear you come in. I have just been opening a box of lamp chimneys, and was cleaning up after it. What will you have?"

"I've come to ask your intentions," replied Nixie, solemnly, seating herself on the empty box.

"What!" cried Amos. "My intentions about what, Nixie?"

"I—I—well," faltered Nixie, "I don't know that myself, but I heard Mrs. Keel tell Mrs. Wilson that if Miss Seeley had anybody to care for her they ought to ask your intentions—and I care—I care most of all the world!"

"Well, if that wouldn't kill cats!" gasped Amos, weakly, as he sat down on the doorstep.

"It's that nasty old Mrs. Wilson," explained Nixie, blushing painfully, and fiercely platting the twine in her long braid—evidently Amos had had no intentions of any sort, and she had been a silly. Nixie so loathed being "a silly." "She's a telltale—Telltale, telltale, hang to a cow's tail! That's what she is! She's always putting Mrs. Keel up to something, and how was I to know? She said you weren't anything but skin and bone—and that if you shined on Miss Seeley it was her money you were after. What does shining on mean, Mr. Lane? And—and she said maybe you were playing with her, though anybody could see you were just sitting quiet on the steps. I'll tell you, Granny Simmers gave it to her; she said she'd be delighted if you two lonely souls found each other—that's kind of funny—find each other, when you were both sitting right there. And Mrs. Wilson said the town wouldn't hold her long. Oh, you don't think she will go away, do you, Mr. Lane?"

Suddenly Amos arose frowning; washed his hands at the white bowl; dried them on the roller towel; reached his neat coat down from its nail, brushed it, put it on, then, taking his hat from the counter, said, gravely:

"Come, Nixie, I am going to close the store for a while; you had better come along."

Nixie arose, catching her breath sharply. Her quick mind grasped the possibilities. Amos was going to have it out with Mrs. Wilson, and she was invited to see the battle; nay, more, she was called upon as an ally, and her gallant little spirit sprang up armed for the fray.

Amos locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and Nixie, taking his hand, quickened her steps to a dog-trot to keep up with his long strides.

"You'd better not catch her by the hair," she advised once, though Amos seemed unaware of her presence. "Do you hear?" she said, dragging at his hand. "It's a wig and it will come off."

"Yes, yes, child," replied Amos, absently.

"She's little, but she's awful spry!" panted Nixie, as she ran by his side. "I'm—I'm a very good scratcher, and I can bite, too, only Billy Keel says that's no fair." In her imagination she already saw Mrs. Wilson wigless and tattered, and in spite of herself she pitied. "I'll stay afterward and wash the blood off, and fan her," she whispered to herself, wondering if such an act of mercy would be disloyal to Miss Seeley and Amos.

"Oh, dear," she gasped, plucking at Amos's coat, "there's Granny Simmers, and we'd better cross the street, for she's awful down on fighting, and she reads your secrets just by looking at you."

But Granny had already seen them, and came on, with her little wrinkled face beaming with interest.

"Why, Amos," she cried, "where are you goin' at this time of day in such a hurry?"

Amos took the hand she held out to him in both of his and stood looking lovingly down at her, while Nixie hopped impatiently by his side.

"I'm going to her, Granny dear," he said, his voice tender with emotion. "Do you think she will say yes?"

Granny's sweet old face blushed like a rose.

"Oh, oh!" she quavered, pursing her lips and looking down. "I've jest been there a-tellin' her, Amos, what a blessed babe you was, an' how you never fretted even when you had the nettle-rash, an' she seemed much took, dear boy, she did indeed; an' when I told her how sweet you looked—my me! it don't seem more'n yisterday—in your first little trousers an' your little copper-toed boots, why, she kissed me. I hope I ain't telling tales," and she looked up at him, smiling.

"Who's her?" demanded Nixie, suspiciously, as Amos walked on down the street with her little hand in his. "Aren't we going to lick Mrs. Wilson?"

But Amos only whistled softly and did not seem to hear.

"I'm much obliged to you, Nixie," he said to her, simply, when they had reached Miss Seeley's gate. "More obliged than you will ever know. But now, dear, you'd better run home to your mamma."

On Keel's gutter-bridge, in the hot sunshine, sat Nixie, swinging her feet in the odoriferous dog-fennel and winking hard to keep back the tears.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ancient World from the Earliest Times to 800 A.D. (The). Part II. Rome and the West. By Willis Mason West. (Allyn & Bacon's Series of School Histories.) Illustrated. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 610 pages.

Buttonwood and Other Poems. By L. F. Bittle. (First Edition.) Octographic Review, Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7¾ in. 168 pages.

Catholic Ideal of the Church (The): An Essay Toward Christian Unity. By Chauncey B. Brewster, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 42 pages. 25c., net.

Chronicles of an Old Campaigner, M. De La Colonie, 1692-1717 (The). Translated from the French by Walter C. Horsley. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 479 pages. $4.

These memoirs of the war of the Spanish succession have been unknown to English readers, and in this adequate translation have real historical value. Curious sidelights on military customs and methods of war two hundred years ago are included. The "old campaigner" had a bluff, rugged, and not uninteresting personality. There are portraits and other illustrations.

Clansman (The): An Historical Romance of the Ku Klux Klan. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 374 pages. $1.50.

Fortunately, it is rare to find an author who deliberately uses such talent as he has to arouse the worst passions in his readers. That the writer of "The Clansman" has done this, and with a certain success, is not to be doubted. He assumes to be a representative of the Southern attitude toward the Government immediately after the war—acknowledged by all to have been a lamentable period in our history. He has what has been called a "diabolical faculty" for emphasizing whatever evil has been done by the party he opposes, and a phenomenal blindness to evil committed by those whose cause he espouses. As long as humanity endures, faults and virtues will be found on both sides. In this apotheosis of the Ku Klux Klan it is made to seem a case of all devils against all angels. The historical events chosen for this picture (appearing here in bad perspective and quite out of drawing) are, the surrender of Lee, the assassination of President Lincoln, and the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. One can readily imagine the evil wrought with such materials in an unrestrained hand. There is less vulgarity in the story than might be expected, but restraint has not yet done its full work. The best men, both North and South, will turn from this repellent portrayal of our country and our countrymen. It will kindle unworthy feelings within those who are less than best, and, so far as it may, will retard the harmony so eminently desirable between North and South.

Complete Works of Lord Macaulay (The). In 6 vols. Illustrated. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×6½ in. $6.

This edition in six small volumes is admirably planned for thoroughly comfortable reading and to take up small space in a library; and when books are multiplying and book room is limited, compactness is a very desirable quality. These attractive 16mo volumes make no sacrifice of type; they make only a sacrifice of margins. The type is large and clear, and there are a number of portraits and other illustrations which add to the value of the series. For a good edition which meets all the requirements of the average reader, and of a size which makes it possible to carry the volumes about when one travels, we do not recall a better edition than this.

Corner Stones. By Katharine Burrill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 227 pages. $1.25, net.

We have a satisfactory and well-founded doubt as to the mission of this book among American girls, whatever may be its popularity in England. It is a series of monitory chapters upon all sorts of social and moral observances delivered in slangy English, of which the author seems entirely unconscious. Prefacing a book with a Biblical quotation familiar to us all, and implying dignity in its most gracious form, we read of a "cameelious hump" and "frowsting over the fire," are exhorted not to cultivate "too-soonism," while "nasty" is quite omnipresent. The papers apparently were originally written for "Chambers's Journal."

Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (1778-1840). As Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. With Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. In 6 vols. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 524 pages. $2.50.

The first two volumes in the new edition of the "Diary and Letters of Fanny Burney," edited by her niece and furnished with preface and notes by Austin Dobson, who is, it need hardly be said, one of the foremost students in later eighteenth-century literature and one of the most competent editors for this kind of work. The edition, which is to be completed in six volumes, is based on the seven volumes issued by Mr. Henry Colburn between 1842–46. Certain passages omitted from the second impression in volumes one and two of that edition have been restored by the editor. Six appendices have been added to the volumes containing unpublished letters and extracts from other sources too lengthy to be included in the notes. The notes, which are printed at the bottom of the pages, are brief and to the point, as they ought to be, and have been in the main specially prepared for this edition. Portraits, views, autographs, and plans constitute the carefully chosen illustrations, and the illustration has been so thoroughly subordinated to the text that the editor has endeavored to exclude all which are not actually mentioned in the text or nearly contemporary with it. The type of the edition is delightfully large, and the books, although of substantial size, are not too cumbersome either in form or weight.

Dog (The). By G. E. Milton. (Animal Autobiographies.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×8¼ in. 208 pages. $2.

Having disposed of the Rat and the Black Bear in a series of Animal Autobiographies, "The Dog" claims our attention in this cleverly written story. A well-trained, intelligent dog of somewhat mixed breed, but of admirable temper, tells his experiences without affectation. There is nothing beyond the reach of dog-instinct in his doings—but all the affecting beauty of fidelity. It is a story that will delight boys and girls, touching older hearts as well.

English Works of Roger Ascham. Edited by William Aldis Wright, M.A. (Cambridge English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 304 pages. $1.50.

This latest addition to the Cambridge English classics contains "Toxophilus," "Report of the Affairs and State of Germany," and "The Schoolmaster," the spelling conforming to that of the original edition. The name of Mr. William Aldis Wright on the title-page is sufficient guarantee of the care with which the text has been reproduced and of the editorial work done on the volume. It is of convenient size, printed in large, clear type on paper of light weight, and it contains some of the most interesting, quaint, and valuable contributions to early English prose. "The Schoolmaster" has long been one of the original documents, so to speak, in educational literature.

Evesham. Written and Illustrated by Edmund H. New. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 98 pages. 50c., net.

Americans rarely see Evesham and the beautiful, broad vale in which it lies, although they are near it when they make, as all good Americans do, their Shakespeare pilgrimage. This little book, one of the "Temple Topographies," is, with its line drawings and pleasant narrative, an introduction and an incentive to visit a charming countryside.

German Drill Book (A): Containing Materials Essential to Beginners in the Study of German. By Francis Kingsley Ball, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 216 pages.

Good Friday: The Seven Last Words in Their Significance for Life, With a Good Friday Address to Children. By Arthur J. Gammack. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 67 pages. 60c., net.

History of the Swedish Baptists in Sweden and America. By Captain Gustavus W. Schroeder. (Jubilee Edition.) Published by the Author, New York. 5×8 in. 316 pages.

Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen. 4 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8¼ in. $6.

A new edition, with some new chapters, of one of the most satisfying and pleasing collections of literary essays. Mr. Stephen, as a critic and as a biographer, had the faculty of finding the vital features of his subject, and of treating them clearly and with sound methods of interpretation. The present edition is decidedly a handsome one.

Inspiration in Common Life. By W. L. Watkinson. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4×6¼ in. 128 pages. 75c., net.

In the Days of Shakespeare. By Tudor Jenks. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 288 pages.

Following the story of Chaucer, in the admirable series of Lives of Great Writers by Tudor Jenks, "In the Days of Shakespeare" comes in natural order. That but little is positively known of Shakespeare does not prevent a knowledge of his times and the influences surrounding him, from which a convincing picture of the man may arise in our minds. Mr. Jenks accepts these limitations frankly, and after stating briefly the proved facts, proceeds, as an open-minded student, to unroll a fascinating panorama. His idea is that the young student must first become thoroughly acquainted with the plays themselves; know the poet through his work, comprehending the Elizabethan spirit; then read Carlyle, Emerson, Schlegel, Goethe, and others; and finally enter upon the study of the dry facts, such as are known. His dictum is that whatever is inconsistent with the facts will perish, "whatever is consistent will eventually take its place in the enduring immortality of the man Shakespeare."

Mediæval Civilization. Translated and Edited by Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 391 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Nature Teaching Based upon the General Principles of Agriculture for the Use of Schools. By Francis Watts, B.Sc., F.I.C., F.C.S., and William G. Freeman, B.Sc., A.R.C.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 193 pages. $1, net.

Novelas Cortas Escogidas. By D. Pedro A. de Alarcón. Edited by Alfred Remy. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 155 pages.

On the Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. Edited by A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 258 pages.

A new edition of a book which, when new, aroused wide discussion among philologists and grammarians and caused not a little controversy.

Riverside Graded Song Book (The): Part II. for Grammar Grades. Edited by William M. Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6¼×8¾ in. 168 pages. 40c., net.

Secret Woman (The). By Eden Philpotts. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 385 pages. $1.50.

A book of unusual power and passion—by far the best work in fiction that Mr. Philpotts has put forth within the past two or three years. In its main motive the plot is somber, but its tense hold on the sympathy never relaxes; and the tragedy of the situation—a tragedy that recalls, but does not imitate, that of Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—is relieved by the infectious humor of the Devonshire rustics, which Mr. Phillpotts uses, as always, with intimate knowledge and broad appreciation. There are at least four characters in this book that are original in conception, carefully consistent throughout, and subtle in their psychological development. There was danger of morbidity in the study of temperamental yielding to sin on the part of the husband, in that of the sudden temptation to murder and instant commission of murder by a naturally noble-minded and truly religious wife, and of her terrible endurance of remorse at a son's insistence rather than the full confession her soul craves; but the author's treatment of an immensely difficult theme is sane and sincere. The "secret woman," whom the husband loved, also bears in a lonely heart her remorse and passionate love for the dead man. Altogether the situation is as strange as it is compelling in its force, and it is handled with skill and vigor. In all, this is a grim but forceful romance.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Sir Rennell Rodd. (English Men of Action.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 292 pages. $1.25.

Sidney Lee's remark that Sir Walter Raleigh's "versatile exploits in action and in contemplation—in life and literature—were a microcosm of the virtues and vices which the Renaissance bred in the Elizabethan mind and heart" finds able support in the story of the career of this illustrious Englishman of the sixteenth century as here retold. The riddles presented by Raleigh's personality and record can, the author holds, be satisfactorily answered only by reconstituting the spirit of the times in which Raleigh lived and moved, and he has accordingly given us a study rich in atmosphere. The life of the court, of the camp, of the sea—the factors which, firing Raleigh's imagination at an early age, shaped him to the deeds that made of him the ideal Englishman to later generations—are limned vividly and convincingly. With the eye of a friend, yet of no undiscriminating admirer, Sir Rennell scrutinizes the successive phases of his hero's development as soldier, sailor, explorer, courtier, historian, orator, poet, and musician—scrutinizes, too, his relations with friend and foe, revealing, side by side with the traits that ennobled, the blemishes that were in truth "spots on the sun of his reputation." And, in the end, a very human Raleigh stands before us, but a Raleigh who, if less ideal than commonly presented, well justifies the verdict posterity has accorded him. Sir Rennell's work is not free from defect. There are times when he assuredly assumes the rôle of a special pleader; here and there, and particularly in his account of Raleigh's experiences in Ireland, we may clearly perceive prejudice; the proportion is not so well maintained as we should desire. But, on the whole, he has acquitted himself well, giving us a book which is at once enjoyable and a creditable addition to the series of which it forms part.

Some Principles of Literary Criticism and Their Application to the Synoptic Problem. By Ernest Dewitt Burton. (University of Chicago Decennial Publications.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 8×11 in. 72 pages.

Songs: Only a Rose. By Jessie L. Gaynor. 50c. **Jesus Friend of Little Children.** By W. Rhys-Herbert. 50c. **The Violet.** By Rossetter G. Cole. 50c. **Just for This.** By Rossetter G. Cole. 50c. **My World Within Thy Heart.** By Rose Mansfield Eversole. 60c. **Good Night.** By Adolf Weidig. **Lullaby.** By Ada L. Pond. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Tale of the Kloster (A). By Brother Jabez. Illustrated. Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 5½×8 in. 336 pages.

The tide of emigration into the colony of Pennsylvania brought with it many peasants from Germany, who formed in after years the "Pennsylvania Dutch" element there—strong men and homekeeping women. Many curious forms of religious faith and practice were found among them. The German Mystics of the Kloster in Ephrata, early in the eighteenth century, were one of these companies—a celibate community. The romance, to be found everywhere, of human love was not entirely absent in the brotherhood. This story is told as the personal experience of Brother Jabez, a gentle-hearted giant whose life was enriched by the filial love of a stray child whom he took to his hermit hut and to his heart. As a representation of the manners and feelings of the time and the strange community the story has its own value. It is written with simplicity and grace.

Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 204 pages. $1.

Moore's personality won him many friends, and his geniality as much almost as his genius made him beloved by his generation. He is a capital subject for this series, which deals briefly but popularly with traits and characteristic incidents, rather than with formal biography or criticism. Mr. Gwynn has given us an eminently readable book. The following extract gives Mr. Gwynn's estimate of Moore the poet:

> The son of a petty Dublin tradesman, he found himself almost from his first entry on the world courted by a brilliant society; each year added to his friendship among the men who stood highest in literature and statesmanship; and his reputation on the Continent was surpassed only by that of Scott and Byron. He did not live to see a reaction. Lord John Russell could write boldly in 1853, a year after his friend's death, that "of English lyrical poets, Moore is surely the greatest." There is perhaps no need to criticise either this attitude of excessive admiration or that which in many cases has replaced it, of tolerant contempt. But it is as well to emphasize at the outset the fact that even to-day, more than a century after he began to publish, Moore is still one of the poets most popular and widely known throughout the English-speaking world. His effect on his own race at least has been durable, and if it be a fair test of a poet's vitality to ask how much of his work could be recovered from oral tradition, there are not many who would stand it better than the singer of Irish Melodies. At least the older generation of Irishmen and Irishwomen now living have his poetry by heart.

Tonal Counterpoint: Studies in Part-Writing. By Walter R. Spalding. Illustrated. Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston. 6×9¼ in. 258 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Zadig and Other Stories. By Voltaire. Edited by Irving Babbitt. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 200 pages.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Musical Instruction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your department of The Week, under the heading "Music and Public Education," your issue of December 31 has an admirable description of the method of musical instruction practiced by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason in his lectures on the development of instrumental music at the Normal College, Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue. To quote your own words, with which I heartily agree: "The plan of these lectures is one which might be adopted with profit in every university extension center and in every city," etc.

It may, therefore, interest you and your readers to learn that this method of musical instruction has been carried on for two years under the auspices of Teachers' College, Columbia University, and the Brooklyn Institute, in courses of thirty lectures and double courses of sixty lectures each, by the originator and introducer of the system, who is Staff Lecturer in Music at both institutions, and for the American University Extension Society, Philadelphia, viz., Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette.

Similar work is being done by the University of Chicago and the University of California, and the University of Virginia, the Wesleyan University (Chicago), and others are thinking of taking it up. Your good words will doubtless promote its further extension.

Like all good work, this system has been of gradual growth. It began in the spring of 1894, when an article entitled "Common Sense Study of Music," by Mr. Surette, appeared in the "Journal" of the American University Extension Society. Since that time, ten years ago, the Society has had, every season from September to April, an *increasing* number of lecture courses by Mr. Surette on this plan: "National Folk-Songs," "The Classical Period," "The Romantic Period," "The Wagner Opera," "Modern Composers," etc., illustrated by vocalists, piano, trios and quartettes of instruments, etc. The lectures have grown to twenty-two or more courses in a single season, at centers extending from Massachusetts to Virginia.

To all believers in the elevating power of music it must be a satisfaction that The Outlook gives its approval to this comprehensive teaching of the principles of musical form and expression, with illustrations from the works of the great masters.

FREDERICK B. MILES,
Pres. American University Extension Soc.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Suffrage in the South

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You seem to imply in a recent editorial that Congress has the power to make the number of votes cast the basis for the representation of the States in the House of Representatives. Thus, in speaking of the "proposed reduction," you say: "It is unjust to condition the Congressional representation of Southern States upon the number of votes cast, and of Northern States upon the size of population." It is plain that such a representation has no constitutional warrant. The Fourteenth Amendment provides that when the right to vote is denied to male inhabitants of requisite age for any reason other than "participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State." This makes it a question, not of how many persons actually vote, but of how many are denied the right to vote—a very different thing.

In the Congressional election of 1902 less than 500 votes were cast in the State of Georgia against the Democrats. Of course the total vote cast was light. Yet Georgia has neither educational nor property qualification for the suffrage. The real elections of the South are usually the primaries, where the vote cast is often much larger than in the regular election.

Oxford, Georgia. E. H. JOHNSON.

Preserve Our Trees

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook continues its good work in arousing the public conscience in the matter of tree-preservation. From the result of daily observation it would seem that to the average man a tree is valuable only as prospective cord-wood or lumber. In St. Louis we have just had a costly illustration on a colossal scale in the treatment of our finest park at the hands of the Exposition officials. Forest Park contained twelve hundred acres, beautifully diversified by knolls and vales grandly wooded, much of the forest being centuries old—elms, oaks, walnuts, linden, sycamore. The turf, enriched by the decay of ages of leaf-mold, was a garden of flowers. Being in our central suburb and choicest residence district, the Park was a most popular resort, and was justly regarded as the chief glory of the city. When it was rumored that Forest Park might fall into the hands of the Exposition, there was a general protest. Our city government, or rather misgovernment, of that time has been shown up in the Folk prosecutions. A bill was passed granting the use of one-half the park under conditions prohibitive of damage. The Mayor vetoed it as endangering an invaluable public property. However, a new Mayor, put in office by the same means that cost Butler his place in Congress, signed the bill, and in addition offered not the slightest opposition to the destruction that followed, which was far in excess of the worst foreboding. At last the responsible city authorities, startled by the lawless, wholesale ravage, called in as expert to estimate the damages Mr. Samuel Parsons, Jr., formerly Commissioner of Central Park, New York. In his report he stated "that the trees destroyed were as rare as they were fine. The denuding of the Park of those trees can never be repaired. Twelve thousand (!) magnificent forest trees were chopped down, and nothing but a barren, denuded plain will be left" (*vide* St. Louis "Republic," February 28, 1903). Vacheron, chief landscape gardener of Paris, laments the profanation of the beautiful Park, where century-old trees have been cut down to make room for a bad copy of the Paris Fair of 1900 (*vide* St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," January 14, 1904). But let the "Official" guide-book tell the tale. Page 20: "The conversion of the forest-covered grounds into a Fair City was a work of no little difficulty. A wearing task was the clearing of the land, the blasting of the gnarled stumps, and cutting down the hills to shape them to the ideals of the landscape architect." "Landscape architect"! Shade of the immortal Olmsted. No more glaring illustration could be given of the great need of awakening the public conscience to a keener sense of responsibility toward ourselves and posterity in the matter of forest preservation. San Francisco and Buffalo have demonstrated how a park may be used and not abused as part of the site of a Fair. As the Exposition grounds covered six hundred and sixty-eight acres outside Forest Park, the only excuse for the lawless vandalism was to make visible "the ideals of a landscape architect."

CHARLES A. TODD, M.D.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Pure Food

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Much has been written, much has been said, of late, on the subject of the Pure Food Bill, but one point has been overlooked; namely, the influence that could be wielded by the Women's Clubs all over the country. While women are the housekeepers of the land, they are not always watchful as to the quality of the food consumed in their households. Many food manufacturers have taken advantage of this, and the result is that to-day the market is flooded with adulterated goods. The buyer is unable to tell whether the goods she buys are pure or not. With the passage of the Pure Food Bill will come truthful branding of all manufactured foods, so that every woman can tell whether or not she is feeding her family with adulterated foods, which it is estimated are now costing this country $375,000,000 annually. Is it not worth while for the club women of this country to combine together and work for the passage of this bill? The women need only to be reminded of a duty to do it. Prompt action is now a duty. The United States Senate may again take up the bill this month. Meantime, if every woman would write a letter to the Senators at Washington, urging the passage of the Pure Food Bill, is it not safe to predict that it would soon become a law?

ALICE LAKEY.

Cranford, New Jersey.